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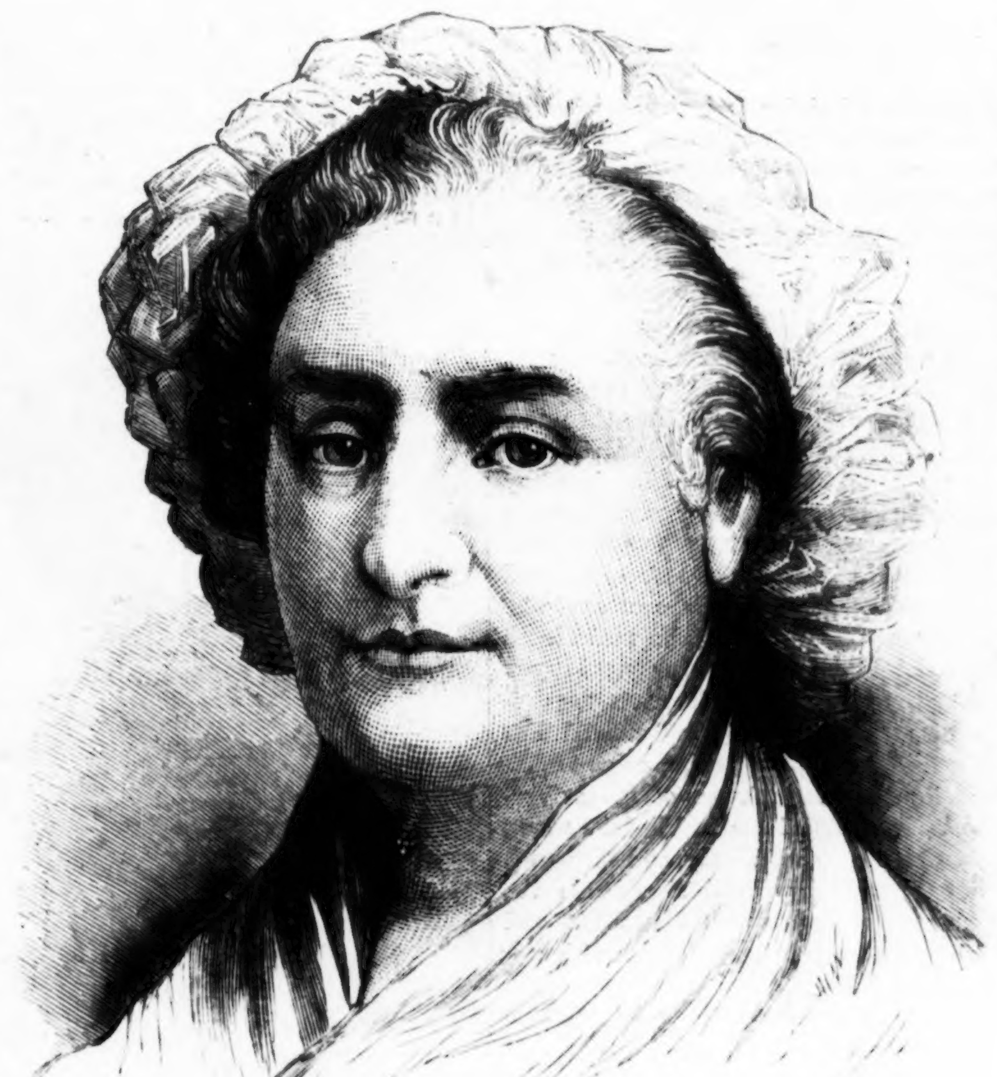
THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

THE natural eminence of those who have held the position of hostess in the White House is something worthy of remark, and we doubt if there has been any parallel to it in any country. They have been a group of wonderful women; and those who have known them, or who have read of them, will be forced to acknowledge that, with perhaps a single exception, until the present generation, none of the queens who have sat on thrones, from the day of the hard Elizabeth, through that of the Stuart women who danced laughing into the house from which their father was driven, who passed their lives drinking brandy and playing loo, down to that of the coarse and vulgar Hanoverian women who pursued their own pleasures and countenanced their husbands', can compare with them in intellect, patriotism, courtesy, or any of the womanly virtues.

Of these womanly virtues, Martha Washington has always been held the fortunate exemplar. Although she was not literally a lady of the White House, yet she leads the list of the Presidents' wives, and it was in honor of

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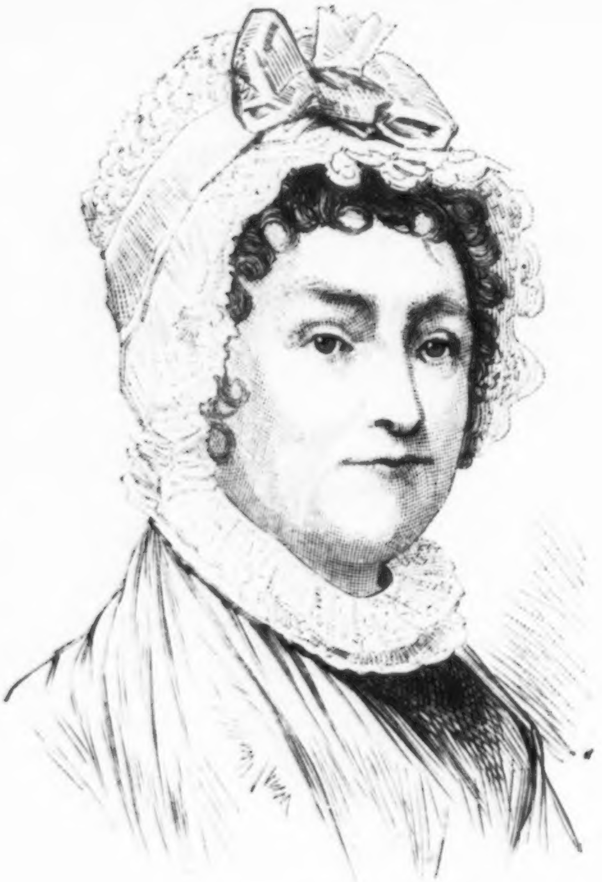


ABIGAIL ADAMS.

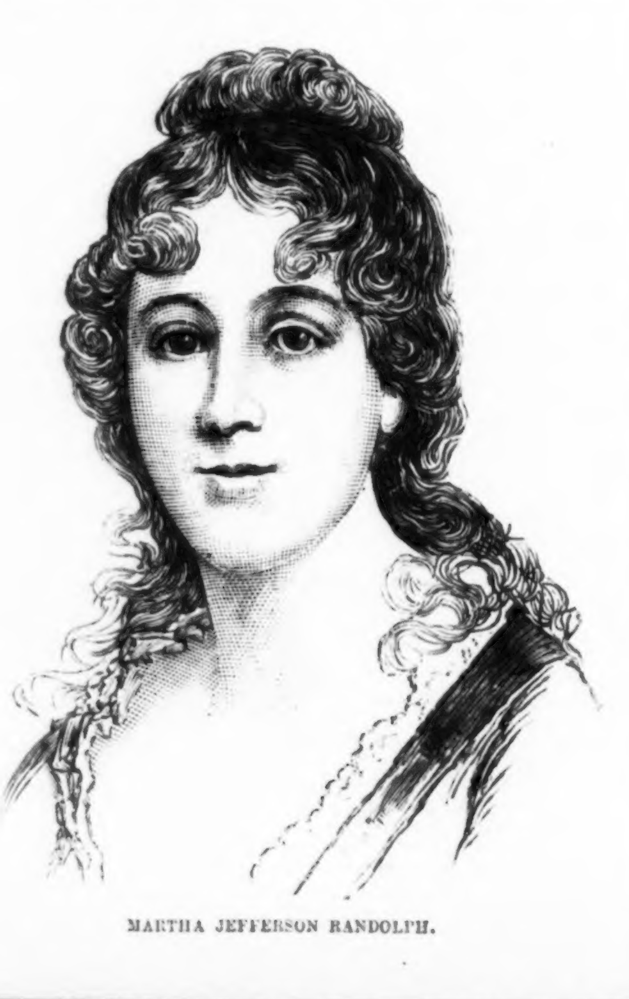
her own private residence that the present executive mansion was styled the White House.

She was the daughter of a Virginian, and, although receiving the limited education of the planter's daughter of that day, was always able to acquit herself creditably. Her picture, as Martha Danbridge, is that of a charming young girl, stately, with something of the gay defiance of the *belle sauvage* in her air, with dark hair and hazel eyes, and totally different from that Martha Washington with whose portrait we are more familiar, the gray hair rolled back from the rosy face, over its cushions, and beneath its historic cap.

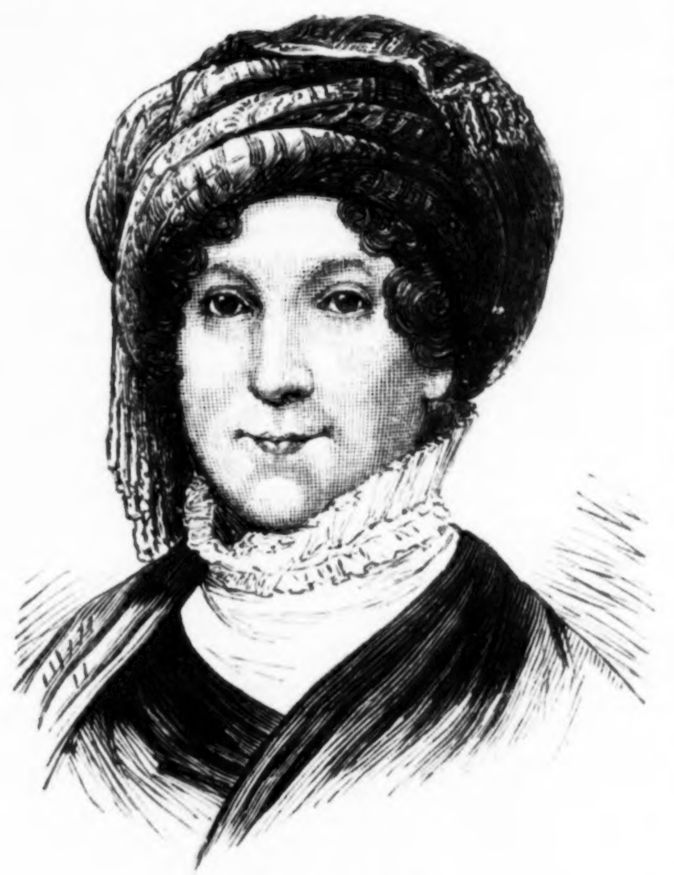
In her early girlhood, a belle at the court of the British governor of the Colony, she perhaps learned there the punctilious etiquette that she afterward prescribed, and added to the haughtiness of a naturally aristocratic spirit. Wealthy by inheritance, she married at seventeen a man of fortune; and at about twenty-seven was left the richest and the handsomest widow in Virginia, to become the wife of Colonel Washington, who was almost precisely her own age, who appreciated both money and beauty, and who made her a very tender and devoted husband. "Where would you have been," said the audacious old David Burns to the general, "if you had never married the Widow Custis?" For seventeen happy years, before serious trouble came to disturb her, Mrs. Washington was the mistress of Mount Vernon, one of the most charming places in Virginia, where Summer lingers late and Spring comes early, and with such delicious luxuriance, with wild hyacinths starting in the grass, with snowy magnolias and rosy Judas trees, and birds building in the breast-high hedges of fragrant box—Mount Vernon itself being a noble residence with broad verandas, surrounded by lawns, gardens, orchards, wide fields, low hills, and woods beyond all, and, beneath, the bright reaches of the great river.

The loss of her daughter was the first cloud upon the happiness of this home; and not long afterward her husband writes her in his peculiar fashion, beginning by calling her "My dearest," and ending by signing himself "with the most unfeigned regard," a solicitous and tender letter, informing her that Congress had put the army under his command; and then the happy hospitality and congenial pleasures of her life were suspended for many a year. Every year after that, as soon as the army had gone into Winter quarters, Mrs. Washington's great coach came to the door, and was packed with all that the establishment could produce that would lend her husband comfort, and took its slow way with her, escorted by an aid-de-camp, and with postillions in white and scarlet liveries, to her husband's headquarters at Valley Forge, at Cambridge, at Newburgh, or wherever they might be; and as on her arrival the other officers were privileged to send for their own wives, life was greatly mitigated to all. Once or twice these journeys were painful—the ladies of Philadelphia, for instance, doing their best to insult her as she went through at one time; but to all who showed her any kindness, the general never failed to write, at once, letters of warm acknowledgment.

They must have been hard but proud years to Mrs. Washington; and not the least proud must have been the last, when her husband did the noblest act ever done by man, and surrendered to Congress the power with which it had entrusted him, and came back to pass his life, as they hoped, in tranquillity, with wealth, honor, troops of friends, and the worship of the multitude. Yet the moment of victory had been obscured both to her and her husband by the loss of her son, and she was one of those affectionate natures for whom no honors or distinctions can repair such loss. But, nevertheless, she enjoyed the few years of domestic life allowed them before her husband was chosen the first President of the young Republic; and shortly after his inauguration, Mrs. Washington repaired to New York, the seat of government, being received all along the route with every demonstration, fireworks, serenades, escorts of troops, cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies, ringing of bells, and discharges of artillery, enough to have turned any other woman's head; the President meeting her at Elizabethtown in a superb barge, that was received at the harbor of New



MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.



DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

York with the honors of war. Here Mrs. Washington established what it has been the vulgar taste of many to call her "Court." Her receptions were styled drawing-rooms, as the Queen's are, and they were conducted in a very ceremonious and stately fashion—the wife of the man who had made such sacrifices for his country never relaxing one iota of the forms of regard she felt due from those who appeared before him and his; her own proud and elegant manners gave the tone to those who frequented the house, and it was by no means everybody who had that privilege. Yet it was not personally that she valued these honors. "With respect to myself," she writes, "I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased."

These drawing-rooms were dismissed at half-past ten: Mrs. Washington was seated, the guests were in full dress; the President assisted in his capacity of a private gentleman. His own receptions were very different and very solemn occasions, on which he never shook hands with any.

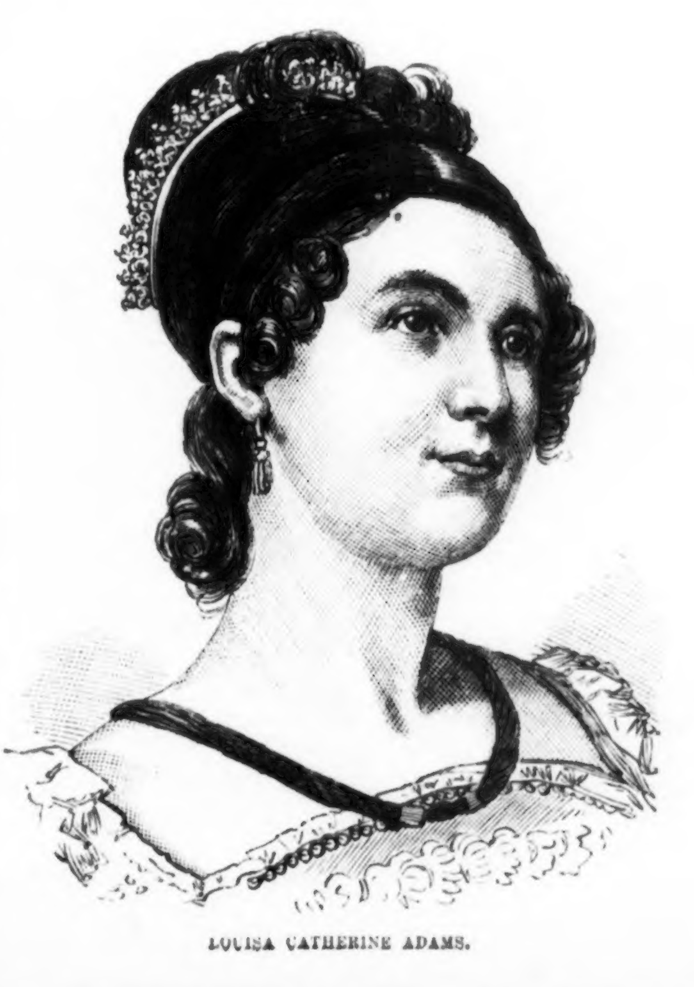
Although aristocratic by nature, and despising what she called a democrat, remarking once when Nelly Custis hesitated to tell the name of a caller, "Ah, it was no federalist! None but a filthy democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner"; yet Mrs. Washington's aristocracy never hindered her benevolence, nor led her to indulge in any display of the toilette; still she was probably fully in accord with that spirit in which the President drove to the Senate in his white chariot, painted with cupids and wreaths, and drawn by six horses, with postillions and drivers in scarlet and white, and mounting the steps paused a moment to gratify the crowd which gazed in silent awe as he stood in his black velvet suit, powdered hair, dress sword, and hat, and which, as he turned to go in, burst into thunders of acclaim.

Mrs. Washington was herself noted for simplicity of dress, frequently wearing a gown of homespun, with lace cap and muslin handkerchief; and at his inauguration, the President wore a suit spun and woven at Mount Vernon. Her domestic life was simple as her dress; there was usually but one servant in waiting, who wore no livery; the first dinner of the President's, after her arrival, at which many distinguished guests were present, consisted of boiled mutton, dessert, and a single glass of wine.

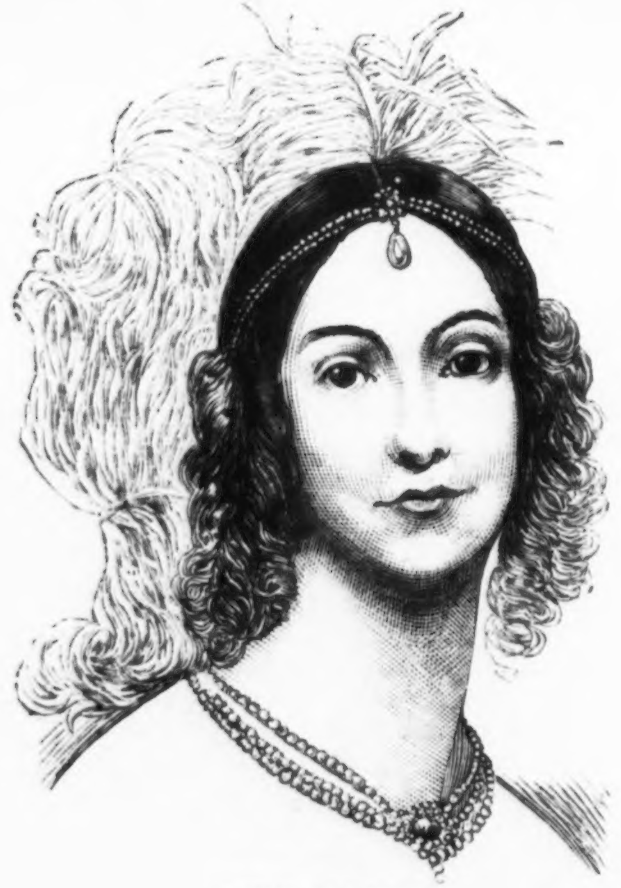
It is to be doubted if Mrs. Washington was a very notable housewife; or else it was the idiosyncrasy of the General, as she always called him at that time, to take much of the business of the house out of her hands; for, on the removal of the seat of government to Philadelphia, it is noticeable that he himself gave all the directions, even to the minutest particulars, of the household management.

It was a happy day for Martha Washington when she took leave of public life and returned with her husband to Mount Vernon. There were but two years of pleasure in store for her. One day her dear husband was well and riding round the farm, the next he was dead and had left her heart-broken. Congress requested of her the right to take his remains and erect a monument over them; she granted it reluctantly, and at the greatest personal sacrifice. To the immortal shame of the country, the monument has never been built. Two years after his death, and having never again crossed the threshold of the room where he died, and where so much of their married life had passed, she herself breathed her last; leaving as descendants only the children of her son, Parke Custis, who had been the adopted child of Washington.

There is an immense difference between the character of Martha Washington and that of her successor, Abigail Adams. To Mrs. Washington her husband feels obliged to write in the only letter to her from him that has been preserved, assuring her when the armies of his country had been put in his command, "in the most solemn manner," as he said, that he has used every endeavor to avoid it, excusing himself for his patriotism throughout the entire letter, and begging that he shall not hear her dissatisfied or complaining at what he really "could not avoid." On the other

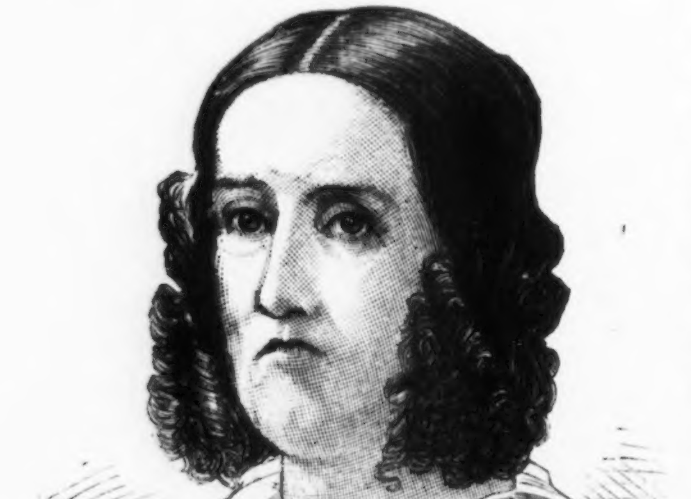


LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.



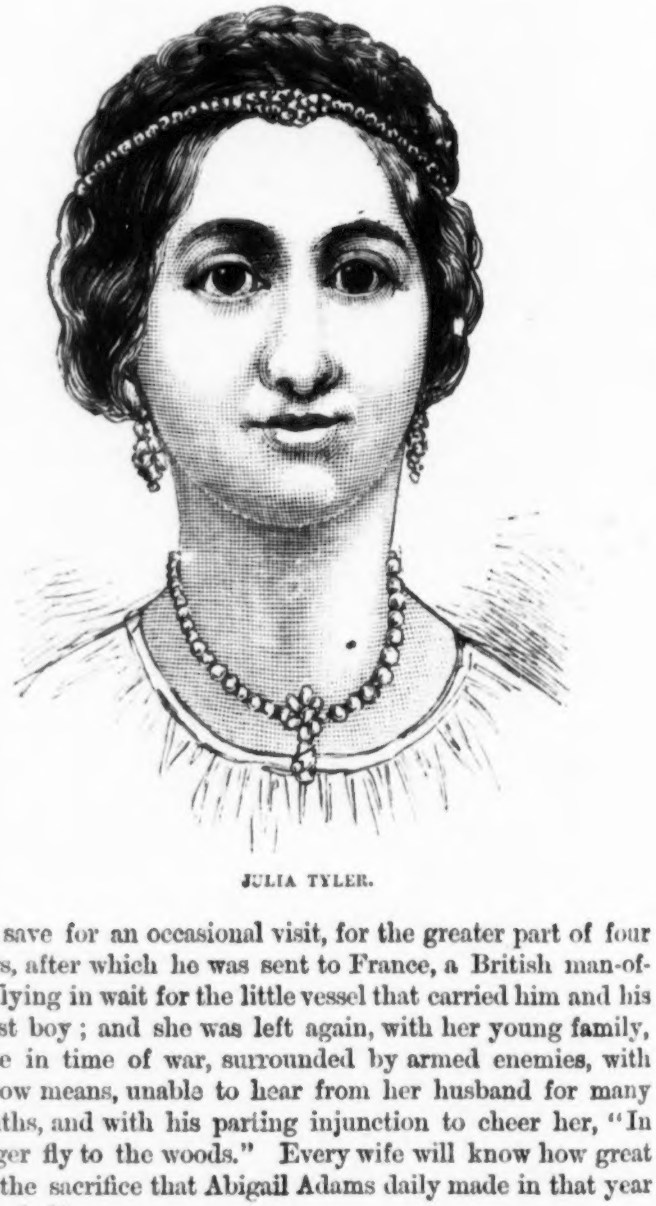
ANGELICA VAN BUREN.

hand, Mrs. Adams was able to write to her husband in the Continental Congress, heartening him at the time of the King's proclamation, when the enemy's artillery roared within twenty miles of her and her unprotected children, "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one." She was an ardent patriot, capable of overlooking her own interests, and of making great personal sacrifices without a murmur in the interests of that liberty whose results not every woman of the day was large-minded enough to comprehend, and some of to-day are narrow-minded enough to despise.



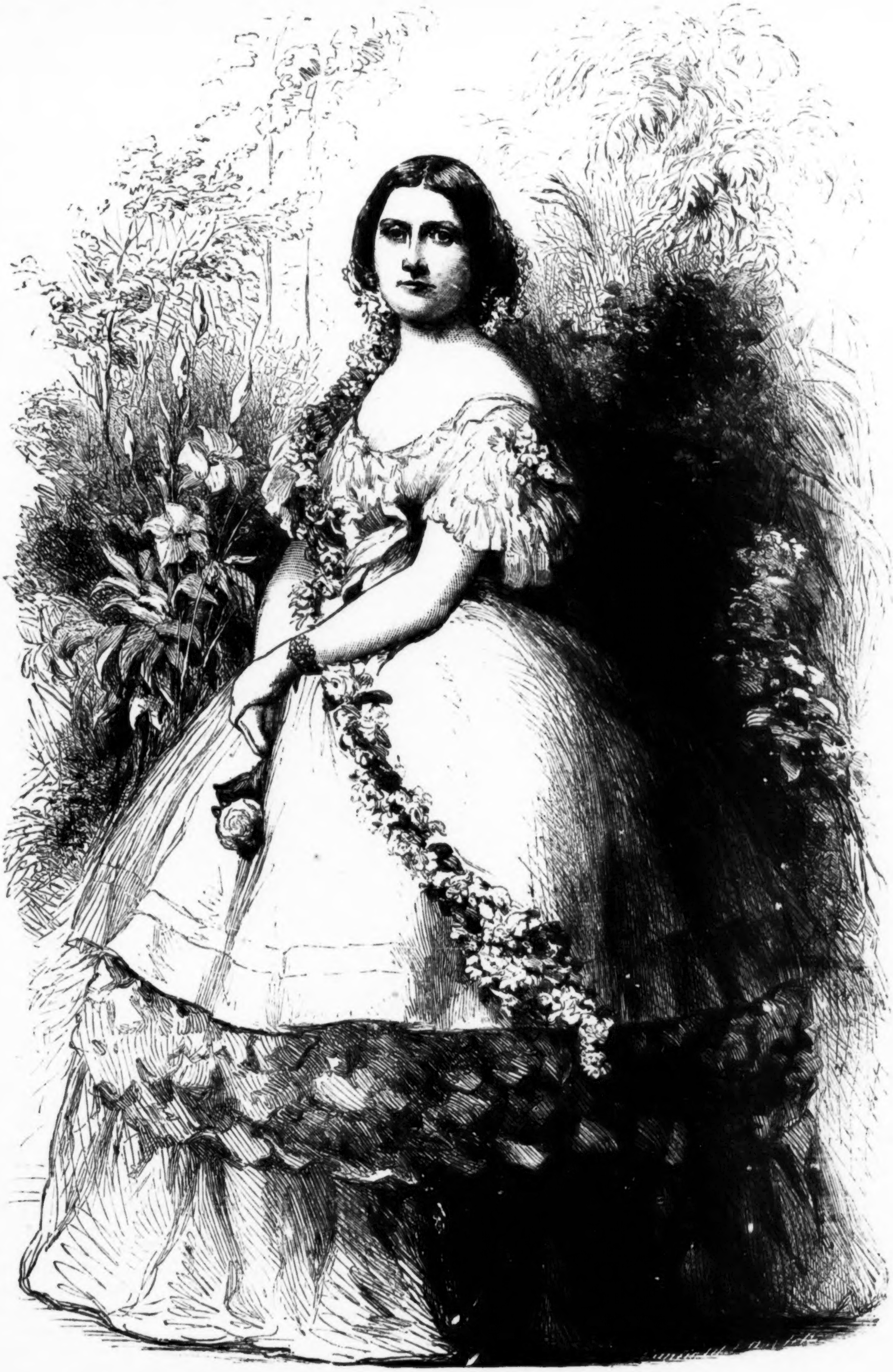
SARAH CHILDRESS POLK.

Abigail Adams was the daughter and grand-daughter of clergymen; and her marriage, at the age of twenty, with John Adams, who raised her to the proudest height the country knows, was considered not at all a flattering one at the time. She found great happinesss, nevertheless, during the ten years that her husband practiced his profession before he was elected a delegate to Philadelphia and launched upon a sea of daring and of trouble. After her husband's departure, and in all his many and bitter absences, alone, and with a hostile soldiery near her, she managed her farm, took care of her poor, buried her dead, taught her children, and pursued her own studies; for, always of delicate health, she had never been sent to school, although, reading eagerly and according to her tastes, she had perhaps cultivated herself to much more purpose than instructors could have done. Her husband was absent from her, save for an occasional visit, for the greater part of four years, after which he was sent to France, a British man-of-war lying in wait for the little vessel that carried him and his eldest boy; and she was left again, with her young family, alone in time of war, surrounded by armed enemies, with narrow means, unable to hear from her husband for many months, and with his parting injunction to cheer her, "In danger fly to the woods." Every wife will know how great was the sacrifice that Abigail Adams daily made in that year and a half.



JULIA TYLER.

On Mr. Adams's return, he was almost immediately dispatched again to Europe, this time to negotiate peace, and it was not till six years afterward that she was able to join him; when she spent a quiet year in France before assuming her position as wife of the first American Minister at the Court of St. James. He was very well received there at first by the King and Queen, but afterward some rankling ill-feeling on their part, concerning the loss of the colonies, occasioned her discomfort, and she was eager to return



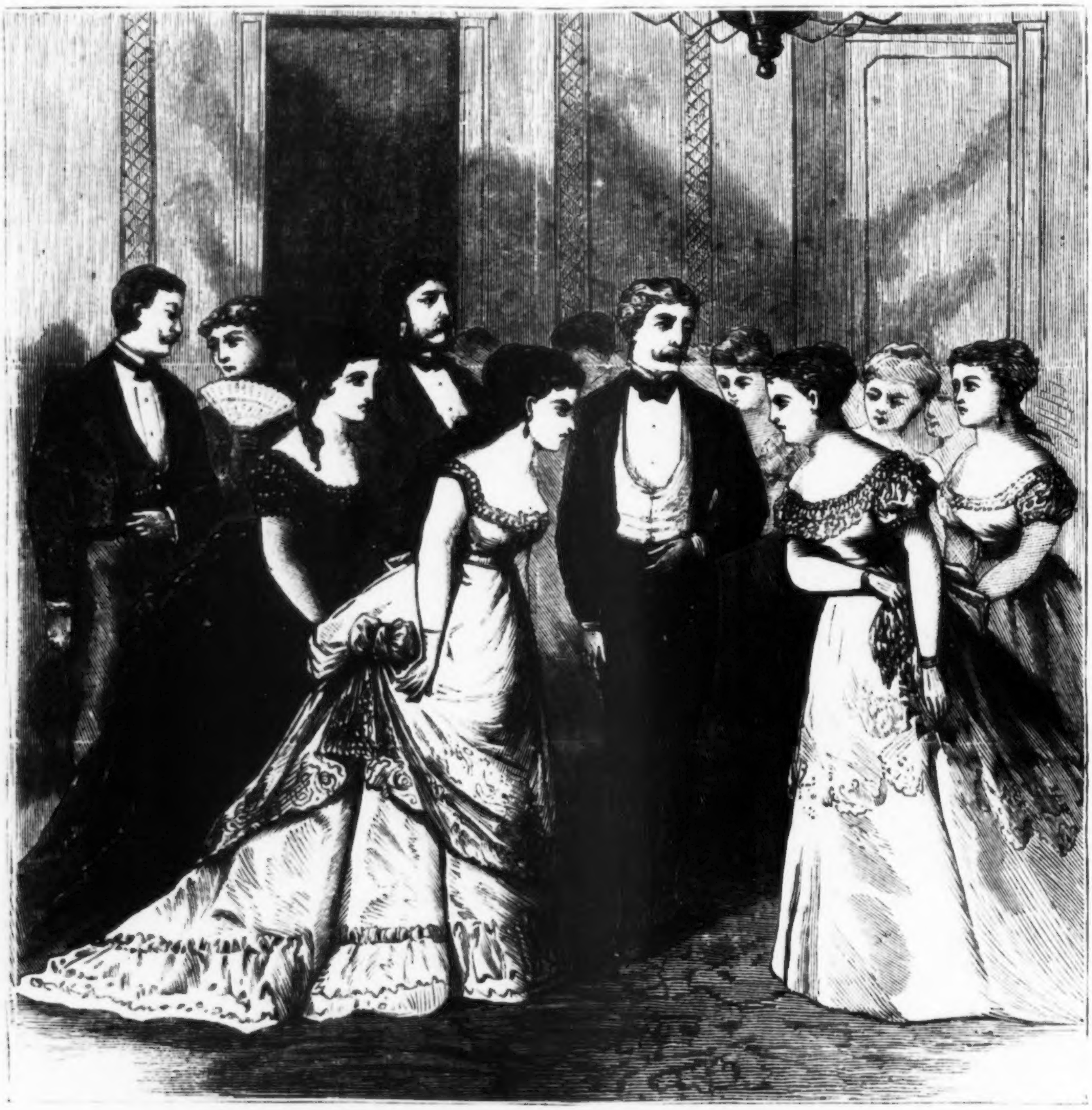
HARRIET LANE.

home after three years of Court life, although, as it proved, it was only to make her appearance again in public life within a year's time, as the wife of the Vice-President. Her health, however, that had failed under the strain of all these years and experiences, prevented her entering very fully into the festivities, either when at her residence of Richmond Hill or at Philadelphia. At last her husband was chosen to the Presidency; the seat of government was removed to Washington, a mere sketch of a city in a swamp, and Mrs. Adams was the first Lady of the White House.

The White House, a very spacious and elegant one then, and still sufficient for all republican uses, was but half finished when she entered it--the plaster scarcely dry, the paint yet green, the grounds cumbered with building materials; the roads in every direction were mere mud sloughs, and all the outlying world was a wilderness. There was not even an inclosure for drying clothes near the house, and Mrs. Adams had the great, unfinished audience-chamber, now known as the East Room, used for that purpose, and held her drawing-rooms in the room now used as the library of the private family. Mrs. Adams followed the ceremonious fashions of Mrs. Washington; and, although she was but four months in the White House, leaving it on account of the intermittent fever prevailing in that locality, she established the routine of etiquette that has since prevailed there, which, varied frequently by individual fancy, usually returns to much the old custom.

Mrs. Adams's old age was passed in a pleasant retirement, from which she always kept a lively outlook on affairs. She lived to see her son Secretary of State, and, had her life been spared a little longer, she would have seen him inheriting his father's honors as President. She died at the age of seventy-four; and her husband survived her but six years.

Although not beautiful, Mrs. Adams was agreeable and elegant in appearance, and a strong resemblance to her is borne, even by some of her grandchildren in the third degree. She was a great woman—great in intellect, in purpose, in patience, and great in triumph. And as one not too partial said of her, "On the stranding deck, at the gibbet's foot, in any other deadly pass where undaunted moral courage can light up the coming gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, Mrs. Adams would have stood by the side of those she loved, uttering words of encouragement; and in that more desperate pass, where death or overthrow are balanced against dishonor, she would have firmly bade the most loved friend on earth embrace the former like a bride!"



MRS. GRANT'S FIRST RECEPTION.

There has never been another woman to compare with her in the White House, where, however, she was not immediately succeeded by any one; for the beautiful Mrs. Jefferson, the object of her husband's romantic attachment, had been dead nearly a score of years when Mr. Jefferson became President, and there was literally no Lady of the White House during the greater part of his Presidency, as his daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes, made but two visits there, and only occasionally did Mrs. Madison officiate in their absence.

The first visit of Mr. Jefferson's daughters to the White House was during their father's first term, while their husbands were members of Congress. Mrs. Eppes, the younger daughter, is said to have been an exceedingly sweet and gracious person, of great beauty. She had died before her sister repeated the visit, passing a second Winter in Washington, during which one of her sons was born—the first child born in the White House. Mrs. Randolph, less beautiful than her sister, was more brilliant, and her father had lavished every care upon her. She was educated in a convent in France, where, on her expressing a wish to remain and lead the life of a *religieuse*, her father appeared and quietly took her home with him, making no reference to the subject, and introducing her at once to the gay world, in which she acquired something of the polished manner that was habitual with her. Shortly after her return to this country, she married her cousin, Mr. Randolph, to whom she bore twelve children, and with whom she lived a serene life of nearly forty years, broken by few incidents other than those common to all in the loss of friends and property—although the latter loss the Legislatures of Louisiana and South Carolina in some measure repaired by a generous appropriation that made comfort and competence secure.

A graceful, sprightly, intelligent, and altogether charming woman, Mrs. Randolph was her father's solace, companion, and delight. It was, doubtless, a loss to the nation that she did not lead its society during the eight years of her father's magistracy; but the demands of her young family, the education of her daughters, conducted entirely by herself, and her love of her husband, whose own not inconsiderable fame has been obscured by that of his great father-in-law, kept her in her pleasant Virginia home; but she was, as the Spanish Minister said of her, fitted to grace any court in Europe. She survived her father some ten years, and is buried by his side at Monticello.

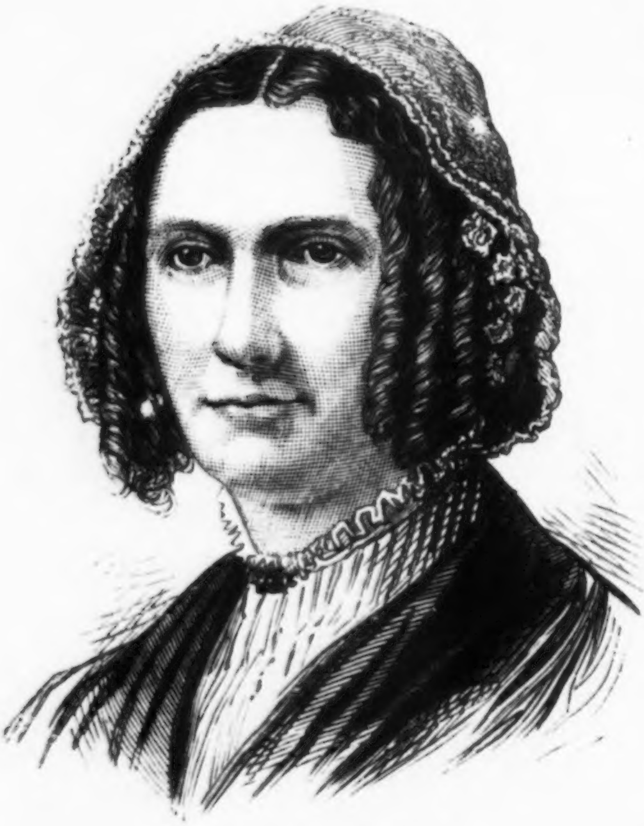
When Mrs. Madison came to the White House as its next mistress, quite another character was added to the circle of stately dames—a genial, generous, bustling, loud-laughing woman, with a big heart in a buxom body. Dolly Coles Payne, brought up in the strict tenets of the Society of Friends, and married at nineteen to Mr. John Todd, a member of the same sect, in less than a year after his death, and at the age of twenty-three, married James Madison, and stepped from poverty and insignificance to wealth and station. In her luxurious home in Virginia she learned how to exercise generous hospitality and benevolence, and an indulgent husband allowed her the means of gratifying most of the fine instincts of a noble nature.

When Mr. Madison was appointed in Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet, he removed with his wife to Washington, and she frequently and kindly played the part of Lady of the White House before it became her own home; and, on her husband's election to the Presidency, his wife's presence in the White House was hailed by the social world as a benefaction, and there probably never was a person more generally loved, if sometimes smiled at by the fastidious or supercilious, within its walls.

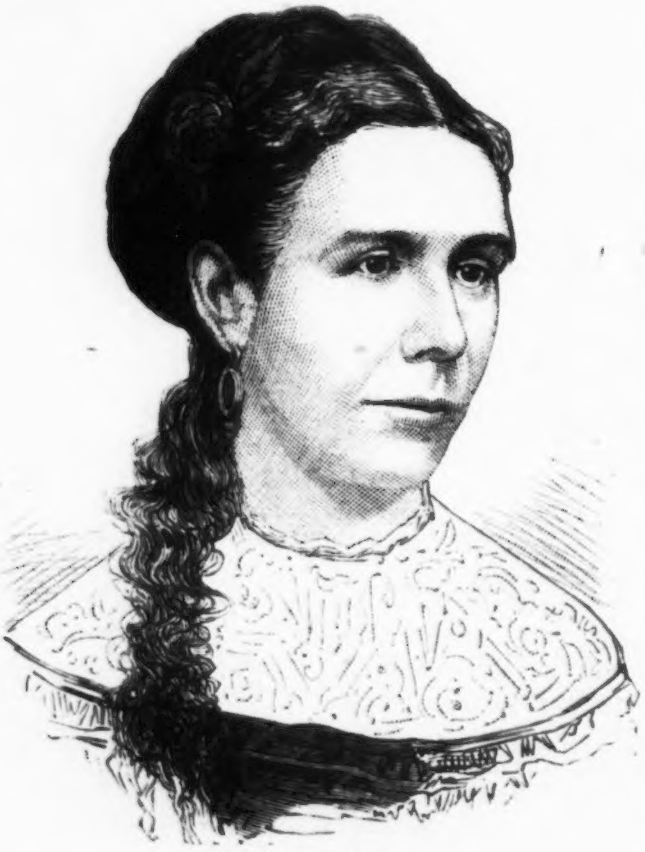
With a little more elegance, there would have been nothing to desire in Mrs. Madison. She had a certain amount of tact, infinite good-nature, ready wit, and an unfailing memory of names and faces, which, with her warmth of heart, supplied many elements of popularity, and her reign was a joyous one. She filled the White House with young people, putting all at ease by her own ease, and kept up a round of gayety, relaxing many of the ceremonious observances hitherto in force there, and making some innovations. Very fond of dress, yet never extravagant in it, wearing usually a turban and a gown of simple material, and repairing time's losses with rouge, she was rather a handsome woman, with sparkling eyes, and a tall, although, perhaps, too redundant, figure. She was always a happy woman; and when adversity came she proved herself a most noble one. When the British approached the capital, she was one of the last to leave the city, having lingered to secure certain State papers and other valuable articles of public property, to the sacrifice of her own. She was refused admission at an inn where she requested shelter, with her suite, at the instigation of those already sheltered there—people who had, one and all, shared her hospitality, but now chose to hold her husband responsible for the war and punish her; and, for a short season, she was subjected to great hardship; but after the British had finished their dastardly and disgraceful outrages, she was one of the first to return. At the conclusion of Mr. Madison's term, she retired with him to their mountain home in Virginia, and there was the comfort of his declining years. After his death she returned to Washington, a place she loved, and there spent the last twelve years of her life. Congress had paid her a goodly sum of money as copyright on certain of her husband's papers, and voted her a seat on the floor of the Senate: but she died in poverty, although honored to the last; and while always to be seen with her splendid green shawl, her turban, and her snuff-box, never forgetting her dignity or her great-hearted cordiality.

Mrs. Monroe, as may be imagined, was, again, a person in strong contrast to her predecessor, a very quiet and polished lady, accustomed, when she came to the White House, to the refinement of courts. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Kortright, and she changed it for that of one of the purest public servants that ever lived. Tall and graceful in person, elegant in manner, well-informed and intelligent, she was an ornament to all society, and her life abroad for many years rendered her familiar with all the usages proper to her high place, when her husband added to the long list of his civil offices that of President. Although so often placed, as his wife, in proud and prominent positions, very likely the proudest action Mrs. Monroe herself ever performed, was the part she played in saving the life of Madame Lafayette, who had been condemned to the guillotine, but who was set free the day after Mrs. Monroe's visit to her in prison—the noble lady's jailors scarcely daring to proceed further in the case of one in whom the American minister had showed such interest. Mrs. Monroe spent nearly ten years in Europe, at the courts of France, England, and Spain; and after that she lived in Virginia, contentedly attending to the education of her two daughters, while her husband was governor of that commonwealth. While Mr. Monroe was Secretary of State, his wife made her home in Washington, and there she remained during both terms of his administration.

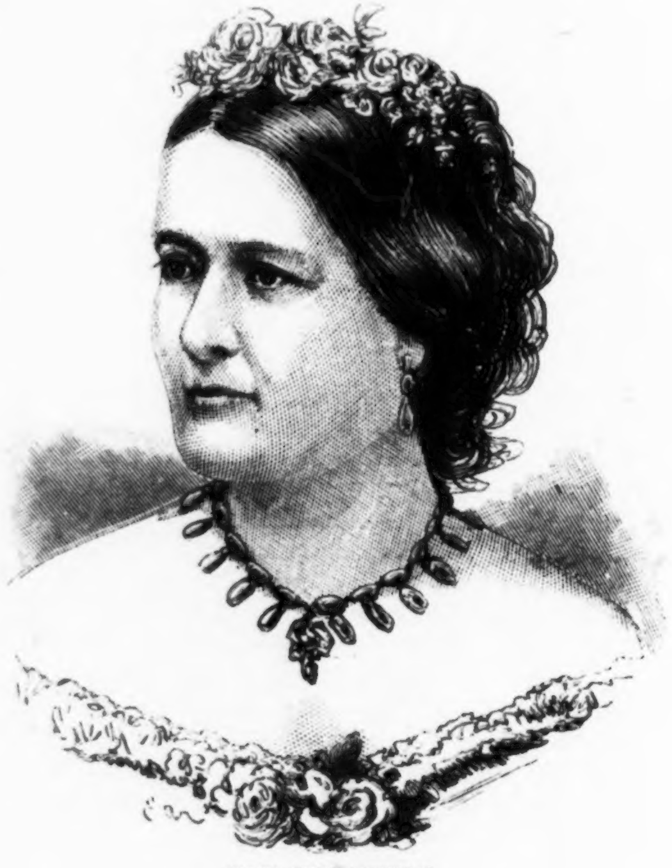
During that time the East Room, long the play-room of her children, was furnished, in the partially rebuilt White House, and she held her drawing-rooms and gave her dinners with dignity and ease, but maintained the most stately usage, required full-dress, and returned no visits. She died suddenly, about five years after her return to private life, and her husband followed her within the year. Several of her descendants, by the name of Gouverneur, are yet living.



ABIGAIL POWERS FILLMORE.

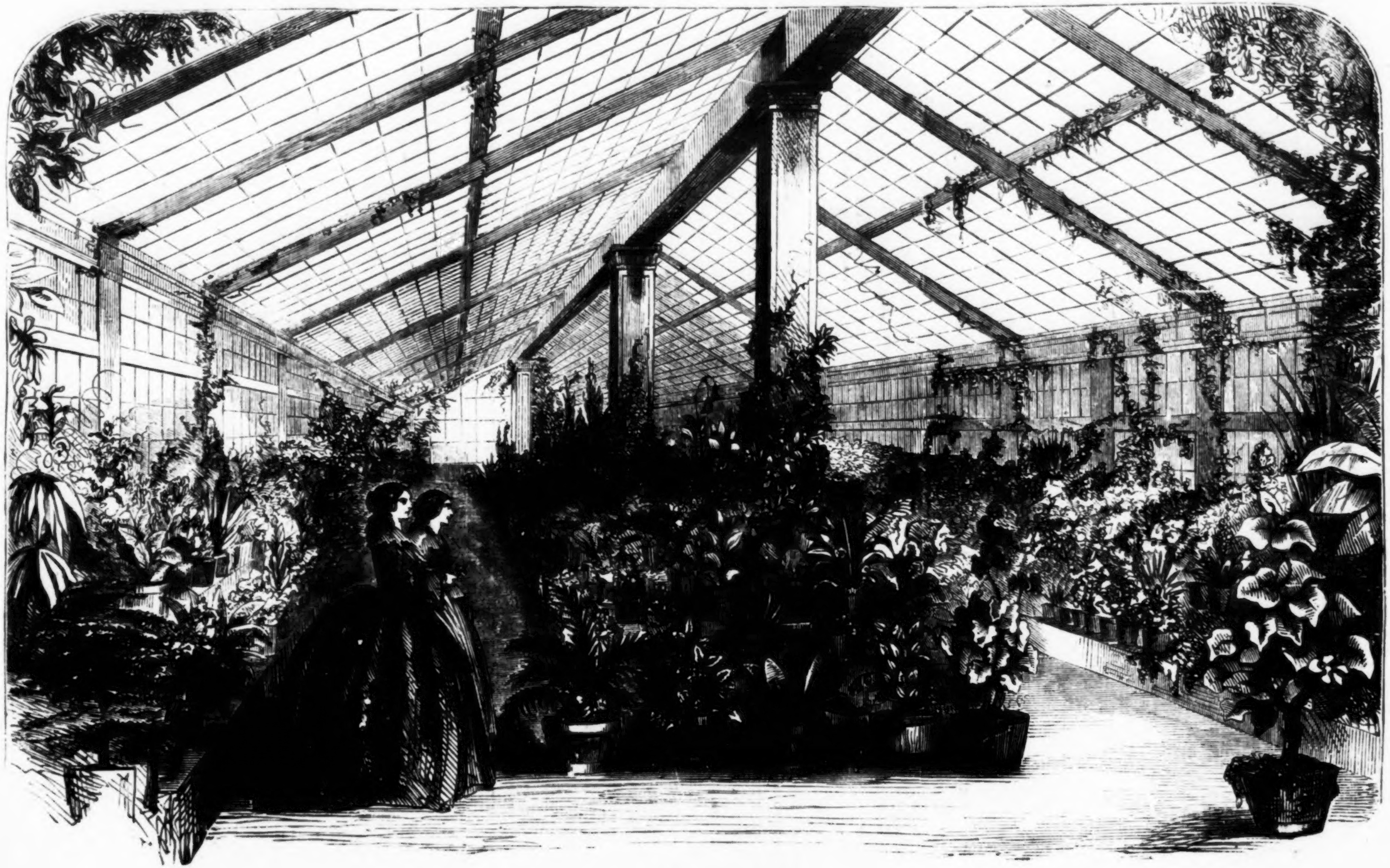


MARTHA PATTERSON.



MARY TODD LINCOLN.

Mrs. Monroe could have resigned her honors into no hands more fit to receive them than those of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, the last of the women of the Revolutionary era who occupied the White House. Louisa Katharine Johnson, although of American and Southern lineage, was born, educated, and married in London, her marriage taking place at the age of twenty-two; her father, although living abroad, being full of patriotic interests and employments, and gladly giving her to one already so identified with American affairs as John Quincy Adams. Mrs. Adams was highly educated and accomplished, with literary tastes, warm feelings, fine manners, and a sufficient share of beauty. The first portion of her married life was spent at the Court of Berlin; but a few years after their return to America, her husband was accredited Minister to Russia—being our first Minister to Russia, as his father was our first to Great Britain. Mrs. Adams decided to accompany her husband abroad, or perhaps he decided it for her, and she left two of her children at home whom she did not see again for six years, sailing with him and her baby to be absent eight years—the most extraordinary years of modern European history, when Napoleon was achieving his destiny. Much of the excitement of these years passed under Mrs. Adams's eyes, and she was sometimes in the midst of it. Finding it necessary to join her husband in Paris, she left Russia with her servant for sole escort on the perilous journey—now dug out from the mighty snows, now surrounded by rude soldiery, now meeting the great fury and fever of feeling as Napoleon took up his march from Elba through a populace frantic with enthusiasm. She accomplished her journey by the aid of great tact and presence of mind, and was in Paris during the famous Hundred Days. Her husband being recalled to America as Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, Mrs. Adams returned with him, and made his home for eight years a charming resort for the diplomatic corps and society in general. "For elegance, refinement, taste, purity, talent, beauty, and worth, the fashionable circle that Mrs. Adams drew around her was far superior to that which has appeared at any period since." When it became her turn to occupy the White House, Mrs. Adams's health had begun to fail, and her life there was a quiet one. After she left the White House, her home was in Quincy, Massachusetts, for a short period; but on Mr. Adams's return to political life, she made her home principally in Washington, where her husband served in the lower branch of Congress for several years. After his death she resided again at Quincy, where she died at the age of seventy-seven, having already seen her descendants achieving some measure of their ancestors'



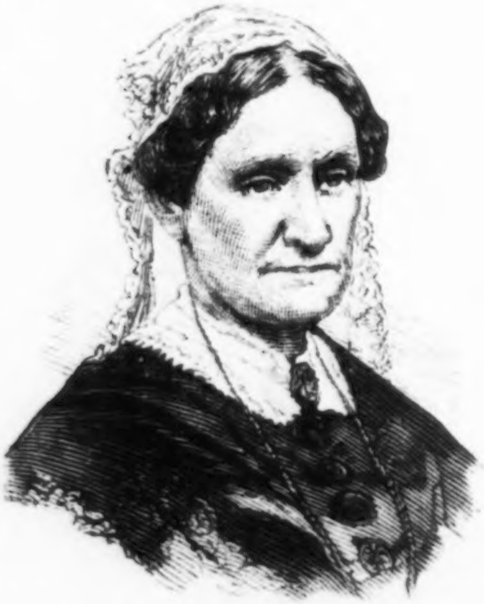
THE CONSERVATORY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

eminence. While possessing none of the great powers of mind of her mother-in-law, Louisa Adams was a person far beyond the average woman of her generation; she early received advantages enjoyed by few of her predecessors, and perhaps none of her successors; she was the object of attention and adulation, and carried herself through it all as became a consummate lady.

Representatives of a life and experience entirely opposite took possession of the White House when Mrs. Adams left it—this the result of European education and acquaintance with royal and imperial courts, that coming out of the far West, and shaped by the struggle with the wilderness. Mrs. Jackson herself, indeed, never entered the White House, dying just before her husband's inauguration, done to death by his slanderers. Having procured a divorce from a worthless and faithless husband, Rachel Donelson married General Jackson, ignorant that all the formalities required had not been met; and this circumstance, in which she was entirely innocent, being recited within her hearing, with malicious misstatement, occasioned a sudden illness, ending in her death. Yet the undying devotion of her husband, as ardent nearly a score of years after her death as on his marriage-day, and the respect of all her neighbors and acquaintances, sufficiently attest her worth. She is described as beautiful, sensible, deeply religious, and in the forty years of her marriage, her husband declared he had never heard an unkind word from her lips. Her home, known as the Hermitage, was a handsome residence, surrounded by trees, extensive gardens and lawns, and approached by an avenue of fine cedars. The house was flanked by noble piazzas, with stone floors, and with roofs upheld by fluted pillars wreathed with blooming vines, and the rooms were spacious and elegant, furnished with ancient and handsome articles.

Mrs. Jackson's place in the White House was filled by her nieces, Mrs. Andrew Donelson, and Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., the wife of the general's adopted son, who inherited his estate.

Mrs. Emily Donelson, a native of Tennessee, married at sixteen, having received the best attainable education, and being noted for her loveliness and natural grace, and her superior intellect. She was a slender, symmetrically formed woman, of the middle height, with dark auburn hair, and brown eyes, and exquisite skin, and was said to present a striking resemblance to the pictures of Mary Stuart. Her dress was always perfect, her conversation full of sprightliness and wit, and her public behavior dignified and courteous, winning universal praise in a day that resounded with the clamors of the fiercest political hostility. Her four children were all born in the White House, and their christenings there were made splendid occasions by the President.



ELIZA M'CARDLE JOHNSON.

Mrs. Donelson died of consumption very shortly after leaving Washington. She was greatly assisted in her duties at the White House by Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., a granddaughter of Judge Yorke, of Philadelphia, who always gave her precedence at the White House, although, at the Hermitage, she was herself the mistress, and the comfort of her great father-in-law's last years.

As in Mrs. Donelson's instance, the next Lady of the White House was again the daughter-in law, not the wife, of the President, for Hannah Hoes, the wife of Martin Van Buren, had died nearly twenty years before he was called to the Presidency, after only thirty-five years of a fortunate and perfect life. The honors of the White House were then rendered in the most pleasant fashion by the bride of her son, Angelica Singleton, a young and dark-eyed South Carolinian of distinguished family and connections, and fine education. Serene and sunny years, like those of Mrs. Abram Van Buren, give but slight events to the chronicler, but everything in their course tended to her gratification. In Europe she was received in the kindest and most unceremonious fashion by the royal families both of England and of France, and in America the world was at her feet; for, although she lived in a time of bitterness and acrimony, all poisoned shafts fell powerless before her sweetness and grace. Until the close of Mr. Van Buren's tenure of the White House, the society of Washington had been almost exclusively under Southern influence, and the Ladies of the White House, with the single exception of the first Mrs. Adams, were of Southern origin. With Mrs. Harrison the spell would have been broken, but she was another of the Presidents' wives who never occupied the White House. She was not a young woman at the time of her husband's inauguration, in 1841, having been born in 1775, in New Jersey. Her maiden name was Anna Symmes; she married at twenty, and is said to have had many personal charms, when quite old traces of beauty being still to be seen in the finely chiseled features and dark eyes. Always accustomed to good position, the daughter of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Northwestern Territory, and the wife of the Governor of a sovereign State, a successful General, moreover, Mrs. Harrison would doubtless have administered the hospitalities of the White House to perfect satisfaction, if, while preparing to attend her husband, she had not received the dreadful intelligence of his death. In the month of General Harrison's occupancy, the Lady of the White House was Mrs. Jane Harrison, the widow of his son, whose refined and pleasant rule was widely regretted, and who was succeeded in the public life of the place by another daughter-in-law, for Mrs. Letitia Christian Tyler entered the White House only to die there. Mrs. Tyler was a Virginian, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, a warm personal friend of General Washington's. In her twenty-second year she married Mr. Tyler, and, although an able and accomplished woman, doing, with elegance, the honors of the Governor's mansion, while her husband was Chief Magistrate of Virginia, she lived otherwise a life of almost complete retirement, devoted to the varied duties of her home, which she managed in a wonderful way. She was but once seen offering the hospitalities of the White House, and that on the occasion of her daughter's wedding, when the Cabinet and the Foreign Ministers, and others of distinction, were called upon to admire her dignity, simplicity, and self-possession. The Lady of the White House in the public eye then, and for some time afterward, was Mrs. Tyler's daughter-in-law, the lovely little Mrs. Robert Tyler, who was herself the daughter of the great tragedian, Cooper, and the cousin of Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, while one of her grandfathers had been an American officer in the Revolution. This young lady had been educated with great care, and accustomed always to the best society, she then, in a station so difficult for her years, acquitted herself admirably, as

Mrs. Webster said of her. She appears to have been everything that was charming, vivacious, sensible, tender-hearted, and of extraordinary amiability; she conducted the social affairs of the White House with a gay and hospitable splendor, and her enjoyment of her position seems to have been such, and so innocently and frankly displayed, as to delight everybody. Mr. Tyler's married daughters and his niece occasionally shared with Mrs. Priscilla Tyler the duties of the White House; but after the death of his wife the house was closed, and he lived in seclusion and retirement until the occasion of his second marriage.

Miss Julia Gardiner, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New York, had just returned from a European tour with her father, when she met the President, who was struck with her charms. She was a brilliant brunette, and still retains great beauty. It is said to have been at the time of the tragical bursting of the great gun of the frigate *Princeton* that the President, who was with her at the fatal moment, surrendered his heart entirely to the beautiful girl, whose suddenly bereft condition appealed to all. Six months afterward he quietly went over to New York, and the salutes from the vessels in the harbor were the first public intimation of his presence there, as he sailed out of the bay with his young bride. Mrs. Julia Tyler's career in the White House was but eight months in duration, but it was quite a brilliant one. After her retirement to Sherwood Forest, her husband's home in Virginia, she became the representative Southern woman, and was the author of a public letter to the Duchess of Sutherland on the subject of slavery. Since her husband's death she has resided at Staten Island, except for an occasional absence in Washington and elsewhere.

Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, the next occupant of the White House, as the wife of a man who was member of Congress for many successive sessions, was the Speaker of the House, and subsequently the Governor of his State, knew how to bear herself perfectly in high position. She was born in fortunate circumstances, was educated with the Moravians, and she early became a member of the Presbyterian Church, the strictness of whose religious observances she carried into much of her social life. It was Mrs. Polk who banished from the White House receptions the dancing that had probably crept in there in Mrs. Madison's day—Mrs. Polk acting not so much, though, with regard to her religious views on the matter, as to her fine sense of the decorum of the place and time. She also abolished the habit of offering refreshments at the Presidential receptions. Throughout all the rancors of the political campaigns in which her husband was engaged, Mrs. Polk bore herself with such a calm grace and wisdom as to disarm any criticism. "Madam," said a distinguished Southern gentleman to her at one of her receptions, "there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible; for it is written there, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'"

Mrs. Polk was of commanding appearance, and of a Spanish type of countenance, with jet-black hair and eyes, and rich, olive skin; her dress was always superb, and her presence was regal. Her manners, although stately, were yet quite easy; and, although she kept herself informed on political questions, she seldom obtruded her views.

After Mr. Polk's retirement from the Presidency, and his death, which shortly followed, Mrs. Polk, left the mistress of a valuable property, occupied her beautiful home in Nashville, an imposing residence in the midst of wide grounds and gardens overflowing with the fragrance and color of heliotropes, geraniums, roses, myrtles, and jasmines. Her conduct during the civil war, whatever were her prejudices, was irreproachable, and must have been gratifying to every American of the North or of the South.

Mrs. Polk was succeeded in the White House by yet another Southern woman. Margaret Taylor entered the place reluctantly, as some other woman might enter a prison. She had been looking forward, after long years of turmoil and tossing, to a peaceful declining life with her husband, and she declared that his election to the Presidency was a plot to deprive her of his society and shorten his life.

Mrs. Taylor was born in Maryland, and her maiden name was Smith. She had been reared to consider the domestic accomplishments superior to all others, and she was an adept in the art of making home comfortable. Yet, after her marriage with young Captain Taylor, of the army, she scarcely knew what home was, for, considering that her first duty was to him, she resolutely followed him to his post on the frontier or in the Florida everglades, and largely mitigated all the hardships of his absence from civilization, and of that of those around him.

In this perilous life her children were born; and as soon as they were able to do without her, they were sent away to her relatives for the instruction and care that they could not have while she followed the camp. She not only gave her husband thus almost all the home he ever knew—for he said, in reply to the deputation that informed him of his election, that his house had been the tent, and his home the battlefield—but she was also of great service to the sick and wounded, and by her absolute faith in her husband's powers, served always to increase the ardor of his force.

After a long and almost unparalleled service in the hard work of the army, General Taylor was at last given a quiet post at Baton Rouge, where, for the first time in years, he assembled his family. They made a charming home on the river bank, laid out their garden, established their dairy, and were looking forward at last to a life of delightful companionship, when the Mexican War broke out, and old Rough and Ready was ordered to the front.

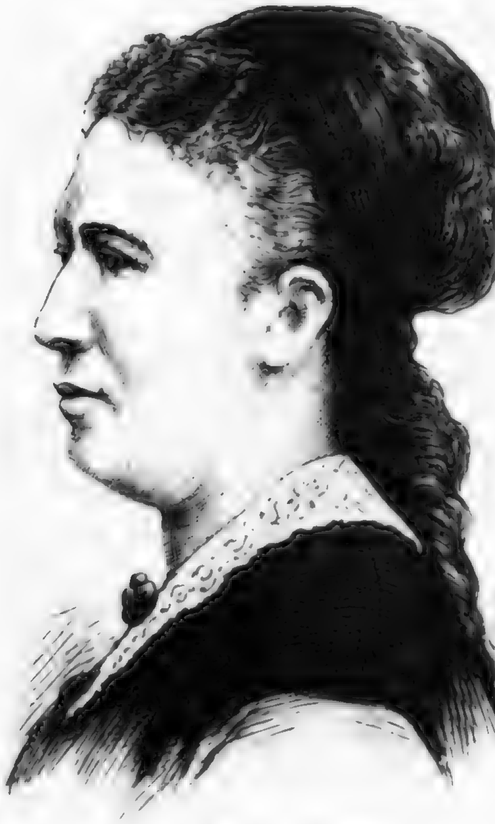
Accustomed to the hazardous life the general led, and accustomed also to his victories over his enemies, Mrs. Taylor was not elated by his success in Mexico; and perhaps the most notable event of the war, to her, was the reconciliation of her husband with Colonel Jefferson Davis, who had, years ago, eloped with their eldest daughter, the daughter dying unforgiven, but her father finding himself unable to retain his anger in face of the gallant behavior of Davis at Buena Vista.

At the close of the war the people, in an outburst of gratitude and enthusiasm, elected General Taylor to the Presidency. But Mrs. Taylor, as her husband said, had prayed every night for several months that his opponent might secure the election. With his own elevation went all her bright dreams of tranquillity; and she had been too long unused to any house in the military campaigns to care much about the glory of the White House.

At first Mrs. Taylor established herself in that residence, apparently determined to do no more than superintend her husband's housekeeping, see that he had all his comforts, and still contribute to his well-being, as of old; confining herself to the private apartments, and surrendering to her daughter, Mrs. Major Bliss—Miss Betty, as she was usually styled, who enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest Lady of the White House out of all the number—the supervision and direction of the State ceremonies, dinners, and receptions; and it has always been said that there was never a more charming hostess in the place.

It was a sad and short season to Mrs. Taylor, and all its gloomy forebodings culminated in her husband's sudden death, after the laying of the corner-stone of the yet incomplete monument. Unable to believe the truth, she passed from one fainting fit to another, and she did not survive the old General more than a couple of years. Very different

XUM



JULIA DENT GRANT.

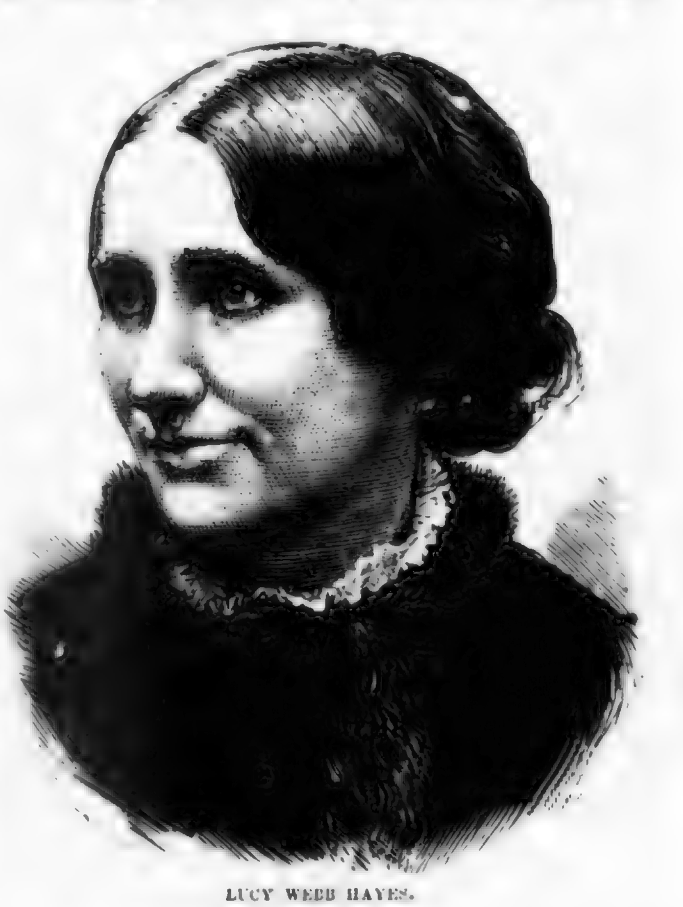
had been her hard, tumultuous life, sweetened with its own wild honey, from the lives of such women as Elizabeth Monroe or Louisa Adams; but there was something of the old Roman in it that brought it nearer a republican level and made it very admirable. Mrs. Bliss became a widow herself in a short time; after a while, she married happily again; but her memory as Betty Taylor will always linger sweetly about the White House.

Abigail Powers Fillmore, who succeeded Mrs. Taylor in the White House, led the life which, except for its close, after having known the loftiest position America gives, is that of multitudes of Northern women. The daughter of a clergyman, and her mother early left a widow, she took her education into her own hands, teaching what she already knew during half the year, in order to gain the means to attend a higher school for the other half; and she presently graduated as a successful teacher; and continued that occupation until her twenty-eighth year, when she married Mr. Fillmore, then a struggling young lawyer. She taught for some time after her marriage, kept her house, and did her work; but as her husband grew more prosperous, she relinquished her arduous duties for the direction of her children, and the pleasures of society, and of books, of which she was always an insatiable reader. She had a strong and well-balanced mind, great sweetness of disposition, and much sociability. She was of tall and fine figure, with a fair face and luxuriant, fair curls, about a noble head. She was in every way her husband's help-meet; and her loss, just at the expiration of his term of office, was irreparable.

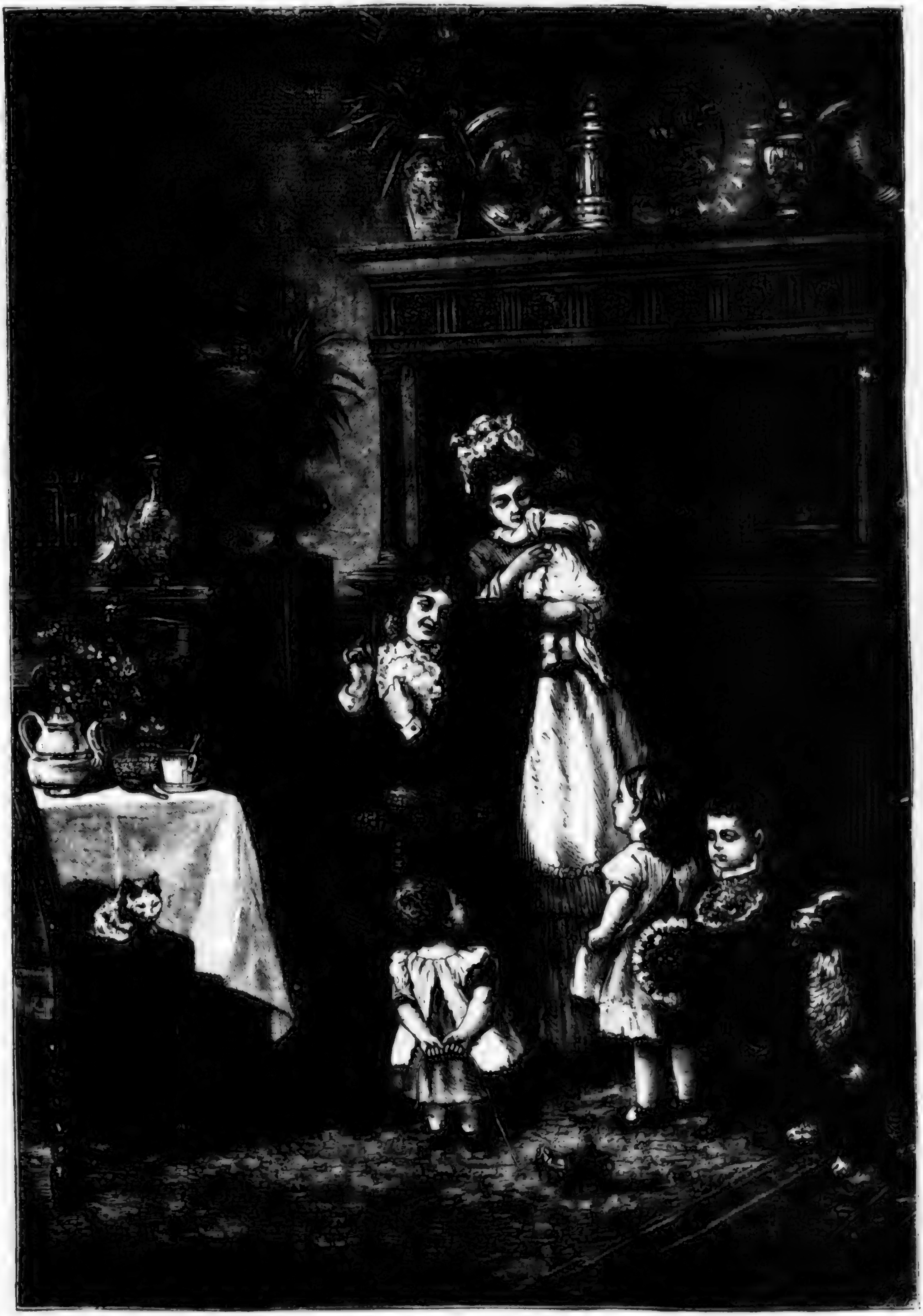
Being in mourning when she entered the White House, and having been badly lamed, Mrs. Fillmore allowed its duties to devolve as much as possible upon her young daughter, and found the seclusion so pleasant, surrounding herself with friends and music in the library that Congress furnished in the Executive Mansion largely with a view to her pleasure—the oval room which Mrs. Adams found so pleasant—that she presented herself below stairs only when it was unavoidable; although scrupulously going through with the tediousness of receptions and State dinners upon requirement, and making them easy by the simple manners of her own gentle breeding. Her daughter, Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore, just from school, played the part thus assigned her in the White House, with remarkable self-possession and tact. The graduate of a normal school, speaking French, Italian, and German, as well as English, a proficient in drawing, a remarkably accomplished musician, and a modeler in clay, familiar with literature, quick to read character, with a ready wit, an arch manner, fine conversational powers, and a pleasant face, acquainted, besides, with all the etiquette of the place, Miss Fillmore's talents and acquirements qualified her to fill her station quite as well as, if not better than many of those who had preceded her. She died very shortly after her mother, having enjoyed early the triumphs that many women struggle for all their lives.

As Mrs. Fillmore did, Mrs. Pierce entered the White House in mourning, but under an affliction of the most heartrending description. Naturally pensive, the death of her last child wrapped her in a profound melancholy; and one can understand what antipathy she must have felt to all the pageantry and gayety her station called upon her to behold and to assist in, and in all of which she filled her part perfectly, being fitted to it by birth and education. Her own name was Jane Means Appleton; she was the daughter of a clergyman of distinction, who became, in her infancy, the President of Bowdoin College; always surrounded by refining and ennobling influences, she was one of the most cultivated and intellectual women in the country; of a lofty innocence and purity of temperament, and of a deeply and ideally religious nature. She married a man who loved her with a passionate devotion, and whose love was as ardently returned by her; and almost the only blemish on her happiness for years was the death of two of her children.

Mrs. Pierce used all her influence to keep her husband out of public life, thinking that his happiness was thus more fully assured, and knowing that her own was. But when he was at last elected to the Presidency, she made her preparations to accompany him, and to sacrifice much of her own inclinations—not at all an imaginary sacrifice, as all who know anything of the life of public men in Washington



LUCY WEBB HAYES.



GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF EPP.

XUM

know that such are the unavoidable demands on their time and thought that the domestic element can make but a slight part of it. Although looking for little pleasure from the splendid years just opening before her, Mrs. Pierce was utterly unprepared for the terrible misfortune that robbed those years of all shadow of happiness, except that which she found in her religion and her husband's love. Two months before her husband's inauguration as President, her only remaining child, a young boy of remarkable promise, was killed before her eyes by a railroad accident; and few were the smiles that any ever saw upon her face again. Yet she performed everything that could be required of the President's wife under any circumstances, receiving at her own and at the President's levees, and presiding invariably at the dinners of State as well as those more private, even when her health, always delicate and at last wretched, made the occasions only ordeal of suffering. Even to those women who are pleased at first with the novelty and glitter of such a position as that of the Lady of the White House, all the wearisome ceremony, the irritation of idle compliment, and the moving panorama of indifferent faces become at last exceedingly irksome, and to Mrs. Pierce it was irksome from the beginning. Yet even if unafflicted, she would have withdrawn from the glare of the public gaze with a nature as shrinking as a violet's.

Mrs. Pierce was a woman of much more than common powers of mind; of superior judgment, in spite of her dreamy and poetic tendencies; and of wide reading and observation. She disliked politics, and when her husband came into her presence it was to find rest, and leave behind him all the storms and excitements of his public life. After leaving the White House, she was taken by her husband on an extended foreign tour, in the hope of regaining her health, spending six months in Madeira in absolute repose; and only those acquainted with her exquisite and impressionable nature could tell what enjoyment she had in the two following years of travel throughout Europe. They did not, however, rebuild a shattered constitution, and she returned to America with the ex-President, where she was surrounded by all the alleviations of wealth and the tenderest observances of love. Her life was prolonged still a few years, when she gradually and quietly sank to her long rest.

There could scarcely be greater contrast than that to be seen between this delicate lady, acquainted with grief and set in shadow, and the young girl who, with bounding health and sparkling spirits, stepped into the White House as she left it. There are few young women in the world, surely few in a republican country, that have enjoyed a tithe of the measure of outward success that for years attended Harriet Lane, the last Lady of the White House under the old *régime*.

A young girl, Pennsylvanian by birth, inheriting an ample fortune, and adopted by her uncle, a wealthy and distinguished Democratic statesman, Miss Lane's advantages were very great. Educated with every care, she was uncommonly accomplished; and dining while at school twice a week at her uncle's table, hearing there the conversation of the most notable men of the country, and afterward reading the newspapers to her uncle and discussing their contents with him, her mind was early shaped to the comprehension of affairs of State, and when she went abroad with her uncle, who was appointed Minister at the Court of St. James, she was an honor to the land of her birth.

Miss Lane was the possessor, also, of an uncommon type of beauty. Tall and commanding, with a perfectly molded shape, with a faultless head, finely poised and crowned with a mass of golden-brown hair, with large, dark-blue eyes, finely molded features, the mouth particularly lovely, and a skin of milk and roses, her beauty and her happiness took all hearts by storm. Her movements were full of a majestic grace, and her high spirits were controlled by dignity. At Court, the Queen took pains personally to pronounce her position the same as that of the wives of the leading ambassadors, and frequently especially honored by the Queen and receiving kindnesses that she was afterward able to acknowledge when the hostess of the Queen's eldest son in the White House, she found herself *fêted* and flattered—cheered even by the Oxford students on the day when her uncle, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Tennyson received their degrees. The young girl's career was one of triumph during all her residence in England and her sojourn at Paris and elsewhere on the continent; and she returned to America only to become what is technically and perhaps vulgarly known as the first lady of the land at home.

Miss Lane did not have an easy *rôle* to fill in the White House. The passions of contending parties never ran so high; it was war *à l'outrance* between them long before war was declared—it was her part to receive all and know the grievances of none, and she performed it so that she had the admiring word on every side. But she found her pleasure in it all. Although, like her last two predecessors, she went into the White House in mourning, yet, as soon as she laid her crapes aside, the life there was one long gala day; people danced on the edge of a volcano, with the crust heaving under their feet, although there was no public dancing in the White House itself. Before she left it the flames of civil war had burst forth.

A few years after her retirement, Miss Lane became the wife of Mr. Henry Elliot Johnston, a gentleman of wealth and culture, and took up her residence at Baltimore, reserving Wheatland, of which she became mistress on the death of her uncle, the ex-President, for the Summer home in which she reigns a happy wife and mother.

Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, who began her career in the White House, with the Civil War, was of Southern birth and education, and made the acquaintance of her husband while visiting a sister married in Illinois. Here, at the age of twenty-one, she became the wife of Abraham Lincoln, then a young and rising lawyer. Five years after their marriage, Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress, and began the public life which culminated in his election to the Presidency. Within the week of his inauguration, Mrs. Lincoln held her first reception at the White House, and the impression she made upon all was that of a pleasant, warm-hearted, cheerful woman, who would be satisfactory in her place. If, after a while, much of this impression was dissipated, it was, perhaps, without good reason; for it was in a period when all eyes were turned with such microscopic scrutiny upon public people, that what might have been passed over in other lives as mere foibles, or not observed at all, now became exaggerated into affairs of moment. Mrs. Lincoln held the White House in the most eventful of all the periods of American history since there has been a White House, and whether her manners and behavior there were always satisfactory or not, she was certainly noted for great and tender care extended by her to the sick soldiery in the city. She was undoubtedly the object of much slander during her life in the White House, for only a portion of her husband's enemies were in arms. But it is possible that all the strange incidents of those terrible years, in which her own family was in the South, and her own hopes in the North; in which the country was dismembered and hung in the dreadful balance of war, and suspense and uncertainty fevered every heart; in which her husband, as well as herself, was pursued by all the darts of slander; in which her darling child was taken from her by death, and in which she saw her husband murdered by her side—her sudden elevation, her as sudden downfall, would have affected a stronger mind than hers; and it becomes the country that accepted the sacrifice of her husband's life to look charitably upon his widow. It was, perhaps, in that view that Congress, on her petition, granted Mrs. Lincoln a handsome pension; and on that, and her otherwise handsome income, Mrs. Lincoln has lived in comfort since issuing from the asylum for the insane.

In complete contrast with Mrs. Lincoln, was Mrs. Johnson, the next occupant of the White House, a woman to whom all other women owe acknowledgment they seldom rendered—for the fact of her life and her work is a glory to all times, since it was her noble devotion, faith, and patience, that made an humble tailor's apprentice President of the United States. Eliza McCardle, in her eighteenth year, was married to the young apprentice when he was not yet twenty-one. Full of ambition to rise to a loftier life, he had painfully taught himself to read in his workshop, but it was his wife who taught him to write, to whom he recited his lessons, and who pursued his studies with him evening after evening, until his learning had at last outstripped her own. It was that faith of hers which gave the man faith in himself, that patience which kept his own patience alive, and that devotion which always took from him all the cares of home that he might be free for his outward life—and he was always proud to recognize them all.

Mrs. Johnson's life, after the first few years, although still one of some hardship, was one of constant gratification in the continuous elevation of her husband; but long before he had reached the Vice-Presidency, she had become a confirmed invalid. It was a bitter season that Mrs. Johnson and her family passed in that remote quarter of Tennessee, and during her husband's absence after the opening of the War, and quite sufficient to have ruined health more robust than hers; ordered on one day by the Confederate authorities to leave the State, only to find the order countermanded on the next day; tossed from post to pillar, without food, without shelter, passing and repassing the lines at the risk of her own life, and among ruffians clamoring for the blood of her sons, till at last, worn out, she reached her husband's side, and was afterward unable to leave her room for months.

After Mrs. Johnson entered the White House, her health made it absolutely impossible for her to perform its duties; she was seen down-stairs but once, and that on the occasion of a party given by the children of the White House to other children; when her appearance was that of a sweet and aged saint. All entertainment, as well as household care, then, devolved upon her daughters, Mrs. Martha Patterson, the wife of a Senator from Tennessee, and Mrs. Stover, the widow of one of the heroes of the war. It was a great undertaking, merely to set the building in order, for it was in a fearful condition; the sovereign people had made free use of it during the period of confusion following Mr. Lincoln's death; soldiers had patrolled the East Room, guards had slept upon the silken sofas, filthy here and plundered there, carpets and curtains were ruined, furniture stolen and demolished.

With an exceedingly slender appropriation of money, made for the purpose by Congress, Mrs. Patterson, by dint of real labor and personal superintendence of every detail, reduced this chaos to order; and neatness, delicacy, and grace were everywhere suggested by the appearance of the White House while she administered its hospitalities.

Mrs. Patterson was certainly a remarkable woman, keeping not only her father's house, but caring for her own family, and attending to the duties of State, with most of which duties she became familiar when, years before, a guest in the White House with Mrs. Polk, performing them now quietly, modestly, and with a perfect dignity. She was a person of very pleasing appearance, with dark hair and eyes, fine features, and a delightful smile; and she had, moreover, a warmth of manner that was very agreeable to those of the great public who, on first entering the house, were subject to any sensations of *gaucherie* and awe.

Mrs. Stover was a fair-faced, fair-haired woman, with sculptured outlines, and a manner of most complete repose. They were never gay; they had passed through much too dreadful experiences; but they were cheerful and cordial, and their behavior, during the impeachment trial of their father, was simply perfect. But they were glad at last to leave their uncongenial duties and seek their old mountain home. There the good President and his wife now sleep together their last sleep. Mrs. Stover, marrying again, has there found a new home and fresh interests.

The White House was splendidly refurnished, and equipped and ornamented as it had never been before, when Mrs. Grant removed her household goods there, and came into it the proud wife of the man whom the sovereign people delighted to honor; and no one has ever said that the adulation showered on the President and his family has ever affected his wife unwisely. There was nothing too good to give her husband when he came into the Presidency; there has been nothing too bad to say of him since; she maintained her equanimity under it all, and preserved through all the years of her power her simplicity and kind consideration for others. Fond of splendor and beauty and pleasure, the White House was the scene of unceasing gayety and festivity from the time she opened its doors, and wealth and magnificence have made it their headquarters.

Mrs. Grant was Miss Julia Dent before her marriage with the young officer who became Commander-in-Chief, and her family were people of weight in their own community. She was well educated, her manners are those of a finished lady, and as a wife and mother she is faultless. Her only daughter, a charming young girl, with some degree of beauty, and a smile that endeared her to all hearts as she passed on her gay way, has been married to the heir of a fine English property.

During Mrs. Grant's life in the White House, one of her sons brought home his bride there, and her second son made even his father's contemners his friends by his manly and noble bearing—the good fortune of the last sixteen years must have amply paid the fond and proud wife and mother for any troubles of those that went before.

Mrs. Grant has seen Washington change from a muddy barrack to a city of palaces; she has herself done everything in her power to make it a pleasant place of abode; and she left the White House, followed by the kind wishes of all.

Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, who, for the next four years will dispense the hospitalities of the White House, and receive the homage due to the first lady of the Republic, is a daughter of Dr. James Webb, of Chillicothe, Ohio, and granddaughter of Lieut.-Colonel Cook, of the Revolutionary Army. She was born and reared in Chillicothe, married Rutherford B. Hayes, then a rising young lawyer of Cincinnati, in 1852, and is the happy mother of five children four boys and a girl. Mrs. Hayes has always taken a very active part in promoting local charities, and was especially noted for her devotion to the wounded soldiers of the civil war, in which her husband bore so distinguished a part. During her husband's three terms as Governor of Ohio, Mrs. Hayes has acquired familiarity with the social ceremonials of official station, and her beauty, culture, and refinement make her a fitting successor to the illustrious women who have filled the exalted position to which she has been called.

At present she completes the list of the women who have stood beside the Chief Magistrates of the land, nobly and fitly enough to show to what heights free institutions lead women as well as men.

XUM

A RIPPING AFFAIR.

It happened near Ahmedabad, in Guzerat. A large party of us went out one day to beat the Kutwarra jungle, a strip about a mile long, lying along the edge of a small river. On the opposite side an open plain extends for a distance of a couple of miles or more; and at about that distance several bheers of high grass and strips of jungle afforded good cover, and for these the pigs usually make when they break across the river. Our usual plan was to separate into two bodies, each taking up a position under trees situated about a couple of hundred yards out in the plain, and near either end of the jungle.

A fine boar, with a capital pair of tusks, made his appearance on the further bank of the river. After a slight hesitation, he took to the water, and soon afterward reappeared on our side, and went away at a lazy gallop. It was evident that he was suspicious, though he had not seen us. At last the word was given to ride. Away we went in a cluster at a sharp gallop, but not putting our horses along at full speed till we closed near to the boar. He did not observe us till we were pretty close. He then made a few quick, rapid strides, and shot ahead; but, distrustful of the length of plain in front, swerved to the right, came quite round, and made backward tracks for the jungle he had just quitted.

Another fellow and myself were racing together as this manœuvre was effected. It was just a toss-up whether we could pick him up before he could reach the cover. The jungle was so close, that nothing but the hardest pressing would enable us to turn or stop him before the river was reached. It was a regular set-to between my companion and myself, each doing all he knew to obtain the lead, when lo! horror of horrors! my attention was diverted from my quarry by the appearance, almost in his front, of the other party of horsemen. They were riding at an easy pace, with the object of intercepting the boar. We sung out to them to clear the way, but they took no notice.

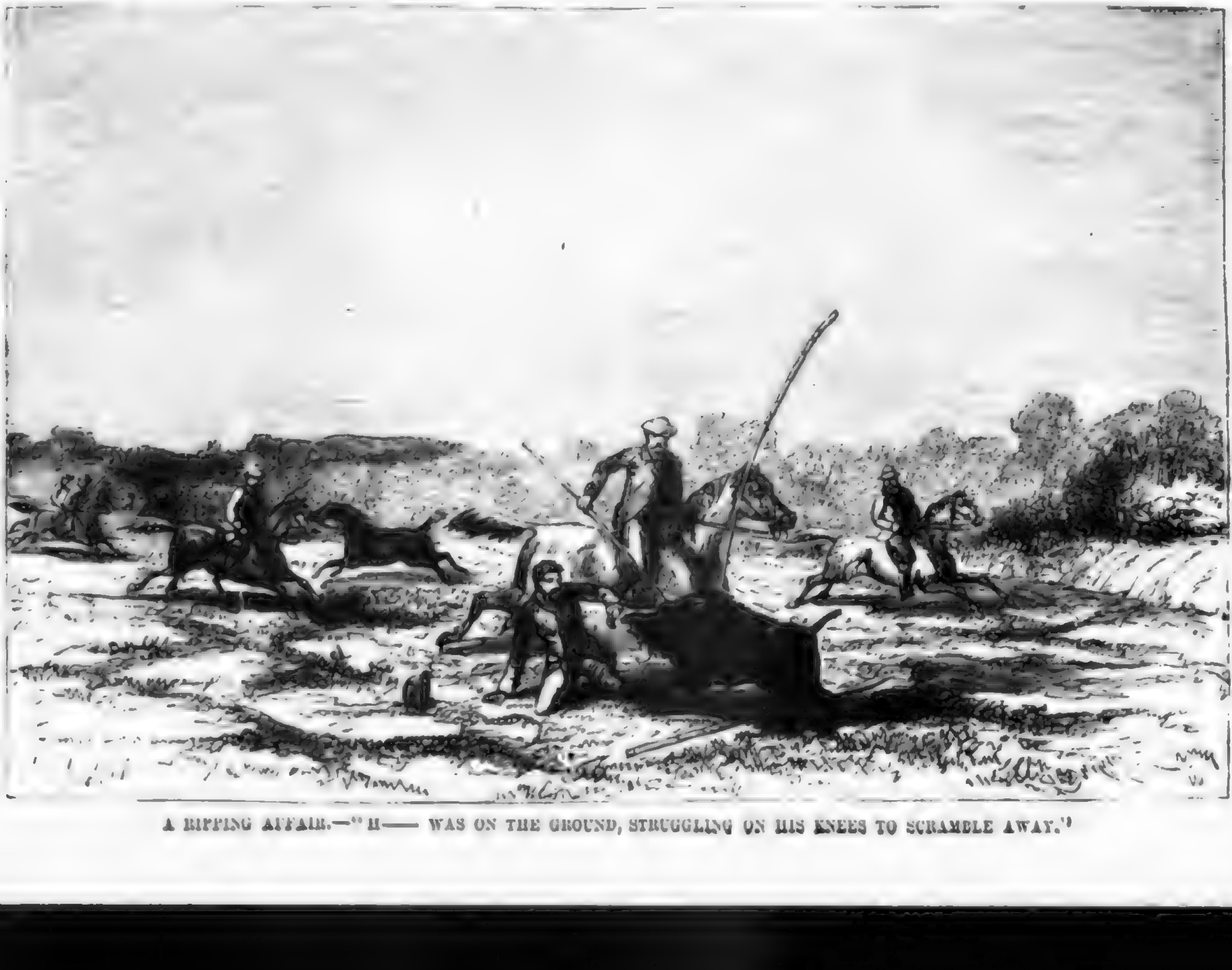
The pig, however, was soon forced to diverge from his line, and as I followed, they were brought on my left front, and now made play with fresh horses. I would not budge an inch as we came together at an angle, and a collision was only just avoided with the leading horseman. In another second, however, he shot past and ran straight up to the boar, spearing it without a turn. The boar at once came round, and met me as I galloped up. I drove my spear well in, and at the same moment my active young horse rose and flew clean over the pig. I was unable to withdraw the spear, which was left standing in his body. For a moment I thought there must be a crash, but in the next we were sailing away beyond, and I soon brought my nag round.

The second of the other party now urged his horse at a slow pace toward the boar, who was standing at bay with champing tusks. As is often the case when a charging pig is approached too slowly, the old hunter which the man was riding swerved when close on to the boar, and just as his rider had leant forward out of the saddle to spear it, he fell, overbalanced, directly in front of the beast.

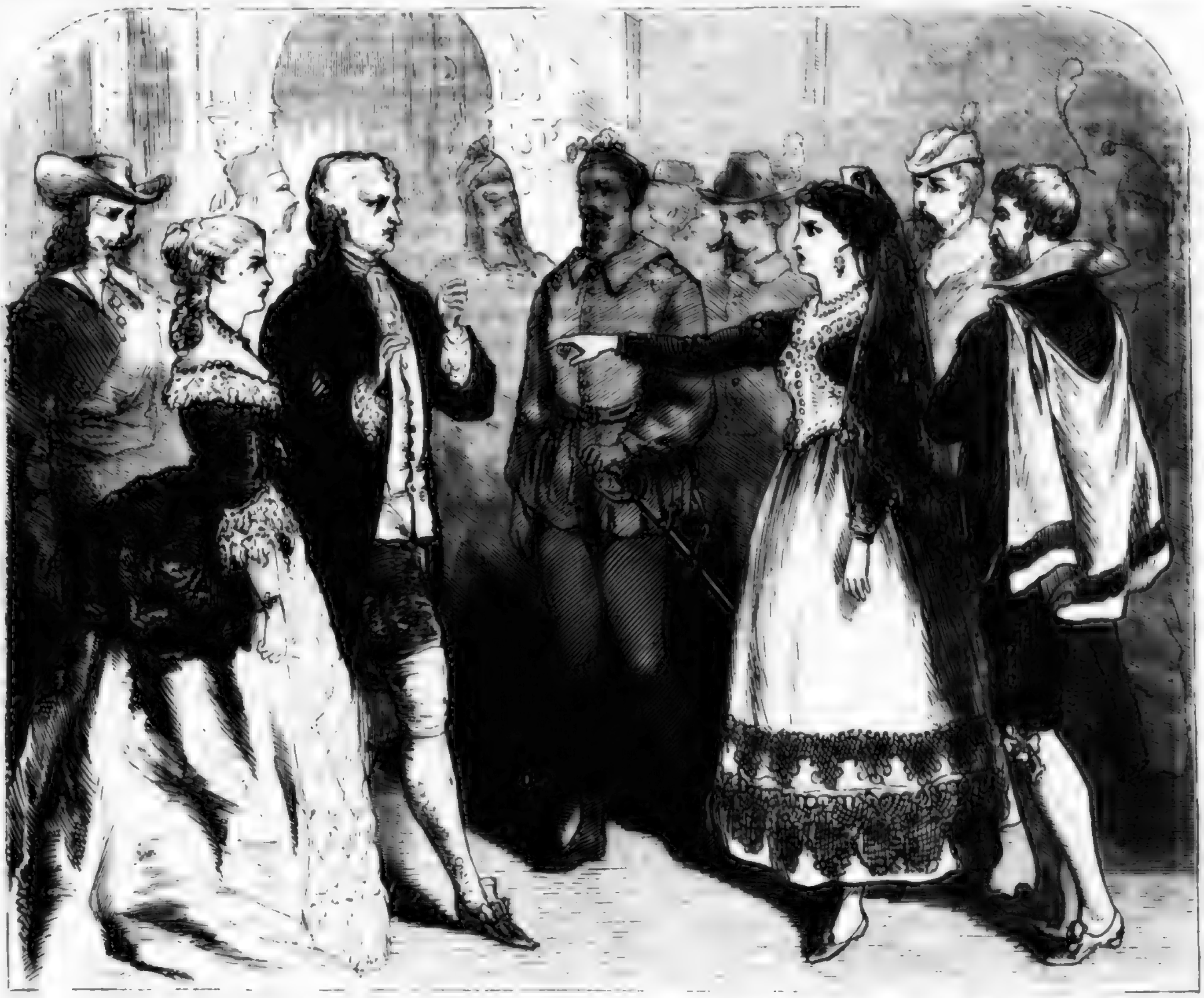
As I wheeled, H—— was on the ground, struggling on his knees to scramble away, and, with a natural impulse, using his fists in self-defense. He hit out freely, but that could not prevent the stroke of the terrible tusk.

Before the nearest horseman could come to the rescue, the boar had been diligently digging away at the body of his prostrate adversary. Once, too, it seized him in its mouth by the shoulders, but eventually had its attention diverted by a hearty prod from B——, and poor H—— was enabled to recover his legs, and get away. A young brother of my own then came up, with several others, and shortly the boar was so full of spears, either whole or broken, that it was difficult to approach him. He had been fighting so vigorously, and it was altogether such a scrimmaging affair, that no death-wound had yet been dealt. Some of the men with second spears now came up near, and at last the gallant boar was gathered to his fathers.

H——'s wounds were not so serious as they might have been. The whole length of the tusk had been buried in a fleshy portion of the body, and the bite in the shoulder was serious.



A RIPPING AFFAIR.—"H—— WAS ON THE GROUND, STRUGGLING ON HIS KNEES TO SCRAMBLE AWAY."



WHICH WINS.—"WITH A SUPERB GESTURE OF DISDAIN THYRA POINTED TO THE DOOR, UTTERING THE ONE WORD, 'GO!'"

WHICH WINS?

"I TELL you, Delmar, it will be as I say. The Viennese Thyra will marry the rich Spaniard, and the Polish Nadine will accept the charming villa at Vichy, and the two hundred thousand francs which the old marquis offers to settle upon her."

"We shall see. It is evident that they are rivals, and cordially hate one another, for it is a race between the two beauties to see which will make the best match. Thyra is the handsomest, without doubt; but Nadine is by far the most bewitching and the most dangerous. I'll wager you any amount you like that she will win."

"Done! I say the blonde Viennese will distance the brunette Pole in spite of her *finesse*, for beauty carries the day in nine cases out of ten. By-the-way, have you any faith in the stories which begin to be whispered about the Spaniard?"

"No. He roused the ill-will of St. Maur at play, and the latter revenges himself by hinting that the count is an adventurer. He may be, for all I know or care, but the fair Thyra had better make her game without delay if she wishes to become a countess."

"It would be friendly to give her a hint of these reports," said Albany, the young Englishman, to his friend."

"Quite unnecessary. These gay butterflies know how to take care of their own interests with a worldly wisdom which amazes me. Thyra hears all the gossip, for her dear friends would not neglect to tell her anything detrimental to her lover. Say nothing, but stand aside and watch the play; it is almost as interesting as roulette."

"If this Thyra had more life, she would be altogether divine, but one cannot fall in love with a statue, however handsome. I should like to see her roused, if it were possible."

"Wait a little, and you will have your wish, if I am not mistaken. Nadine has the temper of a little demon, and will not be outdone without a spirited battle. She will rouse your statue for you if she finds her in the way. Let us go and take an observation of the pretty creatures." And taking his friend's arm, Delmar strolled away.

The persons of whom the young men spoke were two of the five charming girls who had exchanged their humble homes for the position of waiters upon the guests at the great "Restauration de Dreher," at the Exposition. Three of these girls had already found, not only admirers, but husbands, men of wealth and standing. The fair Hungarian had gained the heart of a gentleman from the Faubourg St. Germain, and had just started on her wedding tour. The pretty Tyrolese married an American nabob, and the stately Belgian had returned to her native city the wife of a rich merchant. But, strange as it seemed, the two loveliest of the five still remained unwon, for, spoilt by adulation, they had grown ambitious, and rejected with scorn offers which their companions accepted gratefully. The spirit of rivalry possessed them, and each was so fearful that the other would outstrip her in the race, that both hesitated long in deciding to which of their many suitors they should give the preference. The spirit which animated these charming girls was not without its effect upon their admirers, who, while they laughed at the ladies' little wiles, caprices and spites, yet watched one another sharply, and contended for the prizes more from emulation than love.

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As Delmar, the Frenchman, had said, Thyra was the handsomest; being a stately blonde with magnificent hair, sleepy blue eyes, and the figure of a Juno. She was neither very witty nor wise, but her slow smile was pronounced "divine." The movements of her white arms rendered speech unnecessary, and she had sufficient sense to make the most of her charms, and hold her own against the dashing Pole.

Nadine was a brilliant brunette, with eyes like diamonds, vivid red lips, a slender figure, and a foot that won her more compliments than her witty tongue. She possessed that natural grace which is often more attractive than beauty, and a face so arch, piquant, and bewitching, that few could resist its charm. In her national costume, smiling or frowning with capricious coquetry as she tripped to and fro, affecting to be absorbed in her duties, and quite unconscious of the admiring glances which followed the little scarlet boots and vivacious face under the blue and silver cap, she was one of the most striking figures in the great *café*.

As the two young men passed on, a slight female figure, wrapped in a large mantle, slipped out of the flowery recess behind them, and vanished with a stifled laugh into another path.

The *café* was comparatively quiet just then, for all the world was at the Palace of Industry, at the grand distribution of prizes by the Emperor. Thyra was reposing after her fatigues, and permitting several of her admirers to amuse her; for she already assumed the airs of a *grande dame*. Not far off, Nadine was tormenting the old marquis by affecting sudden coldness and disdain.

"Ah, mademoiselle, if you knew the secret I have just learned, you would vouchsafe me a smile," murmured the enamored gentleman, putting down his glass with a sigh.

A careless shrug was all the reply he got for this artful remark.

"Heart of ice! She no longer cares if that big Viennese eclipses her; she yields the palm to the lazy one, and owns herself defeated. I fancied my beautiful Nadine possessed too much pride and spirit for that. Her courage made her beauty all-powerful, but, vanquished, she will no longer charm."

"Will monsieur take another bottle?" coolly inquired the girl, with a demure air, as the old gentleman made a feint of rising.

"If mademoiselle will share it with me, for truly I need some consolation," he returned, reseating himself.

Filling a couple of glasses, Nadine fixed her brilliant eyes on him, and answered with a significant smile and a gesture full of coquetry:

"I drink to the winner."

"My faith, you do not retreat, then?" cried the marquis, tossing off his champagne with enthusiasm.

"Never!" replied Nadine, clinching her rosy hand, with a flash of the black eyes that caused the marquis to exult in the success of his words.

"See, then, my angel, the matter is easy; for, armed with my little secret, you may annoy, perhaps defeat, the amiable plots of the blondine yonder."

"What, is this so important a secret? Tell it, and leave me in peace!" exclaimed Nadine, petulantly.

"It has its price," began the marquis.

"*Chut!* then I will not hear it."

"Little miser! I only ask one kiss of that dimpled hand, one smile of those lips, one friendly glance from the eyes that make my day or night."

"Is it about Thyra?" asked the girl, laughing at the sentimental tone of her ancient lover.

"Yes. And she will be ready to annihilate me when she knows that I have betrayed her."

"How did you discover it?"

"By accident. I felt that she hated thee. I suspected some mystery. I watched, and a judiciously bestowed napoleon gave me the secret in time to prevent thy downfall at the *bal-masqué*, which I hope to give thee soon."

"Tell me—tell me at once!" cried Nadine, eagerly, for his hints alarmed her.

"You agree, then, to the little bargain?"

"Yes, yes, anything; but first the secret," replied the girl, folding her arms, and placing herself beyond his reach.

"Know, then, that Thyra intends to outshine thee in a dress of great magnificence. She affects to confide in thee, to ask thy advice and admire thy taste; but it is merely to learn thy plans and blind thee to her own."

"She is not going in the costume of La Belle Hélène, then?" asked Nadine, knitting her brows with a menacing frown.

"No; she will appear as a marquise of the time of the *grande monarque*."

"Ah, the traitress! she knows that you will wear a dress of that period, and she insults me by assuming one like it. Good! Two can play at that little game, and, thanks to you, I shall *not* be eclipsed by that false creature." And Nadine's *méchante* face brightened with malicious merriment.

"I have done well, then, and earned my reward?" murmured the marquis.

"Yes, receive it," was her smiling reply, as she surrendered her hand to him. "Hold, it is enough; tell me more, foolish man, and help me to defeat my enemy," she added, the next minute withdrawing it, red with the ardent pressure he had given it.

"Here is the name of the *modiste* who will prepare the costume; I discovered and preserved it for thee. Order what thou wilt, my little angel, in my name, and outshine this Thyra, or I never will forgive thee."

Nadine's eyes sparkled as they rested on her unconscious rival, and her quick wit suggested a way to return treachery for treachery; but she sighed a quick sigh as the marquis made his offer, for she knew what it meant. She did not love him, but his admiration exalted her in the eyes of others; his lavish gifts enhanced her beauty, his assistance would enable her to defeat Thyra's malice, his protection would lift her above want at once, and his name would ennoble her forever, *if* she could win it. He had never offered it as yet, but as she recalled the words and wager of Albany and Delmar she resolved to delay no longer, but "make her game" at once, and throw out her rivals afterward. As these thoughts passed through her mind, her vivacious face grew grave and pale, and another heavy sigh escaped her.

"My child, what afflicts you?" cried the marquis, alarmed at the sudden change. "Does my offer offend?"

"No, I thank you; yet I do not accept," returned Nadine, with well-feigned regret.

"And why? What means this sudden coldness? Does not Thyra receive the count's gifts freely?"

"She may, for he loves her."

"Great heavens! and do not I adore thee?"

"Not as he adores Thyra."

"Prove it!" cried the marquis, hotly.

"He gives her all she asks," began the girl, pensively.

"Will I not joyfully give thee anything in the world?"

"I think not."

"Try me!"

But Nadine turned timid all at once, dropped her eyes, blushed, and smiled as she picked his bouquet to pieces with the most captivating little air of embarrassment imaginable.

"Nadine, what will the count give Thyra that I will not give thee?" asked the marquis, tenderly.

"His hand and name," answered the girl, with her softest glance.

"Ah, the devil!" cried her lover, drawing back with a start. "Has he already done this?" he asked, anxiously, after a pause.

"Yes." And Nadine told the lie without hesitation, for on it depended her own fate.

"Then, by all the saints, I will not be outdone by him!" exclaimed the marquis, with the reckless ardor of a young man. "Wilt thou come to Vichy as my wife, Nadine?" he said, slowly, but with the air of one who had decided.

Then, turning her lovely face, radiant with smiles, upon him, she whispered softly, as she put her hand in his, caressingly:

"I will make thee very happy there, Gustave."

* * * * * * *

A week later, on the morning of the day which was to end in the *bal-masqué* given by the gallant old gentleman in honor of the fair friends, the two girls met in the room set apart for them at the *café*. Both wore an expression of repressed excitement, and both looked unusually gay and blooming. Thyra was remarkably animated, and Nadine's face shone with some secret satisfaction which she could not conceal.

"You are late, my friend," graciously observed Thyra, smoothing her blonde tresses with a plump, white hand.

"I come at my pleasure. They value me too much to complain," replied Nadine, adjusting her dress with the coquettish care of a pretty woman.

"My poor child, you presume upon your charms, but I warn you it is unwise; for these people soon tire of us, and then it fares ill with us unless we have provided for ourselves," said Thyra, in a superior tone.

"Thanks for the advice. I do not trouble myself about the future. I am as yet too young to fear neglect," replied Nadine, with significant emphasis on the word *young*, for her rival was three years her senior—a fact of which she never neglected to remind her.

"Bah! you are too vain, but I pardon it, and when I am madame la comtesse I will not forget you, little one."

Nadine laughed at the superb air of patronage assumed by her friend, and retorted, blandly:

"You will then visit me at Vichy? How kind, how condescending."

"You forget that it will be impossible for one of my rank to visit you there. I say nothing of the arrangement, but it will not be *en règle* for me to visit you," said Thyra, with exasperating politeness.

Still Nadine laughed, and slowly pulled off her gloves, as she replied:

"Ah, I had forgotten that a comtesse with a newly-bought title may not, with propriety, visit the wife of a marquis allied to some of the noblest families in France."

"The wife!" echoed Thyra, with a sneer. "You flatter yourself, then, that this old man will marry you? What folly!"

"It may be folly to mate my youth with his age, but he is fond and generous, and will soon leave me free to enjoy all that he so gladly lavishes upon me."

"A hundred thousand francs, and dishonor. *Mon Dieu*, I do not envy you," cried Thyra, scornfully.

"He will leave me his whole fortune, his rank, and his name; I ask no more."

Thyra laughed shrilly, for something in her rival's imperturbable air annoyed her more than her words.

"When I see proofs of the truth of this absurd story, I will believe it."

"See and believe, then;" and Nadine lifted her newly-ungloved left hand with a gesture of triumph, for on the third slender finger shone a wedding-ring, guarded by a magnificent diamond *solitaire*.

"Married!" cried Thyra, turning pale with envy and chagrin.

"Married, mademoiselle; but I do not ask your compliments yet, for the fact is not to be made known till this evening. It was my whim to serve here one day longer, a marquise in disguise, and Gustave permits me to have my own way in all things."

There was both gall and wormwood in this speech, for it reminded the hearer that her mock marquise would be entirely eclipsed by the real one, and that her count would *not* permit her to have her own way if she married him, as he was both jealous and tyrannical. For a moment she was speechless with anger and mortification, but she recovered herself with an effort, and forcing a smile, swept a stately courtesy, saying, in a tone of ironical deference:

"I congratulate you, madame, upon your success, and wish you a speedy release from monsieur le marquis."

"Thanks, mademoiselle; I heartily return the compliment, for if you *should* marry the count, I fear you will never live to enjoy your freedom after his death. *Au revoir*, then; we shall meet this evening. I trust your costume is prepared?"

"Quite; and yours?"

"It is ready;" and Nadine tripped away with a wicked smile on her lips, leaving her rival to console herself with thoughts of the evening triumph she hoped to win.

So anxious was Thyra to vent her pique, that she arrived at the hotel of the marquis before Nadine, thus losing the satisfaction of making her *entrée* in the presence of her rival. Her costume was charming, for the antique blue and silver brocade set off her fine figure, and the powder in her hair enhanced the bloom of her dazzling complexion. Compliments were profuse, and her spirits rose, for the count was more devoted than ever, and nearer to uttering the long-desired words, she thought.

Just when every one was wondering at her absence, Nadine appeared, and one glance at her assured Thyra that her own reign was over, for the tables had been turned with a vengeance. Nadine wore the costume of a Spanish lady of rank, and wore it with a grace which made it doubly effective. Composed of scarlet, black, and gold, the costume was wonderfully becoming, for the rich lace mantilla draped, without concealing, the little figure and lovely face; the little feet were ravishing in slippers which few beside a true Spaniard could have worn, and diamonds as brilliant as her eyes flashed in her dark hair, and shone on wrist and bosom, convincing Thyra beyond a doubt that the infatuated marquis *had* given her a right to his name and fortune. But, as the charming Spaniard passed with graceful bows, witty words, and laughing repartees, a general smile appeared on the admiring faces of her friends; for the audacious creature had dressed the little mulatto girl who bore her train, in the same blue and silver brocade, upon which Thyra so prided herself. The point of the joke flashed upon the company at a glance, and they enjoyed it with the zest of Frenchmen.

All eyes followed the rival queens as they met, and all ears were alert to catch the first words which should open the battle. A sudden flush had burned deep on Thyra's fair face, as she saw and understood the insult which Nadine had devised with feminine skill, in return for her own false dealing. But for pride, she could have burst into wrathful tears or vehement reproaches, so intense was her indignation and disgust. The thought of her rival's gratification, in such an open confession of defeat, conquered the first impulse, and gave her courage to control her voice, face, and manner,

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as the beautiful Spaniard paused before her, saying, with a smile that exasperated her almost past endurance:

"Good-evening, mademoiselle; you, too, have changed your mind regarding your costume. Such caprices are natural, and you are charming in anything. Had I known your plan, I could have loaned you a magnificent suit, which Gustave's ancestress, a venerable marquise, once wore!"

"You are truly amiable, but I am well pleased with the silk which her majesty has approved. Are the fetters the lighter for being made of diamonds?" replied Thyra, roused to an unusual degree by the imminence of her peril.

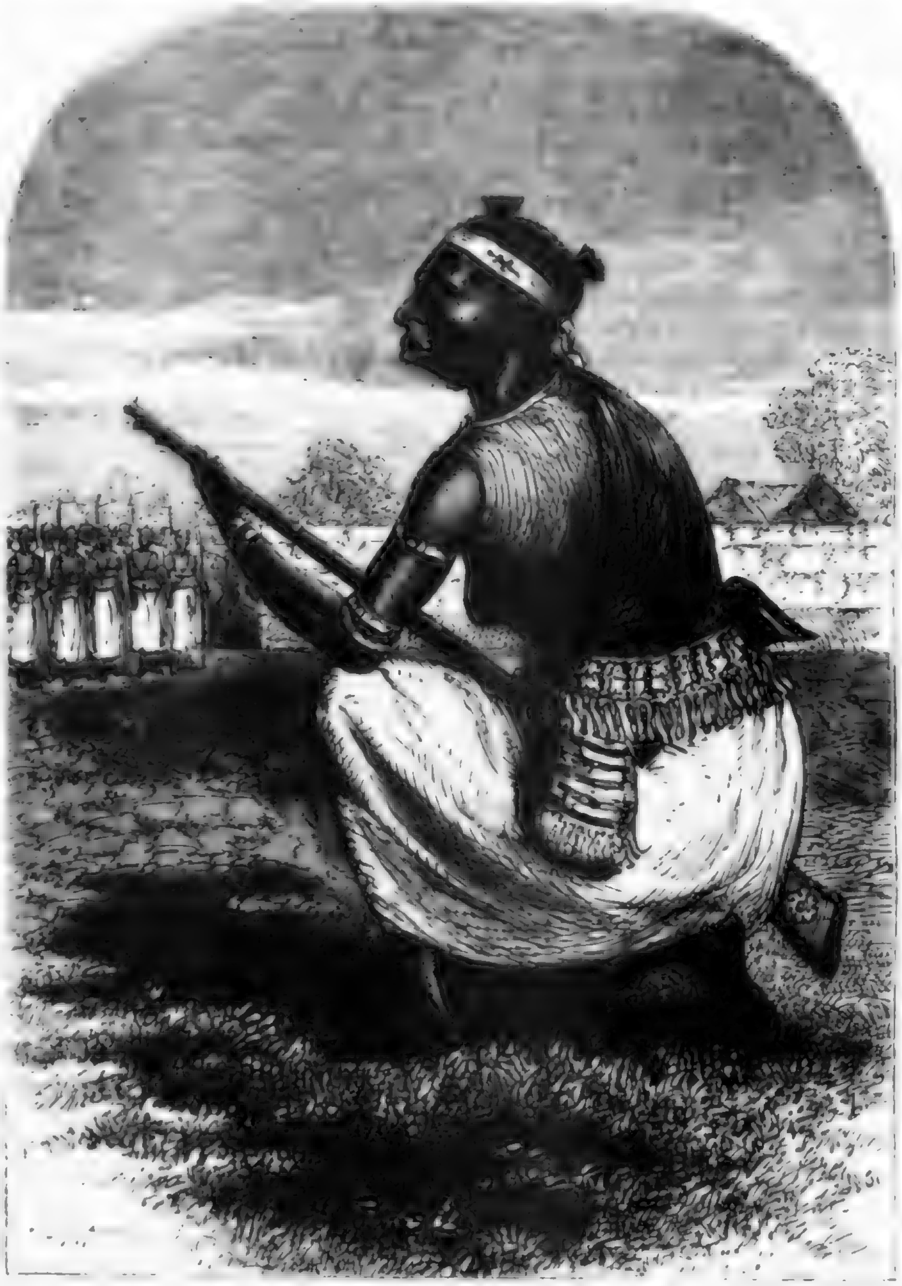
"Infinitely lighter, *ma amie;* the count finds them so attractive on another that he *may* be persuaded to offer similar ones for your acceptance."

The last words were spoken in German, which language the count did not understand. He had followed Nadine with admiring eyes from the moment she entered, and had just offered his arm with a flowery compliment to his "fair country-woman." Thyra set her teeth as Nadine accepted the honor before her face and sailed away, using her fine eyes and glittering face with the grace and effect of a born Spaniard, while the bedizened little mulatto smirked behind her, taking an elfish delight in her own temporary importance, and the success of the plot.

"Behold your wish accomplished; the statue is awake, and the little demon has roused her, as I foretold," whispered Delmar to Alhany, as he nodded toward the deserted one, to whom excitement had given the only charm her beauty lacked.

"She is magnificent. Go and comfort her till I send the count to complete the cure. He cannot fail to surrender if he sees her now. I began to tremble for my money five minutes ago, but I am sure Thyra will win in spite of Nadine's bold stroke."

The good-natured Englishman executed his manœuvre successfully, and devoted himself to Nadine, while the count returned to his allegiance, and soon verified Alhany's prediction, by surrendering heart, hand and fortune to the animated statue.



THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.—SEE PAGE 406.

It was a gay and brilliant little ball, such as the pleasure-loving old marquis well knew how to give, and all went smoothly till after supper. Nadine was standing near her husband when a servant handed her a note. Unaccustomed to the etiquette of her new station, she opened and read it without apology. A strange expression passed over her face as the few words it contained met her eyes, and for a moment she seemed about to tear it up. At that instant Alhany's laugh reached her, reminded her of the wager, and banished her hesitation like a spell. Turning to the marquis, she showed the note, whispering in a commanding tone, yet with a caressing touch on his arm: "It is true, but I am to manage the affair, so be silent, my brave old lion, for I will not have you endanger yourself by exciting his anger."

Appeased by the compliment, the marquis submitted, though he assumed his haughtiest mien as the count was seen approaching, with Thyra on his arm, looking more beautiful than ever.

"Good! He has spoken at last, and she is coming to tell me. I know it by the proud air she assumes. Poor thing, I pity her, but my rank demands that I should resent the insult of this man's presence. Restrain yourself, Gustave; a word will finish the affair."

As she spoke of her rank, Nadine laughed so blithely that those near turned to see the cause of her merriment, and both Thyra and the count smiled involuntarily as they paused before her.

"Thanks for the good omen you gave us, madame, for we come to ask your congratulations on a union which we trust may prove as happy as your own," began the count, with a courtly air which sat somewhat awkwardly upon him.

In an instant such a sudden change came over Nadine that it startled the observers. The brilliant, mobile face seemed to freeze into a mask, expressive of nothing but the most withering contempt; the smile vanished, the dark brows lowered, the lips curled, and the *pose* of the whole figure added significance to the haughty gesture with which she drew her trailing laces about her, as if there was contamination in the touch of those who stood before her. Entirely ignoring the count, she fixed her eyes on Thyra with a look which chilled her heart, and said, slowly but distinctly: "Mademoiselle, you told me this morning that your rank would forbid your visiting me at Vichy; permit me to tell you that *my* rank will render it impossible for me to receive you there, or elsewhere."

"I do not comprehend you, madame," stammered Thyra, feeling that some heavier stroke than any she had yet received was in store for her.

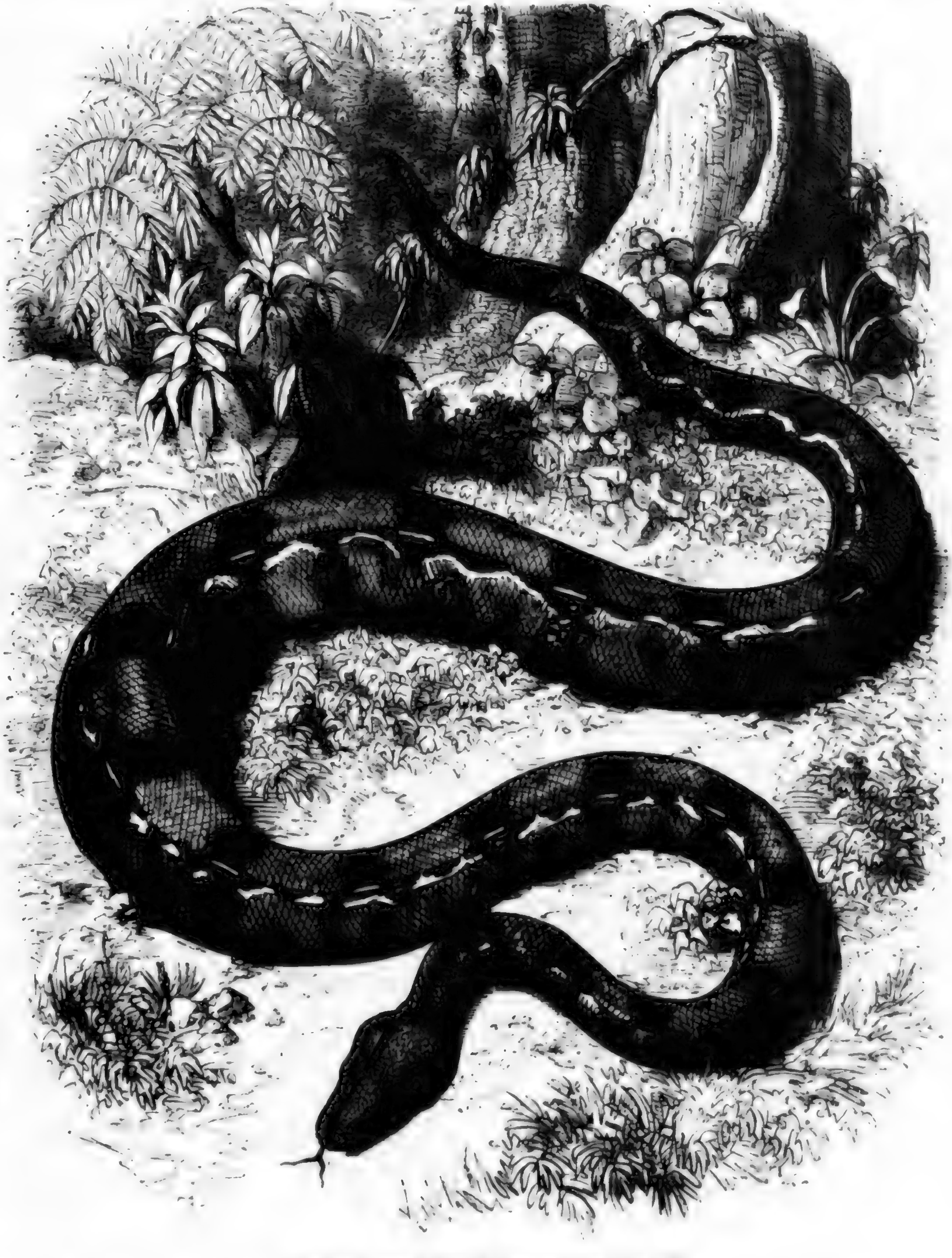
"This note, from one in authority, will convince you that the Marquise de la Faille cannot associate with the *fiancée* of a—convict!"

As the last word dropped from the girl's lips, the count wheeled sharply round on the marquis, saying between his teeth:

"Monsieur, I look to you to answer this insult."

"Pardon; I can only fight with gentlemen," replied the old man, with all the tranquil hauteur of a patrician.

Pale to the lips with passion, the count lifted his hand to strike; but, before the blow could fall, Thyra caught his arm and confronted him with a face of such despair that shame quenched wrath, and a guilty fear banished the courage of desperation.



A GIGANTIC SOUTH AMERICAN SERPENT.—SEE PAGE 407.

"Is it true?" she said, in a tone that pierced all hearts, as she held the note before him, demanding a reply by the eloquence of her eager eyes and grief-stricken mien.

"It is a lie, and I will prove it so!" he answered, defiantly; but as the words passed his lips, his bold eyes fell before her own, a traitorous flush dyed his swarthy cheek, and an involuntary gesture of the left shoulder betrayed that he had felt the fiery torture of the convict's brand.

With a superb gesture of disdain Thyra pointed to the door, uttering the one word, "Go!" with a tragic force that would have made her fortune on the stage; and, as if overwhelmed by her scorn, the *ci-devant* count rushed from the room in guilty silence. For an instant no one spoke; then, turning to Nadine, Thyra added, in a tone full of ominous suggestion:

"For this last kindness rest assured, madame, I shall not long remain your debtor. Since I have ceased to be worthy the honor of your friendship, I will at once relieve you of my presence." And with a grand obeisance, full of mock deference, the vanquished queen sailed royally away, leaving the victor but half satisfied at her success.

While waiting for a servant to call her carriage, Thyra paced to and fro along the balcony on which the ante-room opened, trying to assuage the bitterness of her emotions. This balcony ran round the entire wing of the hotel, and, led by an uncontrollable impulse to learn the sentiments of those whom she had quitted, Thyra glided from one open window to another, hearing and seeing enough to nearly madden her. Some laughed and jested at her disappointment, a few pitied, and many condemned her; but nearly all applauded Nadine's success, and admired the skill and courage with which she had won the marquis and defeated the count. Coming at length to a window half shrouded in flowers, Thyra saw her rival gayly talking with Alhany and Delmar. To the wild eyes steadily watching her she had never looked so lovely, and as she listened to the words that followed, Thyra muttered, fiercely:

"I could kill her!"

"But how, in heaven's name, did you discover the man's secret?" asked Alhany, rather brusquely, for he had lost his wager.

"I have to thank you, Monsieur Delmar, for the hint that set me on the trail," replied Nadine, smiling as she glanced up at him with eyes full of merry malice.

"Me! I never spoke to you of my suspicions, or the rumors afloat!" he ejaculated, in surprise.

"The next time you exchange confidences with your friends, choose a safer place than the myrtle alley, near the 'Restauration de Dreher,'" laughed Nadine, with a significance which enlightened both hearers.

"Then you learned our wager, and set yourself to win for me? Ah, madame, I am your devoted slave for ever, for you have done me a service and proved that I was right in believing that you would outshine and outmanœuvre this leaden-witted Thyra."

And as he spoke, Delmar gallantly kissed the pretty hand that wielded the fan.

At that moment a temptation came to the poor girl listening there alone in the dark, and she yielded to it, for this cruel rival had shown her no mercy. One end of Nadine's mantilla had blown out among the leaves that rustled in the wind; some peeping servant had left a half-smoked cigarette on the balcony, and as her eye went from the fiery spark at her feet to the shred of lace that seemed to flutter tauntingly as it unvailed the round arm lying on the cushions just within, Thyra saw a way to avenge her wrongs, and prove herself the victor in spite of all that had passed. It was the work of an instant to lift the smoldering spark and lay it on the filmy fabric, to watch the breeze fan it to a little flame, and the flame steal on, unobserved, till the mantilla suddenly blazed up like an awful glory about the fair head of its wearer.

A cry of terror, the sudden flight of a burning figure down the long *salon*, an imploring "Gustave, save me! save me!" a rush of many feet, and then a half-senseless creature lying on the breast of the marquis, who had crushed out the fire in his arms.

"Disfigured for life! disfigured for life!" moaned the poor girl, remembering, even in her torture, the deep scars which would mar for ever the beauty of the bosom, arms, and face, which a moment ago had been so fair.

"Yes! now love, rank, success, and youth are all poisoned for you, madame le marquise. Now the diamond fetters will grow heavy while you wear them, and liberty possess no charm when they fall off. *I* preserve my beauty and my freedom still, and it is *I* who win at last!"

The exulting voice rose from the darkness without, as a beautiful, desperate face flashed before their startled eyes for a second, and then vanished, never to be seen by them again.

THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

This inland kingdom of Africa has been well described by the celebrated traveler, Richard I. Burton, late Commissioner to Dahomey; and our engraving represents one of the native women and a member of the king's body-guard, the so-called Amazons.

The army of Dahomey, both male and female, is divided into two wings—the right and the left. The right or senior wing is commanded, *ex officio*, by the "Mingan," the first of the two great civilian captains, "of the outside." He is, therefore, the Premier of the empire amongst men; but the female "Mingan," being within the palace, takes precedence of him.

Under the "Mingan" is the "Gan," or leader of the second battalion of the right wing, and military commander-in-chief. There is also a corresponding female officer amongst the Amazons. The chief captain of the left is the "Meu" for the men, the "Akpadume" for the women; and her deputy is the "Fosupo," while under the "Meu" ranks the "Posu."

Most of the "fair sex" in Dahomey have sooty skins, and the few browns possess negro features; but this homeliness is atoned for by their great devotion to their lord and master, all the men being slaves, and nearly all the women wives, to the king.

There is a barrier between the male and female parade-grounds, consisting of strips of bamboo-palm placed in single line; and this no one is allowed to pass. The "Dakro" (a woman), bears messages from the king to the "Meu," who passes on the words to the "Mingan," whence they find their way to the many. Holding a stick in her right hand, the "Dakro" places it on the earth, kneels close behind the bamboo-line, and, resting elbows on thighs, or sometimes with one hand on the ground, whispers her errand. As a rule, she goes on all fours to the "Meu," and only kneels to smaller men, who become quadrupeds to her. The message is received by an officer, squatting in the same position. After obtaining the answer the "Dakro" rises, and, returning to the king, delivers the answer to him on her hands and knees.

Nothing but the wonderful memory for trifles possessed by this people prevents a communication that travels in such a manner from losing all its original sense.

The "Akutu" is the captainess of the king's lifeguards. This dignitary wears a bonnet shaped like a French *cordon bleu*, but pink and white below, with two crocodiles of blue cloth on the top, and the whole confined by silver horns. The female officer under the "Akutu" is the "Humbazi," to whom a silver hammer-head, worn projecting from the forehead, gives the semblance of a unicorn. The warrioresses generally begin to fatten when their dancing days are over, and soon become prodigies of obesity. A band is attached to each corps, consisting of a "chingufa" or African cymbal, two small tomtoms held under the arm, and four kettle-drums of various sizes, beaten with hand or stick.

The gala-dress of the guardesses is decent, and not uncomely. A narrow fillet of blue or white cotton binds the hair, and the bosom is concealed by a sleeveless waistcoat, of various colors, buttoning in front. The loin-wrapper of dyed stuff, either blue, pink, or yellow, extends to the ankles, and is kept tight round the waist by a sash, generally white, with long ends. The body-toilet is rendered more compact by an outer girthing of cartridge-box and belt, European-shaped, but home-made, and of black leather adorned with cowries. The bullet-bag, with a few iron balls, is slung by a shoulder-strap to the dexter side, and is kept in position by being passed under the cartridge-belt. All wear knives, in shape not unlike the old French *briquet*. Their guns are ornamented by long tassels and sundry charms, and protected from damp by monkey-skins tightly clasping the breeching, and opening to the rear. The bayoneteeresses wear blue cloth tunics, and a white patch on the shoulder, white fillets and sashes to match supporting their swords. The blunderbuss-women wear scarlet woolen caps; and the Dahoman warrioresses will say, "We are no longer females, but males"; while a soldier disgracing himself is called, in insult, a woman. The Amazons, being fictitious wives to the king, are sworn to celibacy.

A GIGANTIC SOUTH AMERICAN SERPENT.

LATREILLE was the first to give to the *sucuruhyu* the name of *boa gigas*, or gigantic boa, to distinguish it from other large reptiles of the same species. This inhabitant of the great lakes of Matto-Grosso, of the country of Goyas, and of the immense swamps nourished by the Parana River, attains prodigious proportions in Brazil. We must look to the naturalists of South America for the most minute and reliable information respecting the peculiarities of this gigantic reptile, for they alone have an opportunity for observing the habits of the enormous ophidians frequenting their swamps, while endowed with their natural energy. Those which are brought across the sea, and which we receive carefully done up in cotton, are in a state of stupor bordering on death. The reptiles in the Museum of Natural History in Rio Janeiro are in quite a different condition; and when Dr. Burlamaque described them to us animated by rage, rapidly unfolding their coils in their cages and giving vent to a loud, prolonged hissing, which the accomplished naturalist could only compare to the noise produced by a steam-engine, we could then picture to ourselves the terror which these creatures strike to the heart of a traveler, and which the *sertanejo* alone ventures to brave, to prevent the reptiles' voracity from being gratified at the expense of the animals confided to his care.

The *sucuruhyu* is, so to speak, amphibious, and is only to be found in the vicinity of lakes and rivers. Some have been captured measuring the prodigious length of sixty Brazilian *palmos* (equal to fifty-three feet). Although this deadly serpent may be found in many Brazilian provinces, it is most common in the interior, which is less thickly settled, and is there the terror alike of man and beast. In its extreme voracity it makes little choice of victims, and man or small animals are to it easy prey. It finds more difficulty in capturing a horse or an ox; nevertheless, if one of these approach a river or lake in which the *sucuruhyus* have established themselves, the largest among them sets about its capture. It looks out for some rock, stone, or root before commencing the attack, as an object around which to coil its tail, and then the terrible reptile precipitates itself suddenly upon its victim. Before coiling itself around the animal, it seizes it by the throat in order to produce strangulation; should this, however, prove ineffectual, and the animal be possessed of sufficient strength and powers of resistance to dislodge the *sucuruhyu's* tail, it straightens itself out immediately and takes refuge under the water. If, however, this sudden attack overpowers the quadruped, the reptile coils itself round its body and kills it, then drags it to the water's edge and begins to devour it in the most voracious manner.

Sometimes the *sertanejos* shoot the *sucuruhyu;* but they have still another mode of destroying it, which is both perilous and curious. When these shepherds water their herds at some lake or stream known to be frequented by the *sucuruhyus*, they arm themselves with an immense, sharp blade fastened to the end of a pole, and as the reptile is about to coil itself around its prey the *sertanejo* deals it a heavy blow with his weapon, frequently cutting it in two. Even when its body is thus divided it is said that the two pieces throw themselves into the water; and it is a popular belief among the *sertanejos* that when they succeed in reaching their native element the body becomes reunited, and that they continue to exist as before their mutilation.

A singular fact is related of the temerity of the young Indians. They often hunt the *sucuruhyu* in order to obtain its skin, and track it to some retired spot where it goes to digest its food. It sometimes happens that the rising of a stream causes the gorged reptile to float on its surface, carrying it along by the force of its current. Our young hunters then swim to it, fasten it securely with the ropes with which they are provided, and navigate the monster in the same manner as a canoe.

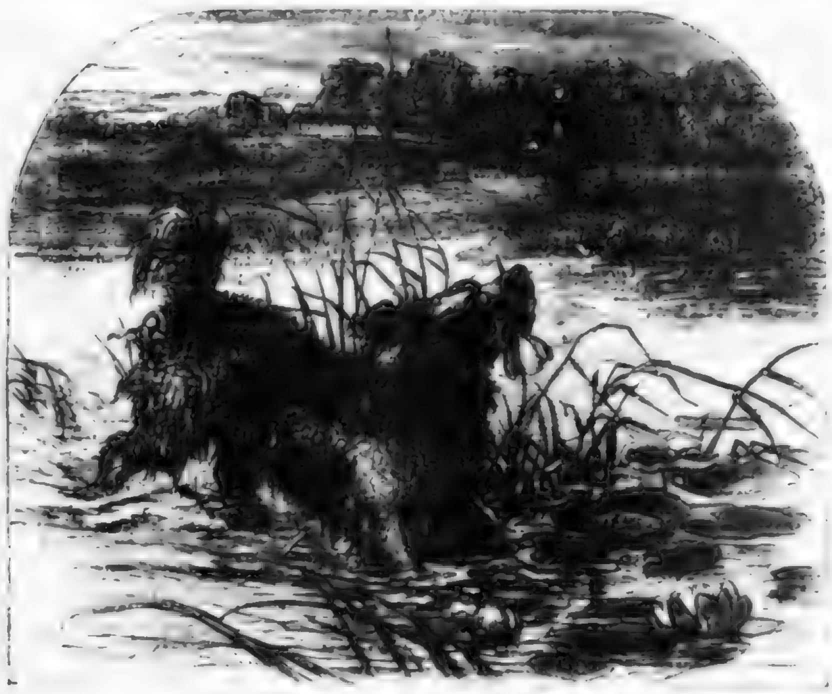
The skin of the *sucuruhyu* serves for many different purposes in South America, and is greatly admired by all travelers who have seen it. Quite recently a French *savant* recommended its more general use. His report concerning it is very exact, and we mention it here because every industrial art is worthy of attention. A few months since M. Cloquet presented to the Academy of Science some boots made of the skin of the boa (probably boots made for *sertanejos*), and, after having called attention to their strength and elasticity, added:

"The scales on the skin of the reptile have left their imprint upon it in almost their natural colors. The symmetrical black spots on the skin are perfectly preserved, and stand out in bold relief on the light maroon ground. The leather is of a thickness and toughness never to be suspected from its appearance. It is highly important that more attention should be bestowed upon the preparation for the purposes of trade of the skin of the inferior classes of vertebrates, which differ so greatly from those of the superior classes."

If attention be paid to the innumerable quantity of large ophidians which infest the inundated plains, the lakes, and unexplored solitudes of Goyaz, Matto-Grosso, and the Rio Negro, the conclusions of the learned professor would not fail to be indorsed.

THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.

ONE of Cowper's sweetest little poems is entitled "The Dog and Water-lily." It is founded on an incident which the famous artist, Harrison Weir, has beautifully illustrated, and



THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.—SEE PAGE 407.

of which our engraving is a faithful copy. The melancholy poet was taking his customary noonday walk by the side of that pretty little river, the Ouse, accompanied by his favorite spaniel, Beau, when Cowper's attention was drawn to some beautiful water-lilies at a short distance from the bank.

"With cane extended far, I sought
To stretch it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.
Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed, considerate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

* * * *

"My ramble ended, I returned;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And, plunging, left the shore.
I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet."

HERMITAGE AND CAVE OF BUCSES, TRANSYLVANIA.

An hour's descent from the town of Tersburg brought us to the bottom of the first valley, where a clear rivulet, the course of which we followed, led us on to a second, which was terminated by a narrow cleft of the rock, somewhat like what we had already seen in the Thoadal Hasadék, and the cavern of Almàs.

Here, almost for the first time since we had left Tersburg, did we meet a sign of man's domination. At the entrance to the cleft a fence of firs and a little gate showed that there was something within considered worth protection; and a small cross, placed at the risk of life on the very highest pinnacle of the rock, looked as though gratitude to the Dispenser of that something had been there to hallow the possession.

We passed the gate, and, mounting a steep and narrow footpath, soon came in sight of the cavern and hermitage of Bucses.

And is it possible that any human being can have selected so wild and solitary a spot as this for their residence? was the inquiry of all when we first caught a glimpse of the gaping cave and of the small line of white buildings which incloses it from without.

Our guide soon furnished an answer to the question; for he knocked so loudly at the little door that an old monk speedily answered the summons, and, learning the object of our visit, welcomed us in Wallachian, and invited us to enter the *callugerie*, or hermitage. In the interior, under the arched vault of the cavern, we found a small Greek chapel, and two other buildings of wood, containing cells for seven or eight hermits.

At the time of our visit there were only three of the monks at home—two old men, whose gray hairs we took as testimonies to their virtues—and one neophyte, a half-cunning, half-foolish looking lad of sixteen. One of them was busily employed in superintending the boiling of a pot, which hung from three sticks over a wood-fire in the open air, and formed their only kitchen; while another was cutting mushrooms and some other species of fungus into slices, and hanging them up to dry.

I at first imagined all this preparation was for making *schwamm* for tinder; but no, it was a Winter stock of provisions they were laying up.

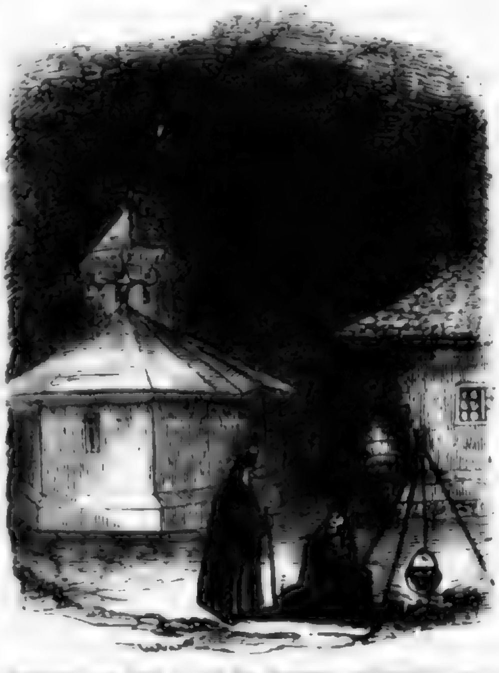
Our friend assured us that, except this dried fungus and Indian corn, and a little goat's milk, these men probably tasted nothing but water the whole Winter through, and they were happy when they had a sufficiency of these. In Summer the shepherds sometimes bring these monks fresh food, and they themselves collect fruits and roots among the mountains near; but their chief support is derived from the proceeds of their begging, in the form of maize, with which the wanderers return in Autumn.

All they could offer us to aid our own supplies was some of this fungus toasted, with a little grease and salt. The fungus was decidedly good, as far as it went, though I believe we could have eaten up the whole store without feeling satisfied.

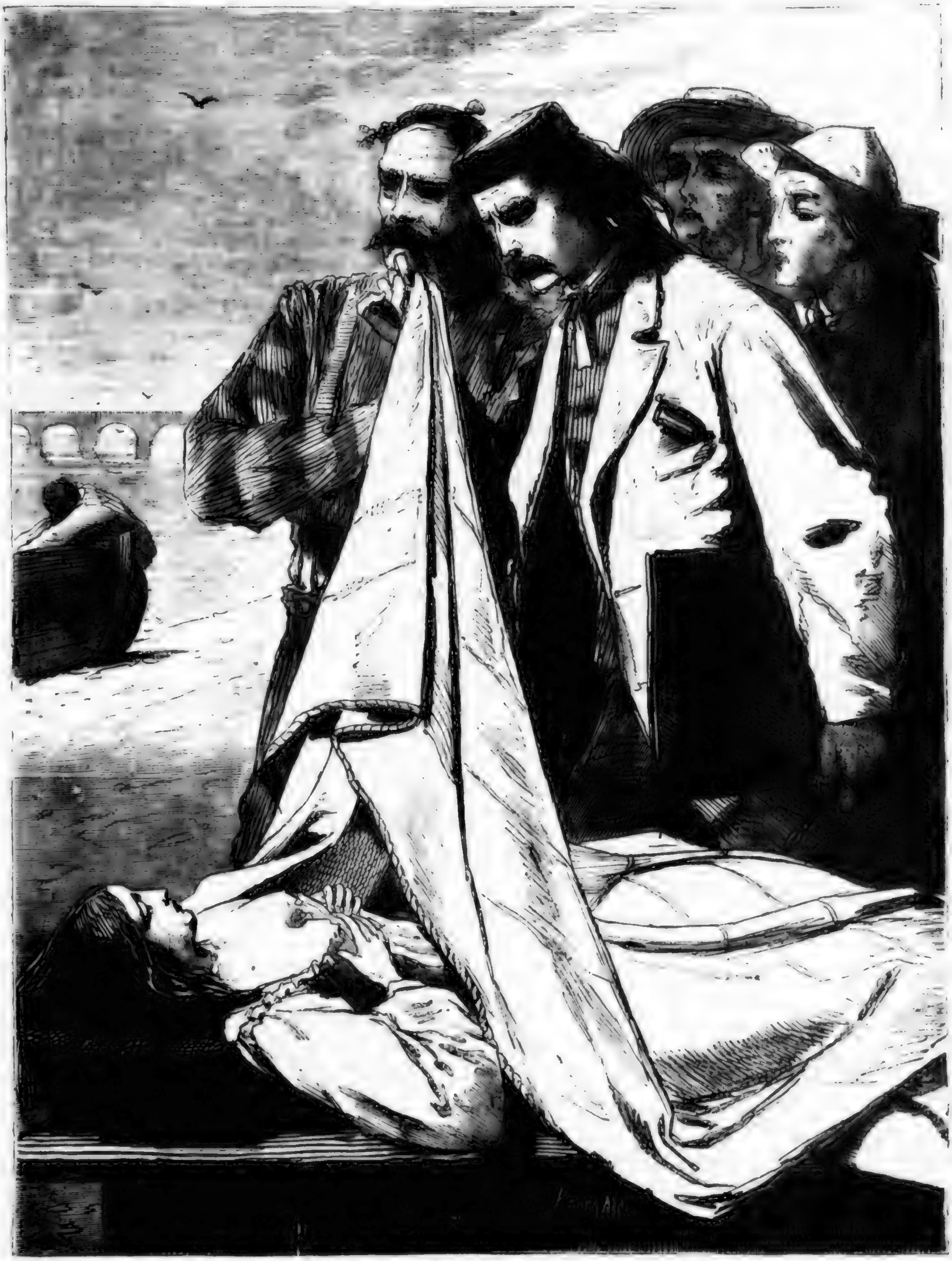
The cave of Bucses, though high and fine, is not extensive; at least, it is not possible to penetrate more than a hundred yards from its entrance, however much further it may really go.

The monks pointed out to us an opening in the direction in which the rest of the cavern extends, and by which a small brook makes its way out to the day; but they have blocked it up so high, to render their cave warmer, that it is no longer possible to reach it.

What pleasure like that of giving! There would be no rich men if they were capable of feeling the ineffable pleasure.



HERMITAGE AND CAVE OF BUCSES, TRANSYLVANIA.



THE COLD EMBRACE.—"HE SEES THE RIGID FEATURES, THE MARBLE ARMS, THE HANDS CROSSED ON THE COLD BOSOM."

THE COLD EMBRACE.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

He was a student; such things as happened to him, happen sometimes to students.

He was a German; such things as happened to him, happen sometimes to Germans.

He was young, handsome, studious, enthusiastic, metaphysical, reckless, unbelieving, heartless.

And being young, handsome, and eloquent, he was beloved.

He was an orphan, under the guardianship of his dead father's brother, his uncle Wilhelm, in whose house he had been brought up from a little child; and she who loved him was his cousin—his cousin Gertrude, whom he swore he loved in return.

Did he love her? Yes, when he first swore. But it soon wore out—this passionate love, how threadbare and wretched a sentiment it grew to be at last in the selfish heart of the student. But in its first golden dawn, when he was only nineteen, and had just returned from the university, and they wandered together in the most romantic outskirts of the city, at rosy sunset, by holy moonlight, or bright and joyous morning, how beautiful a dream!

They keep it a secret from Wilhelm, as he has the father's ambition of a wealthy suitor for his only child—a cold and dreary vision beside the lover's dream.

So they are betrothed, and standing side by side when the dying sun and the pale, rising moon divide the heavens, he puts the betrothal ring upon her finger, the white and taper finger whose slender shape he knows so well. This ring is a peculiar one, a massive golden serpent, its tail in its mouth, the symbol of eternity; it had been his mother's, and he would know it amongst a thousand. If he were to become blind to-morrow, he could select it from amongst a thousand by the touch alone.

He places it on her finger, and they swear to be true to each other for ever and ever—through trouble and danger—in sorrow and change—in wealth or poverty. Her father would be won to consent to their union by-and-by, for they were now betrothed, and death alone could part them.

But the young student, the scoffer at revelation, yet the enthusiastic adorer of the mystical, asks:

"Can death part us? I would return to you from the grave, Gertrude. My soul would come back to be near my love. And you—you, if you died before me, the cold earth would not hold you from me; if you loved me you would return, and again these fair arms would be clasped round my neck as they are now."

But she told him, with a holier light in her deep blue eyes than ever shone in his—she told him that the dead who die at peace with God are happy in heaven, and cannot return to the troubled earth; and that it is only the suicide, the lost wretch on whom the sorrowful angels shut the door of Paradise—whose unholy spirit haunts the footsteps of the living.

The first year of their betrothal is past, and she is alone; for he has gone to Italy on a commission for some rich man, to copy a Raphael or a Titian, or a Guido, in a gallery at Florence. He has gone to win fame, perhaps; but it is not the less bitter—he is gone!

Of course her father misses his young nephew, who has been as a son to him; and he thinks his daughter's sadness no more than a cousin should feel for a cousin's absence.

In the meantime, the weeks and months pass. The lover writes, often at first, then seldom—at last, not at all.

How many excuses she invents for him. How many times she goes to the distant little post-office, to which he is to address his letters. How many times she hopes, only to be disappointed. How many times she despairs, only to hope again.

But real despair comes at last, and will not be put off any more. The rich suitor appears on the scene, and her father is determined. She is to marry at once. The wedding-day is fixed—the fifteenth of June.

The date seems burnt into her brain.

The date, written in fire, dances forever before her eyes.

The date, shrieked by the furies, sounds continually in her ears. But there is time yet—it is the middle of May—there is time for a letter to reach him at Florence; there is time for him to come to Brunswick, to take her away and marry her in spite of her father—in spite of the whole world.

But the days and weeks fly by, and he does not write—he does not come. This is, indeed, despair, which usurps her heart and will not be put away.

It is the fourteenth of June. For the last time to the little post-office; for the last time she asks the old question, and they give her for the last time the dreary answer, "No! no letter."

For the last time—for to-morrow is the day appointed for her bridal. Her father will hear no entreaties; her rich suitor will not listen to her prayers. They will not be put off a day—an hour; to-night alone is hers—this night, which she may employ as she will.

She takes another path than that which leads home; she hurries through some by-streets of the city, out on to a lonely bridge, where he and she had stood so often in the sunset, watching the rose-colored light glow, fade, and die upon the river.

* * * * * * *

He returns from Florence. He had received her letter. That letter, blotted with tears, entreating, despairing—he had received it, but he loved her no longer. A young Florentine, who had sat to him for a model, had bewitched his fancy—that fancy which, with him, stood in place of a heart—and Gertrude had been half forgotten. If she had a richer suitor, good! let her marry him; better for her, better far for himself. He had no wish to fetter himself with a wife. Had he not his art always? his eternal bride, his unchanging mistress.

Thus, he thought it wiser to delay his journey to Brunswick, so that he should arrive when the wedding was over—arrive in time to salute the bride!

And the vows—the mystical fancies—the belief in his return, even after death, to the embrace of his beloved. Oh, gone out of his life; melted away forever, those foolish dreams of his boyhood!

So, on the fifteenth of June he enters Brunswick, by that very bridge on which she stood, the stars looking down on her, the night before. He strolls across the bridge and down by the water's edge, a great, rough dog at his heels, and the smoke from his short meerschaum pipe curling in blue wreaths fantastical in the pure morning air. He has his sketch-book under his arm, and attracted now and then by some object that catches his artist's eye, stops to draw. A few weeds and pebbles on the river's brink—a crag on the opposite shore—a group of pollard willows in the distance. When he has done he admires his drawing, shuts his sketch-book, empties the ashes from his pipe, refills from his tobacco-pouch, sings the refrain of a gay drinking song, calls to his dog, smokes again and walks on. Suddenly he opens his sketch-book again; this time that which attracts him is a group of figures—but what is it?

It is not a funeral, for there are no mourners.

It is not a funeral, but it is a corpse lying on a rude bier covered with an old sail, carried between two bearers.

It is not a funeral, for the bearers are fishermen—fishermen in their every-day garb.

About a hundred yards from him they rest their burden on a bank—one stands at the head of the bier, the other throws himself down at the foot of it.

And thus they form a perfect group; he walks back two or three paces, selects his point of sight, and begins to sketch a hurried outline. He has finished it before they move; he hears their voices, though he cannot hear their words, and wonders what they can be talking of. Presently he walks on and joins them.

"You have a corpse there, my friends?" he says.

"Yes, a corpse washed ashore an hour ago."

"Drowned?"

"Yes, drowned; a young girl, very handsome."

"Suicides are always handsome," he says; and then he stands for a little while idly smoking and meditating, looking at the sharp outline of the corpse and the stiff folds of the rough canvas covering.

Life is such a golden holiday to him—young, ambitious, clever—that it seems as though sorrow and death could have no part in his destiny.

At last he says that, as this poor suicide is so handsome, he should like to make a sketch of her.

He gives the fishermen some money, and they offer to remove the sailcloth that covers her features.

No; he will do it himself. He lifts the rough, coarse, wet canvas from her face. What face?

The face that shone on the dreams of his foolish boyhood. The face which was once the light of his uncle's home—his cousin Gertrude—his betrothed.

He sees, as in one glance, while he draws one breath, the rigid features, the marble arms, the hands crossed on the cold bosom; and, on the third finger of the left hand, the ring which had been his mother's—the golden serpent—the ring which, if he were to become blind, he could select from a thousand others by the touch alone.

But he is a genius and a metaphysician—grief, true grief, is not for such as he. His first thought is flight—flight anywhere out of that accursed city—anywhere far from the brink of that hideous river—anywhere away from memory, away from remorse—anywhere to forget.

* * * * * * *

He is miles on the road that leads away from Brunswick before he knows that he has walked a step.

It is only when his dog lies down panting at his feet, that he feels how exhausted he is himself, and sits down upon a bank to rest. How the landscape spins round and round before his dazzled eyes, while his morning's sketch of the two fishermen and the canvas-covered bier glares redly at him out of the twilight.

At last, after sitting a long time by the roadside, idly playing with his dog, idly smoking, idly lounging, looking as any *insouciant*, light-hearted traveling student might look, yet all the while acting over that morning's scene in his burning brain a hundred times a minute—at last he grows a little more composed, and tries presently to think of himself as he is, apart from his cousin's suicide. Apart from that, he was no worse off than he was yesterday. His genius was not gone; the money he had earned at Florence still lined his pocket-book; he was his own master, free to go whither he would.

And while he sits on the roadside, trying to separate himself from the scene of that morning—trying to put away the image of the corpse covered with the damp canvas sail, trying to think of what he should do next, where he should go, to be furthest away from Brunswick and remorse, the old diligence comes rumbling and jingling along. He remembers it; it goes from Brunswick to Aix-la-Chapelle.

He whistles to his dog, shouts to the postillion to stop, and springs into the *coupé*.

During the whole evening, through the long night, though he does not once close his eyes, he never speaks a word; but when morning dawns, and the other passengers awake and begin to talk to each other, he joins in the conversation. He tells them that he is an artist, that he is going to Cologne and to Antwerp to copy the Rubens. He remembered afterward that he talked and laughed boisterously, and that when he was talking and laughing loudest, a passenger, older and graver than the rest, opened the window near him, and told him to put his head out. He remembered the fresh air blowing in his face, the singing of the birds in his ears, and the flat fields and road-side reeling before his eyes. He remembered this, and then falling in a heap on the floor of the diligence.

It is a fever that keeps him for six long weeks laid on a bed at an hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle.

He gets well, and, accompanied by his dog, starts on foot for Cologne. By this time he is his former self once more. Again the blue smoke from his short meerschaum curls up in the morning air—again he sings some old university drinking song—again stops here and there, meditating and sketching.

He is happy, and has forgotten his cousin—and so on to Cologne.

It is by the great cathedral he is standing, with his dog at his side. It is night, the bells have just chimed the hour, and the clocks are striking eleven; the moonlight shines full upon the magnificent pile, over which the artist's eye wanders, absorbed in the beauty of form.

He is not thinking of his drowned cousin, for he has forgotten her and is happy.

Suddenly some one—something from behind him—puts two cold arms around his neck, and clasps its hands on his breast.

And yet there is no one behind him; for on the flags bathed in the broad moonlight there are only two shadows, his own and his dog's. He turns quickly round—there is no one—nothing to be seen in the broad square but himself and his dog; and, though he feels, he cannot see, the cold arms clasped round his neck.

It is not ghostly, this embrace, for it is palpable to the touch—it cannot be real, for it is imperceptible to the sight.

He tries to throw off the cold caress. He clasps the hands in his own to tear them asunder, and to cast them off his neck. He can feel the long, delicate fingers, cold and wet, beneath his touch, and on the third finger of the left hand he can feel the ring which was his mother's—the golden serpent—the ring which he has always said he would know among a thousand by the touch alone. He knows it now!

His dead cousin's cold arms are round his neck—his dead cousin's wet hands are clasped upon his breast. He will die! He will go mad! "Up Leo!" he shouts. "Up, up, boy!" and the Newfoundland leaps to his shoulders—the dog's paws are on the dead hands, and the animal utters a terrific howl, and springs away from his master.

The student stands in the moonlight, the dead arms round his neck, and the dog at a little distance moaning piteously.

Presently, a watchman, alarmed by the howling of the dog, comes into the square to see what is wrong.

In a breath the cold arms are gone.

He takes the watchman home to the hotel with him and gives him money; in his gratitude he could have given the man half his little fortune.

Will it ever come to him again, this embrace of the dead?

He tries never to be alone; he makes a hundred acquaintances, and shares the chamber of another student. He starts up if he is left by himself in the public room at the inn where he is staying, and runs into the street. People notice his strange actions, and begin to think that he is mad.

But, in spite of all, he is alone once more; for one night the public room being empty for a moment, when on some idle pretense he strolls into the street; the street is empty too, and for the second time he feels the cold arms round his neck; and for the second time, when he calls his dog, the animal slinks away from him with a piteous howl.

After this he leaves Cologne, still traveling on foot—for economy now, as his money is getting low. He joins traveling hawkers, he walks side by side with laborers, he talks to every foot-passenger he falls in with, and tries from morning till night to get company on the road.

At night he sleeps by the fire in the kitchen of the inn at

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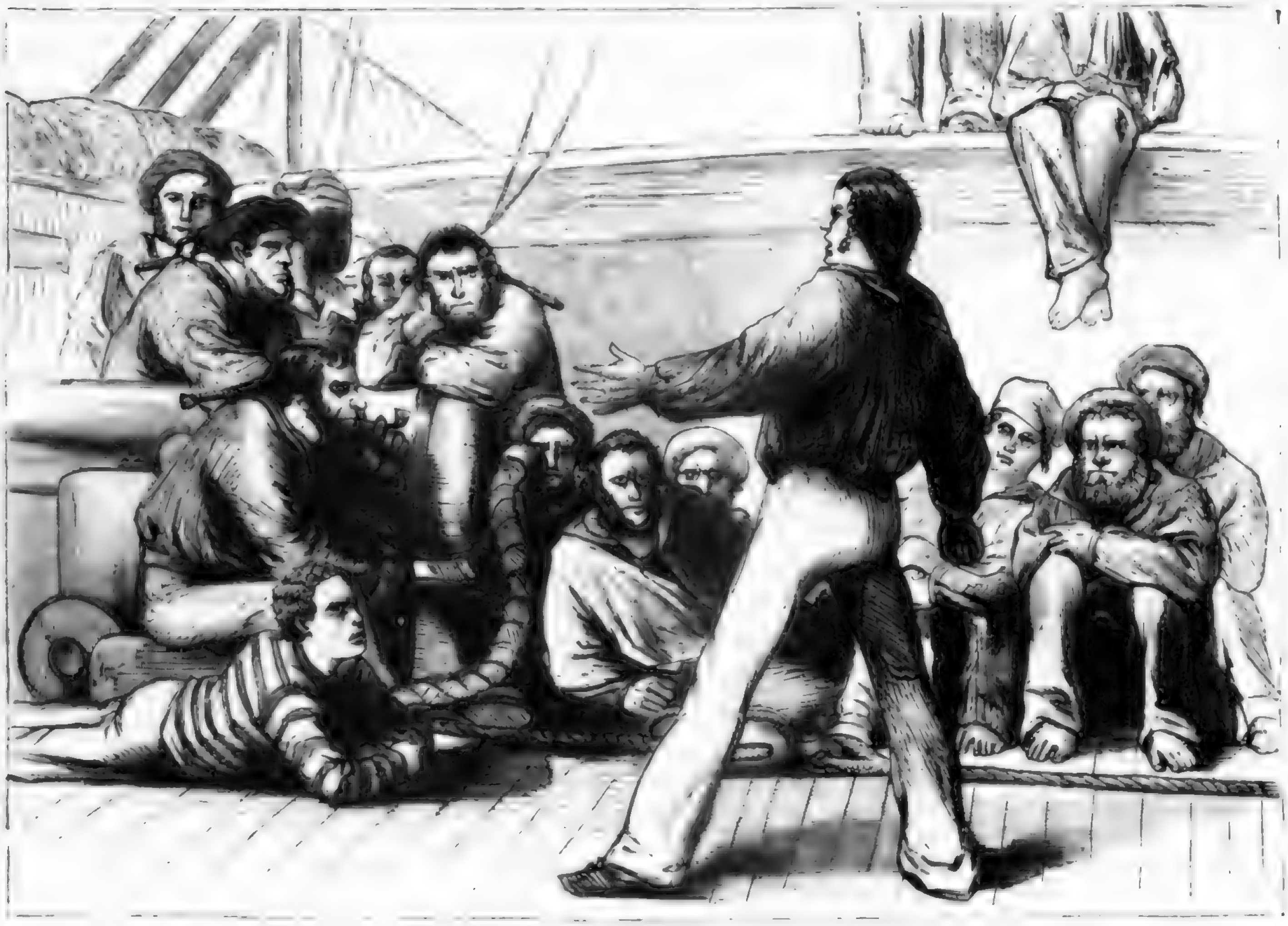


DIBDIN SINGING HIS SEA SONGS TO THE SAILORS.

which he stops, but do what he will he is often left alone, and it is now an old thing for him to feel the cold arms round his neck.

Many months have passed since his cousin's death—Autumn, Winter, early Spring. His money is nearly gone, his health is utterly broken, he is the shadow of his former self, and he is getting near Paris. He will reach that city at the time of the carnival. To this he looks forward. In Paris, in carnival time, he need never, surely, be alone, never feel that deadly caress; he might even recover his lost gayety, his lost health, once more resume his profession, once more earn fame and money by his art.

How hard he tries to get over the distance that divides him from Paris, while day by day he grows weaker and weaker, his step more slow and heavy.

But there is an end at last; the long and dreary roads are passed. This is Paris, which he enters for the first time—Paris, of which he has dreamed so much—Paris, whose million voices are to exorcise his phantom.

To him, to-night, Paris seems one vast chaos of lights, music, and confusion—lights which dance before his eyes and will not be still—music that rings in his ears and deafens him—confusion which makes his head whirl round and round.

But, in spite of all, he finds the opera-house, where there is a masked ball. He has enough money left to buy a ticket of admission, and to hire a domino to throw over his shabby dress. It seems only a moment after his entering the gates of Paris, that he is in the very midst of the wild gayety of the opera-house ball.

No more darkness, no more loneliness, but a mad crowd, shouting and dancing, and a lovely *débardeur* hanging on his arm.

The boisterous gayety he feels surely is his old light-heartedness come back. He hears the people round him talking of the outrageous conduct of some drunken student, and it is to him they point when they say this—to him, who has not moistened his lips since yesterday at noon—for even now he will not drink; though his lips are parched, and his throat is burning, he cannot drink. His voice is thick and hoarse, and his utterance indistinct; but still this must be his old light-heartedness come back that makes him so wildly gay.

The little *débardeur* is wearied out—her arm rests on his shoulder heavier than lead—the other dancers one by one drop off.

The lights in the chandeliers one by one die out.

The decorations look pale and shadowy in that dim light that is neither night nor day.

A faint glimmer from the dying lamps, a pale streak through the half-open shutters of cold gray light from the new-born day.

And by this light the bright-eyed *débardeur* fades sadly. He looks her in the face. How the brightness of her eyes dies out. Again he looks her in the face. How white that face has grown. Again—and now it is the shadow of a face alone that looks in his.

Again—and they are gone—the bright eyes—the face—the shadow of the face. He is alone, alone in that vast saloon.

Alone, and in the terrible silence he hears the echoes of his own footsteps in that dismal dance which has no music.

No music, but the beating of his heart against his breast. For the cold arms are round his neck—they whirl him round, they will not be flung off, or cast away; he can no more escape from their icy grasp than he can escape from death. He looks behind him—there is nothing but himself in the great, empty hall; but he can feel—cold, deathlike, but oh, how palpable—the long, slender fingers, and the ring which was his mother's.

He tries to shout, but he has no power in his burning throat. The silence of the place is only broken by the echoes of his footsteps in the dance from which he cannot extricate himself. Who says he has no partner? The cold hands are clasped on his breast, and now he does not shun their caress. No! One more polka if he drops down dead!

The lights are all out, and half an hour after, the gendarmes come in with a lantern to see that the house is empty; they are followed by a great dog that they have found seated howling on the steps of the theatre. Near the principal entrance they stumble over——

The body of a student who has died from want of food, exhaustion, and the breaking of a blood-vessel.

DIBDIN SINGING HIS SEA SONGS TO THE SAILORS.

England owed her triumph on the ocean to the persistent zeal with which she built up her navy, and trained it to heroism by every art and every incentive.

While the mechanic and factory hand toiled to increase the material wealth of England, and the private soldier fought to uphold her martial renown, they did so unheralded and unsung. But the "British Tar" was a privileged character, invested with a peculiar halo.

Yielding to the general feeling, Dibdin wrote songs which at once took with the sailors and were sung wherever the Union Jack floated. They suited the Jack Tar admirably, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. They became a rallying power, and infused a new element into the navy. The sailor poet is well pictured singing one of his stirring lyrics to an auditory that hangs on his every syllable as no fashionable gathering ever did on the music of Bellini, Gounod, Mozart, or Cherubini, albeit vocalized by the Marios, Grisis, Sontags, and Malibrans.

Nor was the fame of these songs confined to the quarterdeck. English literature, which so proudly ignores what it lists not, received the songs of Dibdin as a great addition to its treasury, and editions were published elaborate in typographical beauty. Then a son of the ruling monarch was a petty officer on a vessel, and ruler at a later day, proud to be styled the Sailor-King.

We have done nothing to infuse enthusiasm into our sailors; and after the ravages which England committed on our mercantile marine during the late war by her treacherous and truly English conduct, something is needed to reanimate and invigorate our commerce. Never was it so weak or dispirited. We need a Dibdin to rouse a genuine American feeling, unless we are content to see the carrying trade pass to other hands.

Charles Dibdin was born at Southampton in 1745, and educated at Winchester, and originally intended for the Church, but as early as the age of sixteen began to write for the stage. He was a most prolific writer, and, as a consequence, often produced compositions of little worth. Many of his lyrics, however, have great merit. They have solaced the seaman in his long voyages, sustained him in the storm, and inspired him in battle. They have even, so great is their credit among sailors, been quoted to restore the mutinous to order and discipline. It is little wonder, therefore, that Government aided his later years by an annual pension of one thousand dollars. He died in 1813.

THE CACAO TREE.

Humboldt says that "La Guayra is one of the hottest places on the earth." It is worthy of remark, moreover, as being a seaport whence are shipped the finest varieties of cocoa (*Theobroma cacao*); it is also the chief port in the province of Caraccas, and of the whole southern shore of the Caribbean Sea. The coast-line is fringed with palm (*Cocas nucifera*), which supplies the cocoanuts of the fruiterer, and abounds with flamingoes, pelicans, and cormorants; but the cacao-tree (*Theobroma cacao*), from the fruit of which cocoa and chocolate are made, grows in the valleys running north and south through the inward table-land. For the cacao-tree to be cultivated advantageously, requires an altitude of not less than five hundred feet; and for the protection of the blossom and the well-being of the fruit, a hilly range sheltering it from all easterly winds.

A cacao plantation, or walk, as it is called, may contain some thousand trees, seldom more than twenty feet in height, and very frequently planted with interminable rows of coffee-trees—the latter protecting the young cacao plant from the too scorching heat.

The crops are in December and June, and a well-bearing tree will produce twenty or thirty pods, which are gathered during a period of three weeks or so, as they turn yellow. After being allowed to lie in heaps for a time to further ripen, the pods are opened, the pulp removed, and the seeds—the cacao—spread out on mats in the sun. As they dry, each obtains a hard, thin skin, and is of the size of a kidney bean. The next processes are those of the manufacturer, who commences by roasting the nuts and removing the husks.

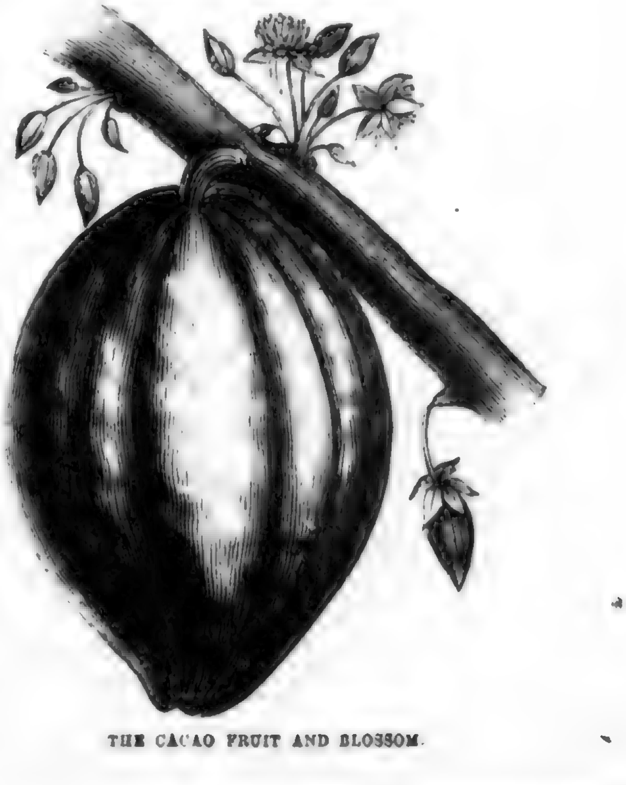
Many millions of pounds of cocoa are now annually manufactured in this country and England.

Dr. Hassall, in his work, "Food and its Adulterations," says: "Cocoa contains a great variety of important nutritive principles—every ingredient necessary to the growth and sustenance of the body." Again, "As a nutritive, cocoa stands very much higher than either coffee or tea."

Dr. Lankester says: "Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef."

Dr. Liebig says: "Theobromine, the most highly nitrogenized vegetable principle." (The most nutritious food is as a rule highly nitrogenized.)

Dr. Hooper says: "Admirably adapted for the sick—for those in health it is a luxury."



THE CACAO FRUIT AND BLOSSOM.

XUM

OUR ONLY SNAKE.

We were a party of four, made up of our host, old Dr. Fairbairn; young Thompson, assistant-surgeon of the —th, quartered at Mahébourg; Captain Blogg, of the same distinguished corps, and myself. We sat in the veranda after dinner, smoking and half-dozing, when the doctor suddenly said to his brother professional:

"By-the-way, Thompson, I had a fine specimen of the *cobra da capello* given me to-day by the skipper of the vessel that arrived with coolies from Madras."

"Ah, really; you must let me see him."

"And what may that be you're talking about, doctor?" said Captain Blogg, as a sound like the booming of cannon ceased in the corner at which he was seated; for he was a heavy sleeper.

"A species of snake," replied Dr. Fairbairn.

"A cobra, did you say? The deuce and all! A snake here!—a live one, d'you mean?"

The doctor nodded.

"Well, now, I've always maintained that, if there was one redeeming point about this precious island, that point was the absence of snakes. Another illusion destroyed! Mauritius, I give thee up!"

"But, Blogg, one snake can't make a colony, you know."

"I don't know. I'd believe anything about snakes!"

"The species is very venomous, I've heard, doctor," squeaked, in a shrill treble, the assistant-surgeon, who was an earnest young man, and ardently devoted to his profession.

"I believe you. You should have seen the creole at the custom-house jump as he opened the box in which the skipper had carefully placed the glass case with my specimen. It saved the skipper some duty on trinkets and filigree-work, I expect, for the box passed without further inspection."

"And do you mean to say that this venomous reptile is under the same roof with us, and only a bit of glass between us and it?" And Captain Blogg appeared disquieted.

"True, oh, king! But the glass is very thick, and——"

Smash! There was a cry and a scuffling of feet.

"*Lui fin allé! lui fin sauvé, m'sieu!*" cried a servant, running in with affrighted looks.

"Who's gone? who's escaped, *'cre* Malabar?"

"*Pamboo, sahib,*" cried an Indian servant.

"How did it happen, *cretin?*"

"*Moi n'a pas connais, m'sieu. Le p'tit gokhra lui cassé*—"

"Oh, no doubt! Of course, it was the gokhra that did it all, and you, lazy wretches, are as innocent as doves. Be off at once! search the house, and if you find it, kill it at once. D'you hear?"

"*Oui, oui;* kill him, kill him, I say!" shouted Captain Blogg, as the fellow disappeared. "'Pon my word, the idea of a snake, or gokhra, as that fellow calls it, makes me quite nervous!"

"Well, you're all right, any way, Blogg, for they've made your bed up in the pavilion to-night. If the thing gets out of the house at all, you may be sure he's had enough of close confinement, and will be off for the jungle at the back, or down to the river, at his first chance."

"Yes; my theory is that, in his present famished condition, he should first make direct for your henhouse——"

"Oh, hang your theories! You look as wise as an owl, Thompson, but you ain't as cunning as a serpent. My peace of mind has gone for the present!"

"Well, my wife will give you a cup of tea to restore it," said the doctor; and we went into the drawing-room.

Captain Blogg, though generally a very entertaining person—not so much from wit in himself as from being the "cause of wit in others"—was by no means an amusing companion during this evening. He planted himself carefully in the middle of the room, on the stiffest and most uncomfortable chair he could find, avoiding cushions or anti-macassars, or anything that might harbor an unwelcome intruder. His glance fell restlessly upon the floor and corners of the room; he turned pale as a skein of dark wool fell across his knees from the table; the familiar and harmless lizards darting across the walls in chase of moths assumed startling shapes to him; and when a dark, moving *something* gradually protruded its increasing length beneath the door (it had been raining heavily), with an exclamation of "Jump for your lives!" he bounced to the top of his chair and hurled a photograph album of Mrs. Fairbairn's at the object. The object proved to be nothing more alarming than a meandering stream of water that a leak in the veranda had admitted.

At whist he revoked, trumped his partner's trick, and paid no heed to the common rules of the game—errors at which, when committed by others, he was wont to declaim with all the authority of a member of the Portland. It was a relief to everybody when the time came to retire to rest; and Captain Blogg and I betook ourselves to the pavilion, a wooden erection apart from the house and divided into two compartments, which served for sleeping-rooms when the house was full.

The night was oppressively hot, and I sat for some time in the pavilion veranda. Blogg wouldn't sit up, and had gone to his room at once. I was in the middle of my second cheroot, when an unearthly yell from the direction of Blogg's room startled me, and in a few seconds he was standing before me, and whispered, in a hoarse voice: "The snake! I'm bitten! Quick! bring the doctor at once!"

As he sunk into a chair, I hastened off, and having wakened Fairbairn and Thompson, we were soon again at his side, our hands full of restoratives, our tongues full of inquiry.

"Oh, there's no mistake about it," said poor Blogg. "I heard the thing give a hiss, and then felt the bite. I was half asleep, and had thrown my leg over the side of the bed. Look here; here's the mark."

And he pointed to a livid spot on the calf of his leg. The two doctors examined the spot carefully.

"D'ye see any puncture?" said Fairbairn.

"No; but that's of no importance," replied Thompson, whom I had heard muttering as he came across from the house: "Poor old Blogg! But snake-bites ain't met with every day; very interesting; I'll take notes."

Meantime, a jorum of about half a tumbler of whisky had been administered to the patient, and Thompson had made a note of his temperature, the state of his pulse, and had flicked the candle about in front of his eyes, to ascertain the state of the pupil.

"What are you fooling about for like this, I say, Thompson? Can't you do anything to help a fellow?"

"Temper irritable," noted down Thompson in a few hieroglyphics in his book. "Can't do much for you, I'm afraid, poor old chap," he continued. "We're going to inject ammonia beneath the skin presently. You don't feel your tongue swelling at all, do you, or a creepy sensation down your back, or anything?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" groaned the sufferer, heedless of these professional inquiries, and thinking of approaching dissolution.

Presently he gave a roar, as Thompson gave him a sharp prod with a needle.

"All right, all right," said the latter, cheerfully; "no loss of sensibility—*yet.*"

"Dr. Fairbairn was hard at work pressing and cleansing the wound, uttering at intervals various consolatory expressions, and had administered another dose of the whisky, which by now was having visible effect on the captain. His utterance became thick.

"Do you remark," said the junior to Dr. Fairbairn, "thickening of speech — sensory-motor nerves affected?" and down went his pencil to paper. "I say, his teeth look fixed, don't they? — tetanic spasms commencing;" and he rashly applied his forefinger to the barricading teeth, which the captain very naturally kept closed, to avoid an attack with forceps upon his tongue; but the "tetanic spasm" was insufficient to prevent the ardent young surgeon from receiving a smart bite from the patient, who feared that there was a design upon his tongue.

Captain Blogg had now become alternately querulous and maundering. "Thompson, you're a foolish, cold-blooded pill-box. No; I shan't be quiet; and you ain't going to squirt that stuff into me, I can tell you. Dash hypodermic injecshuns! Yes; I *can* wink with one eye, and be hanged to you; and I don't feel a numbness in my lower extremities. I shay, Fairbairn, ain't he a brute? Fancy dying in this way, eh? Shpose Smith'll get the step. Don't like Shmith. Make my will, eh? Thatsh a good un! Got nothing to leave but a few debts, and a case of three-star Hennessy. Thompson can have the debts, and you may have the brandy, old chap. Can I walk? Yes, I can walk;" and rising to his feet, he reeled from one side of the veranda to the other, and finally brought up short against one of the supports, which he embraced tightly.

"No co-ordination of movement—mischief to the cerebellum," said Dr. Thompson, as he and Dr. Fairbairn went to the patient's assistance. By this time the whole house was up; servants were running about, more noisy than useful. Mrs. Fairbairn had arisen, and made anxious inquiries as to the accident, when we were all surprised at a merry peal of laughter, which proceeded, without doubt, from that excellent lady.

"Most unseemly!" said Dr. Fairbairn.

"Horrid, cruel, moshtunfeelinofhershex!" moaned the captain.

"Odd!" said Dr. Thompson.

"William, William, come here!" cried the lady, as soon as laughter permitted her to speak; and Dr. Fairbairn, with an angry look, asking me to take his place, went out. He returned, however, with his own face distorted with laughter, and going straight to the room that Blogg had occupied, shouted out: "All right; here's your snake, Blogg. I've got him!" and giving a hurrah, and a bang with a stick, a goose waddled from under the bed and flapped her wings about the room, hissing angrily at the treatment.

Captain Blogg's bed had been made up by an intelligent servant over a tub in which a sitting goose had been placed. The captain's overhanging leg had offered an irresistible mark.

He didn't appear at breakfast next day, but went off early. Pressing duty, we afterward learned.

Dr. Fairbairn's cobra was never heard of again, but doubtless had a merry time of it amongst the jungle-pigs and rats.

DYING AMONG KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country that the air is soft, that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air that hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south would breathe the low whispers of affection; that the very icicles hanging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one dear spot dearer to his heart than all the earth beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long loved; they have not learned to anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate without hesitation all his wishes, thoughts, and expressions to them. He thus feels that he is a stranger, and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of Oriental benediction, "May you die among your kindred!"

THE SEA-SERPENT.

The fabulous history of the great sea-serpent ascends, like that of the giant polypi, to a sufficiently remote antiquity. Pliny and Valerius Maximus both describe an amphibious serpent swimming in the shallow shore-waters, and only sailing out to sea when he had grown to such dimensions that movement became impossible for him, or, at all events, very difficult, anywhere else than in mid-ocean.

An ancient French author, Belleforest, in his "Cosmographie," comments on the passage in Pliny referring to this marine serpent, and does not hesitate to furnish the most circumstantial details respecting it.

Myths and fables springing from the old Teutonic and Norse watch-fires found their way into records when civilization and Christianity dawned and a local literature grew up. Even when printing came some of these stories held their own and were repeated. What travelers expected to find in countries, they asked about, and people, finding their visitors insist on the existence of certain wonders, probably thought it their best policy to gratify them. Imagination filled up the picture, or simple things were confounded in vague descriptions.

Two strange stories long prevailed; one has come down to our times, that of the great sea-serpent. Olaus Magnus first described this creature, and from his work our moderns have taken their horrible sea-serpent. The author does not rest satisfied with giving a description of this creature, he delineates it; and in his engravings we see the reptile issuing from the waves and launching itself upon the ships in order to devour the crews.

The old Scandinavian writers attribute to the sea-serpent a length of six hundred feet, with a head closely resembling that of a horse, black eyes, and a kind of white mane. According to them, it is only met with in the ocean, where it suddenly rears itself up like a mast of a ship-of-the-line, and gives vent to hissing noises which appall the hearer, like the tempest roar.

The Norwegian poets compare its progress to the flight of a swift arrow. When the fishermen descry it, they row in the direction of the sun, the monster being unable to see them when its head is turned toward that luminary. They say that it revolves sometimes in a circle around the doomed vessel, whose crew thus find themselves assailed on every side.

In England and the United States a belief in the great sea-serpent has been exceedingly popular. The Linnean Society of Boston published some years ago an authentic report establishing the fact that, at certain intervals, a prodigious monster had been seen in Boston Bay; that on one occasion it showed itself, in 1817, about thirty miles from Boston, and was examined by some competent persons informed of its return.

As new evidences came in, the most incredulous hesitated; many avowed themselves convinced; and the cause of the sea-serpent was nearly won, when a new champion suddenly

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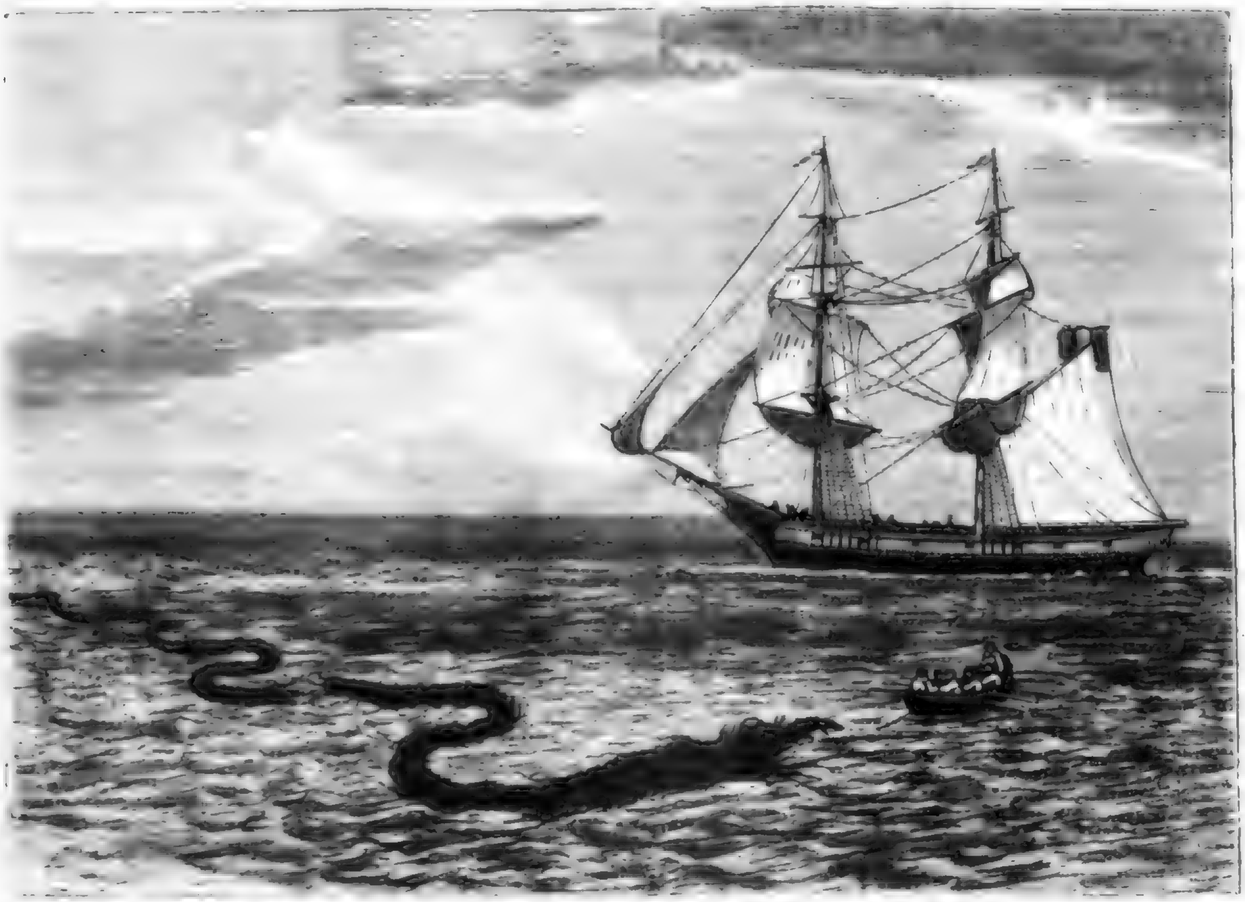


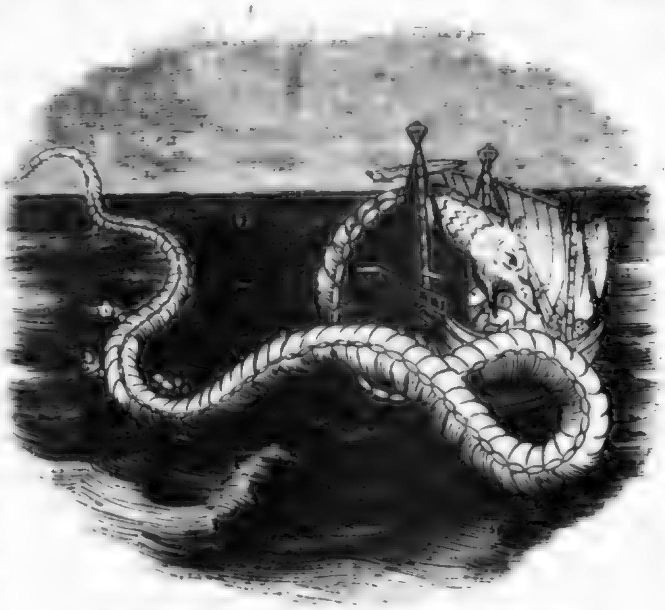
ONE EXPLANATION OF THE QUESTION OF THE SEA-SERPENT—ONLY A SEAWEED.

appeared in the arena. This was another sailor, Mr. Frederick Smith, who came forward as an eye-witness of its nonexistence!

In the month of December, 1848, Mr. Smith was sailing on board the ship *Peking*, belonging to his father, when, near Moulmein, in calm weather, he saw at a certain distance "something extraordinary balancing itself on the waves, and which appeared to be an animal of immeasurable length. With our telescopes," he added, "we could, from the *Peking*, perfectly distinguish an enormous head, and a neck of monstrous size, covered with a mane, which alternately appeared and disappeared. This appearance was likewise seen by all our crew, and everybody agreed that it must be the great serpent. I took the resolution of making the closer acquaintance of this celebrated monster, and immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, with an officer and four men on board, furnished with some arms and a few fathoms of rope. I watched them attentively. The monster did not seem disturbed by their approach. At length they arrived quite close to its head. They appeared to me to hesitate; then I saw them busily unrolling the rope with which they were provided, while the monster still continued to raise its head and unfold its enormous length. Suddenly the boat began her course to regain the vessel, followed by the formidable monster. In less than half an hour the latter was hauled on board. The body appeared endowed with a certain suppleness so long as it remained suspended. But it was so covered with marine parasites of every species, that it was not until some time had clapsed we arrived at the discovery that this terrible animal was neither more nor less than a monstrous alga, upward of one hundred feet long and four feet in diameter, whose root at a distance had represented its head, while the motion communicated to it by the waves had given it the semblance of life.

"In a few days this curious alga, growing dry, spread through the ship so infectious an odor that I was compelled to have it cast into the sea. Immediately after my arrival in London, the *Dædalus* reported its encounter with the great serpent in nearly the same parts, and I cannot doubt but that it was only the floating wreck of the alga whose history I have just related. Nevertheless, this illusion is rendered so justifiable by the appearance of the object, that if I had been unable to dispatch the boat at the moment, as I did do, I should have remained all my life in the conviction that I had seen the great serpent of the sea."

This relation stands in no need of comment; it explains by the most natural fact in the world the errors of many who pretended to have seen the sea-serpent, but had only seen it at a distance, and had never dared, like Mr. Smith, to seize it by the body. Mr. Smith clearly accounts for the illusion of which his comrades and other sailors had been the dupes, and which he himself, as well as his crew, experienced.



FANCIES OF OLD TRAVELERS—THE SEA-SERPENT.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

FORTRESS, PALACE AND PRISON, AND ITS MEMORIES.

It has long been customary to carry the antiquity of this celebrated fortress, by tradition, centuries earlier than our records, and ascribe its origin to Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare has adopted this version, but in "Richard III." only gives us Buckingham's assurance that it is founded "upon record"; and Gray has embellished the idea of this antiquity:

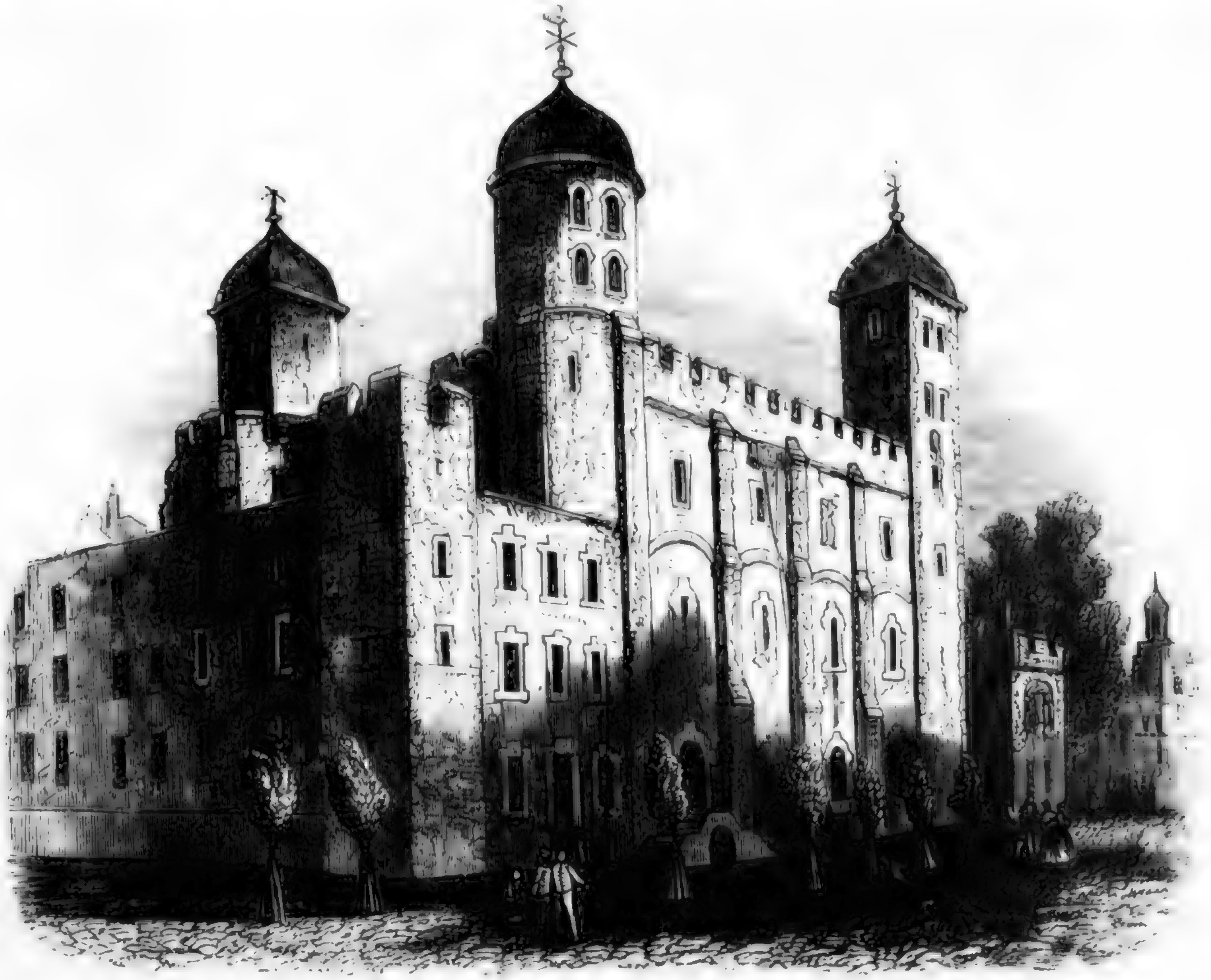
> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

May it not be what architects term a "Julius Tower"?

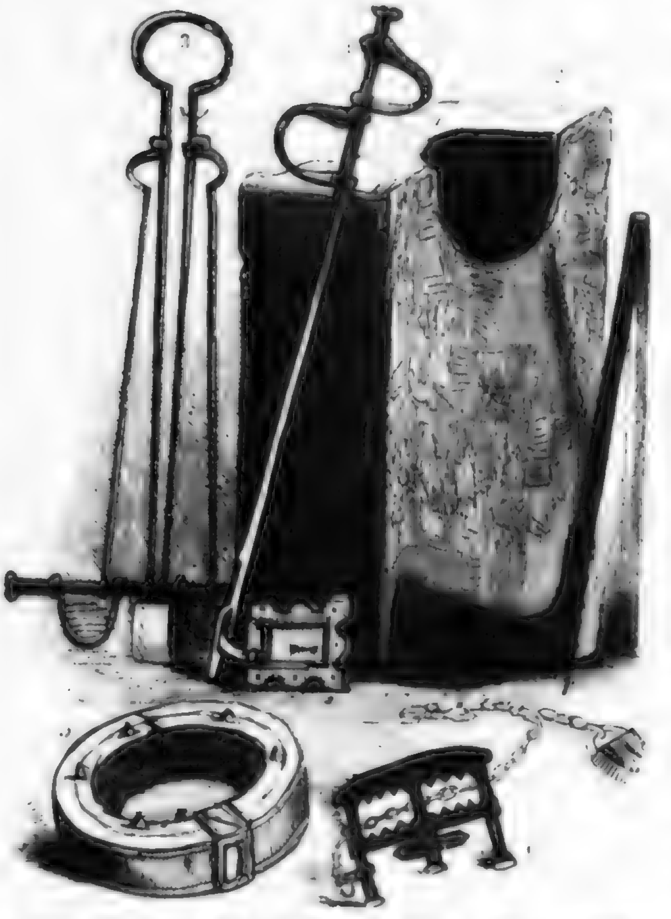
The tradition that the site of the Tower was anciently a Roman stronghold is, however, capable of explanation. We find a similar tradition in connection with the keeps of Kenilworth and some others of Norman date; but in connection with the Tower of London there is no visible evidence of Roman construction. Near the basement, where some alterations have been made, there seems to be a mixture of Roman tiles and bricks; and the same may be seen near the base of some of the other towers which defend the inner ward. These, however, may have been brought from the ruins of the Roman city, which stretched westward; for we are not aware that any Roman remains exist which indicate that buildings of importance were here during the occupation of London by the Romans.

The oldest portion of the fortress is the Keep, or White Tower, so named from its having been originally *whitewashed*, as appears from a Latin document of the year 1241. This tower was built about 1078, for William the Conqueror, by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, who also erected Rochester Castle; and the two fortresses have points of resemblance. William Rufus greatly added to the Keep; Henry I. strengthened the fortress; and Stephen, in 1140, kept his Court here, with all the rude splendor of the period. Fitzstephen describes it as "the Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is *tempered with the blood of beasts.* On the west are two castles, well fenced." The mortar process we suspect to be less tenable than the Roman origin; but writers of history are loth to part with such attractive mettle.

Its greatest antiquity must be placed at eight centuries; and the following is a chronological record of the Tower in the several reigns. Thus, about 1190, the Regent Bishop Longchamp surrounded the fortress with an embattled stone wall and "a broade and deepe ditch"; for breaking down part of the city wall he was deposed, and besieged in the Tower, but surrendered after one night. King John held his Court here. Henry III. strengthened the White Tower, and founded the Lion Tower and other western bulwarks; and in this reign the palace-fortress was alternately held by the king and the insurgent barons. Edward I. enlarged the moat, and on the west made the last additions of military importance prior to the invention of cannon. Edward II. retired here against his subjects; and here was born his eldest daughter, Joan of the Tower. Edward III. imprisoned here many illustrious persons, including David, King of Scotland, and John, King of France, with Philip,



THE WHITE TOWER, FROM TOWER GREEN.



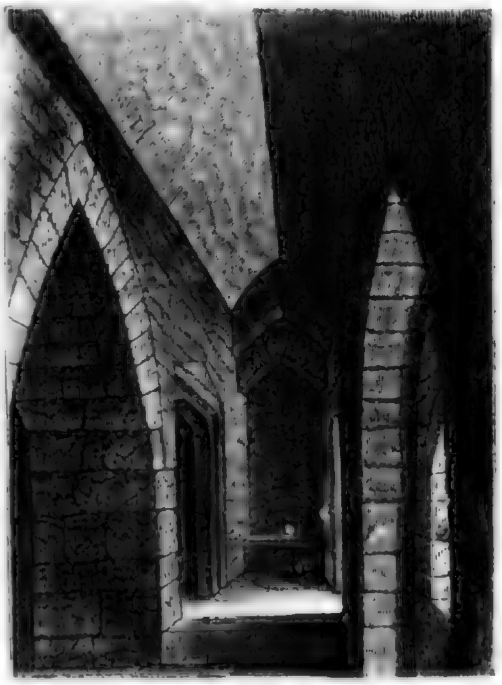
1. EXECUTIONER'S AX. 2. THE BLOCK USED AT LORD BALMERINO'S EXECUTION. 3. THE SCAVENGER'S DAUGHTER. 4. BILBOES. 5. IRON COLLAR. 6. THUMB-SCREW.

his son. During the insurrection of Wat Tyler, King Richard II. took refuge here, with his Court and nobles, six hundred persons; Richard was deposed while imprisoned here, in 1399. Edward IV. kept a magnificent Court here. In 1460 Lord Scales was besieged here by the Yorkists, and was taken and slain in endeavoring to escape by water. Henry VI., twice imprisoned in the fortress, was murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who crossed the Thames for that purpose in a small boat, at two in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1471; the weapon was a knife, and the wound was in the ribs. The beheading of Lord Hastings, in 1483, by order of the Protector Gloucester, the seizure of the crown by Richard, and the murder of his nephews, Edward V. and the Duke of York, are the next events in the annals of the fortress. Henry VII. frequently resided in the Tower, where, also, his queen sought refuge from "the society of her sullen and cold-hearted husband"; the king held a splendid tournament here in 1501; his queen died here in 1503. Henry VIII. often held his Court in this fortress; here, in great pomp, Henry received all his wives previous to their espousals; here were beheaded his queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. About this time (1548), an old chronicle tells us that a great fire was caused in the Tower by a Frenchman setting on fire a barrel of gunpowder, "and so was burned himself, and no more persons."

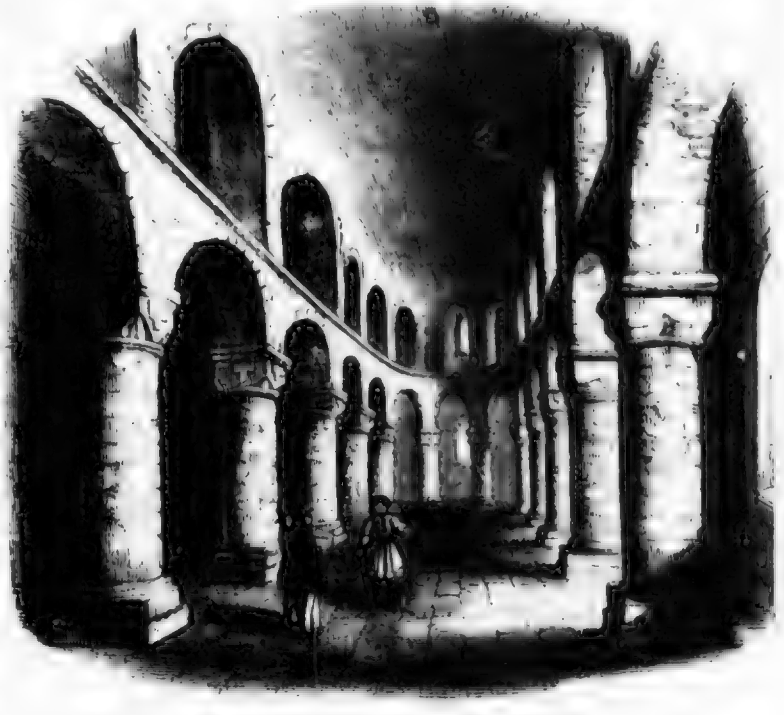
Edward VI. kept his Court in the Tower prior to his coronation; here his uncle, the Protector Somerset, was twice imprisoned before his decapitation on Tower Hill, in 1552. Lady Jane Grey entered the fortress as Queen of England, but in three weeks became here a captive with her youthful husband; both were beheaded. Queen Mary, at her Court in the Tower, first showed her Romish resolves; her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, was imprisoned here on suspicion of favoring Sir Thomas Wyat's design; she was compelled to enter at the Traitors' Gate. Queen Elizabeth did not keep her Court in the Tower, but at no period was the State prison more "constantly thronged with delinquents." James I. resided here, and delighted in combats of the wild beasts kept here. In Charles I.'s reign many leading partisans were imprisoned here; and under the government of Oliver Cromwell, and in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the Tower was filled with prisoners, the victims of State policy, intrigues, tyranny, or crime. Almost from the Conquest, the English sovereigns, at their coronations, went in great state and procession from the Tower, through the city, to Westminster; the last observance being at the coronation of Charles II. All the domestic apartments of the ancient palace within the Tower were taken down during the reigns of James II. and William and Mary. In 1792 the garrison was increased. Several hundred men were employed in repairing the fortifications, opening the embrasures, and mounting cannon; and on the western side of the fortress a strong barrier was formed with old casks filled with earth and rubble; and the gates were closed at an early hour, and no one but the military allowed to go on the ramparts. The Tower Palace occupied the southeastern portion of the inner ward, as shown in a plan of the fortress in the reign of Elizabeth, within a century from which period much of its ancient character was obliterated.

The White Tower is a rare example of Norman architecture, but externally it has been much disfigured by casing and restorations in the architectural style of the reign of James I. The interior has been little interfered with. The council-chamber and chapel are at a considerable height above the ground of Tower-green, and are reached by two circular staircases of curious construction; one of these is on the north and the other on the west side of the White Tower; these are formed in the thickness of the masonry. Here and there are loopholes, in which may be seen the great strength of the main walls of the Keep. The council-chamber is a large apartment, now stripped of its tapestry hangings and other fittings. It was in this chamber that the Duke of Gloucester rose from the council-table and admitted a body of armed men, who, by the duke's orders, arrested Lord Hastings and other partisans of his nephew. Lord Hastings was immediately taken down the stairs and beheaded on some beams of timber which had been brought into the Tower-green for the purpose of making some repairs in the adjoining buildings; others were committed to close prisons, where they endured much suffering.

From some of the deeply-recessed windows of the White Tower we have glimpses of the little Chapel of St. Peter, in which two headless queens and a large number of persons of note who have suffered execution lie buried. Beyond the outer walls and across the moat, northward, is the site of the scaffold which was often raised on Tower Hill. Looking west-



BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

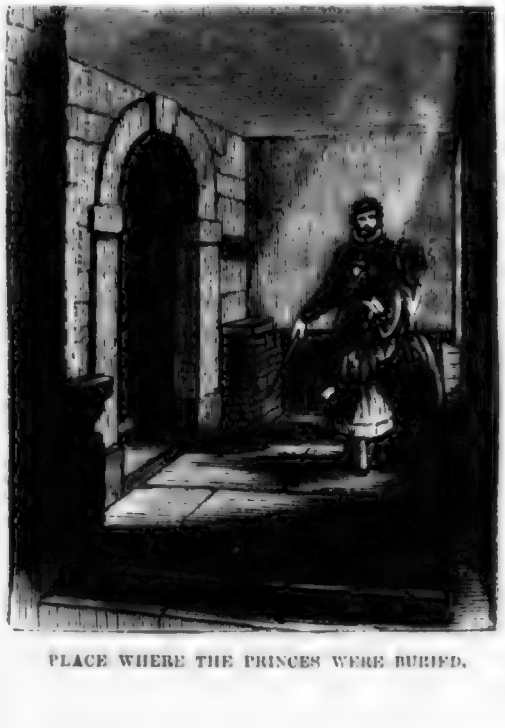


ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL IN THE WHITE TOWER.

ward, within the walls of the fortress, may still be seen, at a short distance from the Chapel of St. Peter, the square space on which the scaffold was placed whereon were put to death two queens of Henry VIII., Lady Jane Grey, and others.

The arms and armor in this tower have been arranged chronologically, in several compartments appropriated to the successive periods of English history. The wall above the arches is painted with the livery colors of the royal families of England, from the Plantagenets to the Stuarts, and bearing the names and dates of the sovereigns, in gold, from Henry II. to James II.

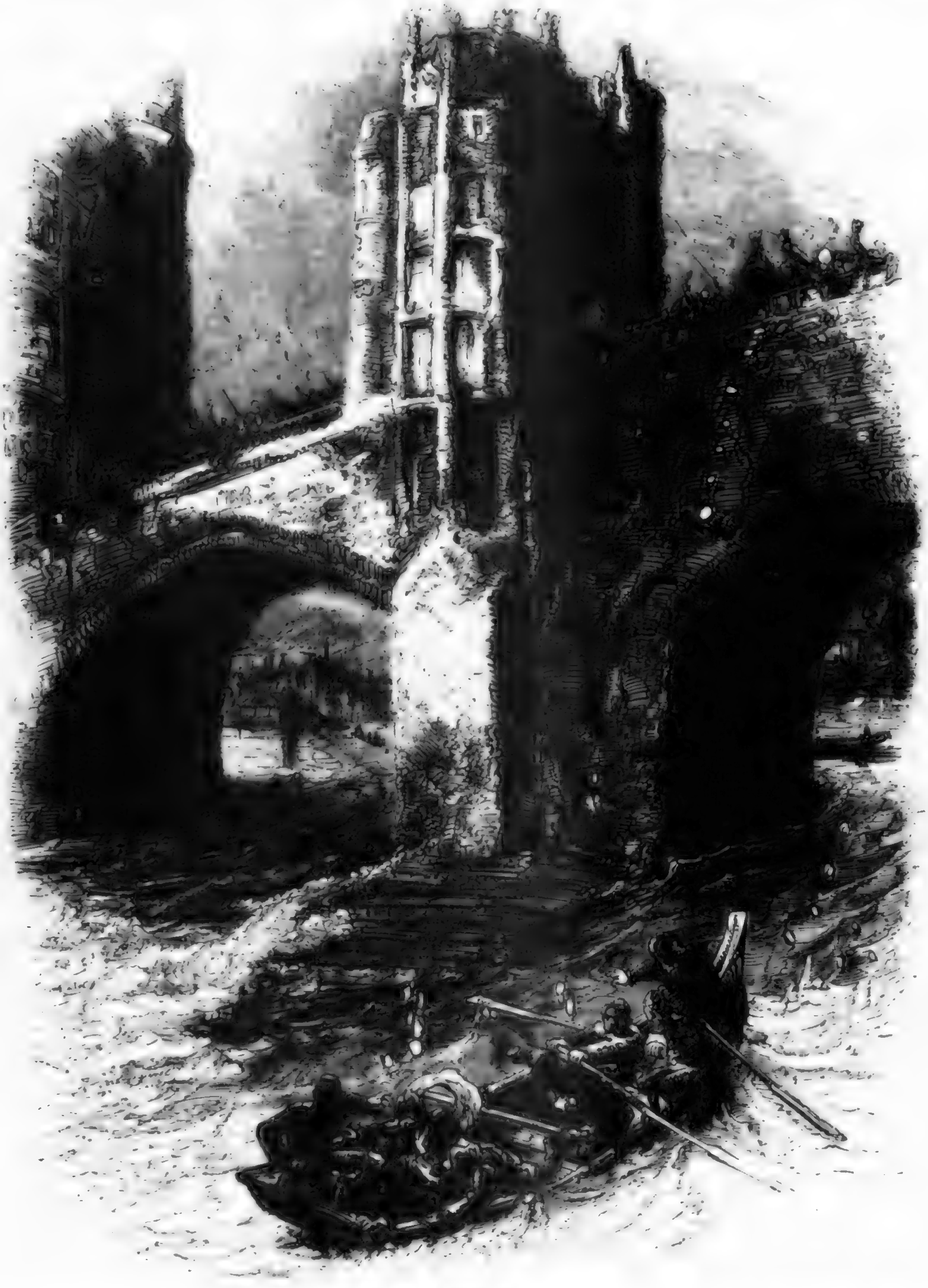
In the Bloody Tower, in a dark, windowless room, in which one of the portcullises was worked, George, Duke of Clarence, is said to have been drowned in malmsey; in the adjoining chamber the two princes are said to have been "smothered"; whence the name Bloody Tower. This has been much disputed; but in a tract *temp.* James I. we read that the above "turret our elders termed the Bloody Tower; for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed, two together at one time." In the latter chamber was imprisoned Colonel Hutchinson, whose wife, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower, where she was born, relates the above traditions. This portion was formerly called the Garden Tower; it was built *temp.* Edward III., and is the only ancient place of security, as a State prison, in the Tower; it is entered through a small, concealed door in the inner ballium; it consists of a day-room and a bedroom, and the leads on which the prisoner was sometimes allowed to breathe the air. By this concealed door, tradition says, the murderers of the two princes brought out the dead bodies of their royal victims. It will be recollected that, in the commonly received history of this transaction, in the reign of Charles II., at the bottom of the staircase on the west side of the White Tower, was found a wooden box, in which were a quantity of bones, supposed to have been those of the youthful princes; by direction of King Charles, they were inclosed and buried in the north aisle of the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. Bailey, the historian of the Tower, however, believed the murder to have been committed in the White Tower, from the bones having been found there, near a door on the south side. Still, Sir Thomas More, who wrote a century and a half before these bones were found, says the bodies had been removed by a priest from the spot where they were first laid by Tyrrel, on the night of the murder, to a less dishonorable grave. This priest had removed them at the king's request; and as priest and king died suddenly, the secret of their new resting-place would account for Henry VII. being unable to find them, when it was of supreme importance for him to show that the princes were dead. The discovery of bones (every way answering to those of Edward and Richard) under the old staircase leading into the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, in the White Tower, agrees exactly with the narrative in More. Richard might well object to the burial of his nephews in a place so public as the gateway under the Bloody Tower. The staircase of St. John's Chapel would offer him a spot which he might consider as at once secret and sacred.



PLACE WHERE THE PRINCES WERE BURIED.

Some further light was thrown upon this subject in 1868. Adjoining the Bloody Tower is the Wakefield Tower. An opinion had long been entertained that a staircase existed in the wall between these two towers, but investigation had hitherto failed in detecting it. Between or in the thickness of the walls connecting the Bloody Tower with the Wakefield, was discovered a small passage which leads past the chamber containing the windlass for raising the portcullis, and ascends in a spiral course to the top of the ballium-wall; thence it leads into a passage which connected the Bloody Tower with the lieutenant's lodgings, and communicated immediately with the room in which the princes are traditionally said to have been murdered. At the bottom of the staircase, the stones of which were sharp and clean, was a small cell, with a chimney-flue, which (both cell and flue) were crammed with bones and earth. The bones were first said to be *human*, as might be expected; but, upon careful examination, they were found to be entirely the bones of animals, principally deer and oxen. It has been conjectured that the staircase may have been closed immediately after the murder; that the bodies were concealed in the flue, so closely adjoining, in order to escape the notice that their removal and burial elsewhere would occasion; and that both flue and stairs may have been at once closed up by Richard's own orders. The work is carefully executed, the openings being closed with stone, built up so as exactly to match the walls, and thus escape observation. At all events, it is very singular that a convenient staircase already made should be closed, thereby necessitating the formation of another, on the further side of the tower, to reach the chamber above.

Here is fresh subject for surmise, especially as to the animal bones. In front of the foot of the stairs is an arched opening, which has all the appearance of a doorway; but there is nothing left to show how it communicated with any other building, as it is at a considerable height from the ground.

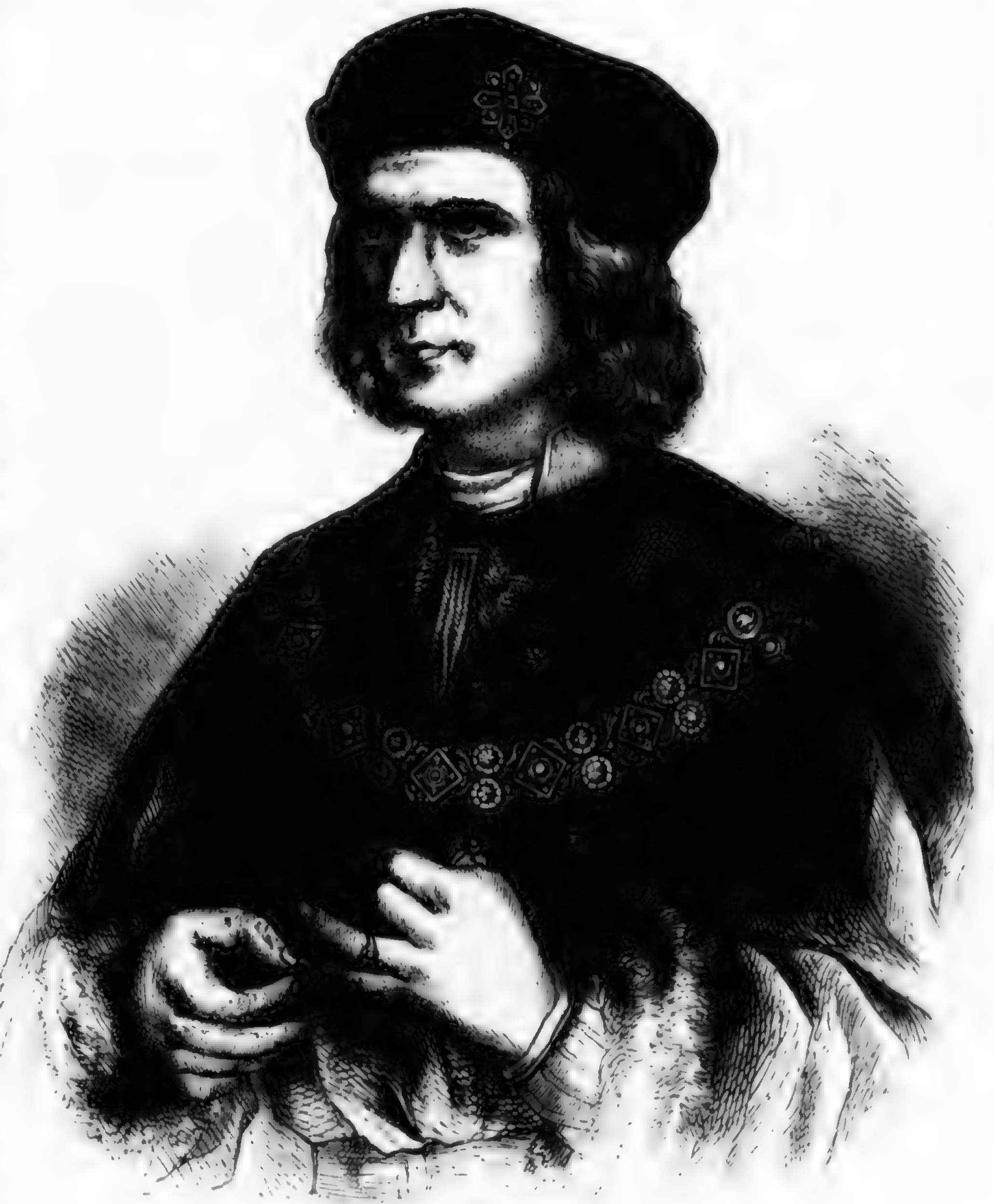


ESCAPE OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

The chamber in the basement of the Bloody Tower, entered by a small door immediately behind the gate on the east side, was evidently intended for the use of the guard.

"In a chamber of the Bloody Tower," says Mr. Dixon, "occurred that strange scene when Sir Thomas Wyatt, on his way to Tower Hill for execution, was carried into Courtney's room, by Mary's command, in the hope that, on a chance of his own life being spared, he would implicate Elizabeth and Courtney in the Kentish plot. The room was full of men; many lords of the council, the lord mayor and sheriffs, gentlemen of the guard, officers of the Tower, all eager for the words on which Elizabeth's life as well as Courtney's life then hung. But the undaunted poet—a man worthy to die for such a woman—would not win his pardon by a lie. Lord Chandos, his bitter enemy, says he implored Lord Courtney to confess the truth; the sheriffs of London declared that Wyatt asked Courtney to forgive him for having spoken of him and the Lady Elizabeth in connection with his plot. A few minutes later, with the ax gleaming close beside him, he told the people on Tower Hill that he had never accused either Elizabeth or Courtney; that he could not truly do it, as neither had known of his rising until the commotion had begun. In another moment his head was in the dust."

The Bloody Tower gateway, built in the time of Edward III., opposite Traitors' Gate, is the main entrance to the inner ward ; it has massive gates and portcullis complete, at the southern end ; the gates are genuine, and the portcullis is said to be the only one remaining in England fit for use. The late Duke of Wellington described this tower as the best, if not the only good place of security at the disposition of the officers of the Tower, in which State prisoners can be placed. Traitors' Gate was a small postern, with a drawbridge, fronting the Thames, as Stowe tells us, "seldom let down but for the receipt of some great persons, prisoners." "Perhaps," says Mr. Ferrey, the architect, "no part of this fortified inclosure has suffered more from improper use than the Traitors' Gate. Few people can be aware of the solemn grandeur which this water-gate must have presented in bygone times, when its architectural features were unmutilated. Gateways and barbicans to castles are usually bold and striking in their design ; but a water-gate of this kind, in its perfect state, must have been quite unique. The structure consists in plan of an oblong block, each corner having an attached round turret of large dimensions. The south archway, which formed the water approach from the Thames, guarded by a portcullis, is now effectually closed by a wharf occupying the entire length of the Tower. The water originally flowed through the base of the gate-house, and extended, probably, beyond the north side of it, to the traitors' steps, as they were called. Here the superincumbent mass of the gateway is supported by an archway, spanning the entire width of the front, from turret to turret, a distance of more than sixty feet. Such an arch, I think, is not to be found in any other gateway, and is a piece of masterly construction. A staircase in the northwest turret conducts to the galleries, or wall-passages, formed on a level with the top of the archway. These passages are lighted by loopholes through the outer walls ; and have a breastwork on the inner face, pierced and crenellated, so that each side of the gateway could be guarded by soldiers, commanding the space below as well as on the outside. The four angular turrets are approached by the wall passages ; each turret has two tiers of chambers. They are beautifully groined, having elegant vaulting shafts, with capitals and bases. A lancet window on each side (for the rooms are octangular within) lights the apartment. No stranger on looking at the Traitors' Gate, as it is now incumbered, could possibly form any idea of its ancient dignity. The whole of the upper part is crammed with offices, and disfigured in every possible manner; and the gloom of the Traitors' Gate is now broken up by the blatant noise of steam machinery for hoisting and packing war-weapons."

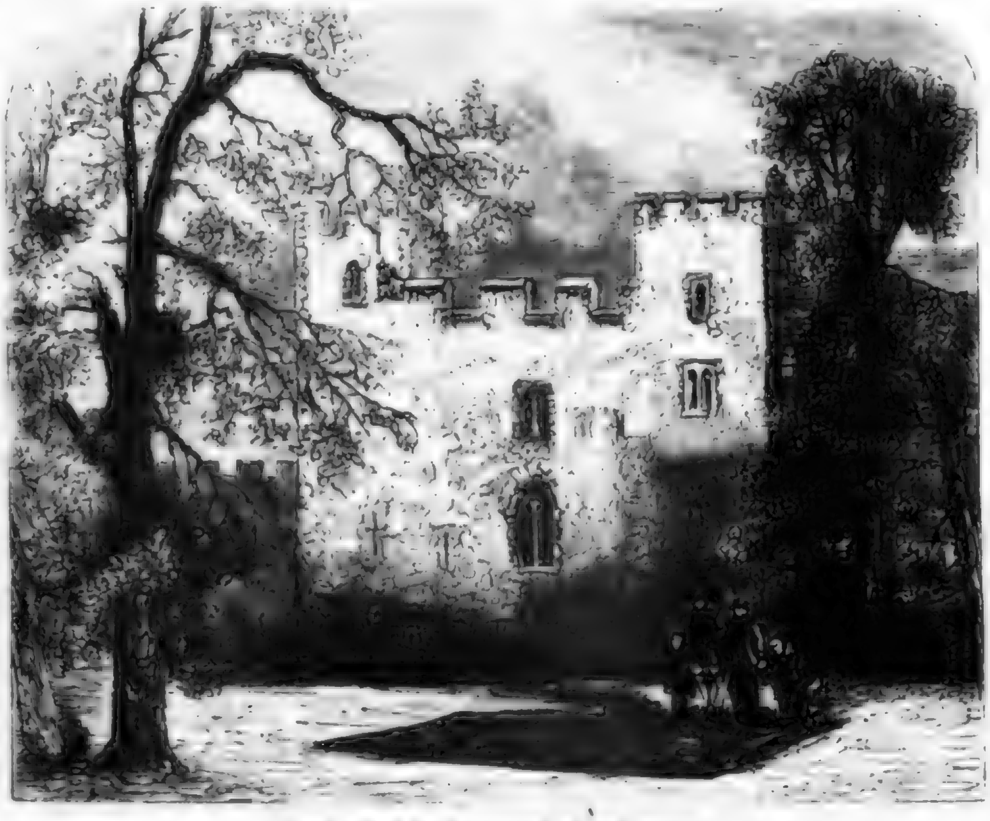

RICHARD III.

As this is one of the most ancient prisons in England, so it is the most honorable (says Hatton, 1708), few criminals having the favor of being here imprisoned but the nobility, or Members of the House of Commons, who are for high misdemeanor kept in safe custody, by order of their own House, and the governor or lieutenant have their fees, viz., for a duke, £200, an inferior peer, £100, and a commoner, £50. The gentleman-porter hath for his fee such prisoner's upper garment, or compounds for it, which is commonly £30 for a peer, and £5 each for others. The yeomen-warders attend prisoners whose crimes or misdemeanors are something against the Queen (or Government) who allow the prisoners, viz., to a duke, £4, other lords, £2 4s. 5d., and to knights and gentlemen, 13s. 4d. per week, while they are under confinement. Nothwithstanding the numerous landmarks of English history which have been swept away within the Tower walls, here and there ancient features remain to keep in memory the many innocent victims murdered here in times of despotism and tyranny, and which "pass like dark phantoms before the mind."

> "On through that gate, through which before
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."
>
> ROGERS'S *Human Life.*

The prisoners were conveyed to Westminster for trial, and through the gate they were brought back, accompanied by the headsman and the ax. "It would seem," says Mr. Ferrey, "that the enormous size of the north archway must have been for the admission of several barges or vessels to pass within the present boundary of the gateway-walls when the outer portcullis was closed, and that the Thames once penetrated further to the north."

Mr. Dixon reminds us that—"When it was found necessary, from any cause, to carry a prisoner through the streets, the sheriffs received him from the king's lieutenants at the entrance to the city, gave a receipt for him, and took another on delivering him up at the gates of the Tower. The receipt of the governor for the body of the Duke of Monmouth—his living body—is still extant."



THE PLACE OF EXECUTION IN THE TOWER.

The Bell Tower, containing the alarm-bell of the garrison, is next in order. The Rev. Thomas Hugo, F.S.A., thus picturesquely introduces two of the illustrious tenants of this historical prison-house—this gloomy dungeon, and the scarcely less gloomy chamber immediately above it. Of course, the identification of particular prisoners with particular spots is legendary, and we can rarely adduce precise historical proof of the correctness of such views. Assuming as a fact what tradition asserts—these walls once looked upon two faces, among, doubtless, many others, whose owners possess considerable attractions for the minds of Englishmen. The first of these two was the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who fell under the headsman's ax for denying the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII.

The Bishop of Rochester was one of the foremost men of his age, and was for many years confessor to the king's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond; and it is supposed that her munificence toward the two universities—by founding St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and the professorships of divinity in both Oxford and Cambridge—was mainly owing to his pious advice and direction. He sided, as was likely, against the king in the matter of Queen Catherine, whose cause he warmly advocated, and, as also was likely, drew down upon himself the displeasure of his unscrupulous sovereign. At length, when called before the Lambeth council, and commanded to acknowledge the king's supremacy, he resolutely refused to do so, and was forthwith committed to the Tower.

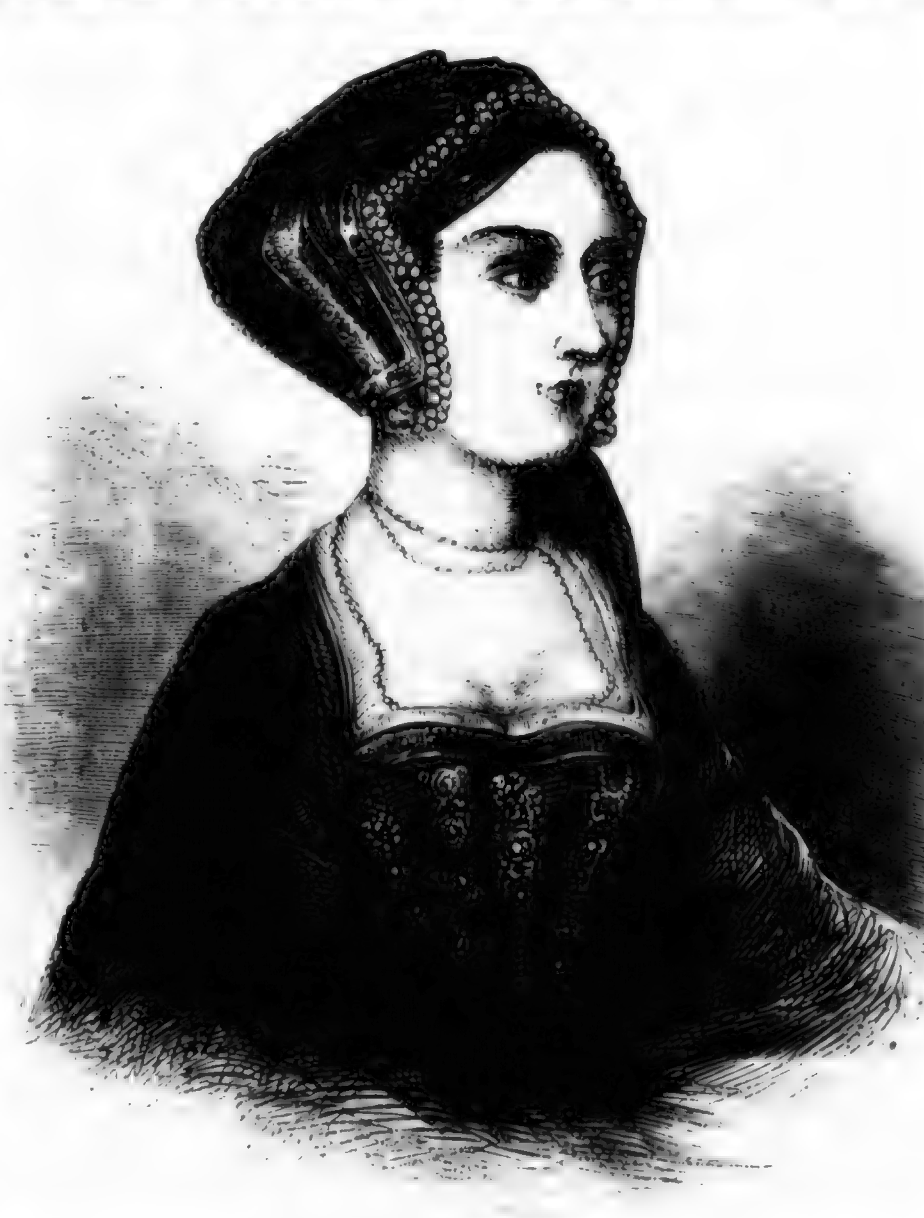
"He had now reached his eightieth year, and the cold, damp dungeon into which he was thrust was not calculated to prolong his days. Perhaps his enemies desired that death should naturally remove him, and remove from them also the odium which could not fail to attach to all who should be instrumental in his more direct and manifest destruction. His constitution, however, was proof against his position, and for many months he bore his privations as became a good soldier in a cause on which his heart and soul were set. Out of his painful dungeon he wrote to Mr. Secretary Cromwell in these words: "Furthermore, I beseech you, to be good master to me in my necessity, for I have neither suit nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear but that be ragged and rent shamefully. My diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times; and now in mine age my stomack may not away with but a few kinds of meat, which, if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into coughs and diseases of my body, and cannot keep myself in health. And as our Lord knoweth, I have nothing left unto me to provide any better, but as my brother of his own purse layeth out for me to his great hindrance. Therefore, good Master Secretary, I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary for me in mine age, and especially for my health. . . . . Then shall you bind me for ever to be your poor beadsman unto Almighty God, who ever have you in his protection and custody."

This was written in the depth of a bitter Winter, for the aged writer concludes: "This, I beseech you, to grant me of your charity. And thus our Lord send you a merry Christmas, and a comfortable, to your heart's desire.—At the Tower, the 22d day of December.'"

Condemned by his peers, and brought back to the Watergate, he turned round and dismissed his escort, as though they had been a guard of honor, and he were only coming in from a feast, saying, that as he had nothing else left, he should give them his hearty thanks.

This Bell Tower, one of the safest dungeons in the stronghold, was considered as next in rank to the Bloody Tower. Elizabeth is said to have been first of all lodged in its strong room, until the murmurs of all London and the threats of Lord Howard and the fleet persuaded Mary to treat her with some show of justice. It was the prison, as we see, of Courtney and Lady Lennox, both of the royal race, of the blood of Edward IV.

"The scene again changes, and this time a very different prisoner enters the portals of the Bell Tower. It is now the fair and blooming face of a young and noble lady, afterward the queen of this great country, then known by the name of the Princess Elizabeth. Her sister, ever sullen and suspicious, had removed her, to the danger of her life, from her home at Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, and after necessary delay at Redbourne, St. Alban's, South Mimms, and Highgate, she at length, some days after the beginning of her journey, arrived at Whitehall. Within a fortnight she was lodged in her prison in the Tower. Doubtless you know the story; but her entrance into the fortress deserves a moment's mention. The barge was directed to enter by Traitors' Gate, much to the annoyance of the fair prisoner. It rained hard (an old chronicler says), and a certain unnamed lord offered her his cloak; but she put her hand back with a good dash, and then, as she set her foot on the dreaded stairs, she cried out aloud, 'Here landeth as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but Thee.' A few minutes afterward found her a fast prisoner, and, as tradition tells us, in the very turret to which we have drawn attention."



ANNE BOLEYN.

Walter Raleigh was thrice imprisoned in the Tower. Beauchamp Tower and the White Tower were his prison-houses; but his twelve long years of imprisonment were passed in the Bloody Tower. "It was hither that Prince Henry came to spend his hours with the great prisoner; and where he one day said to his attendants, as he rode away, that no king save his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. It was to these narrow chambers that Lady Raleigh, the bright Bessie Throgmorton of his youth, leaving all the splendors of Sherborne Castle, came to reside with her hero. Here her son Carew was born." Here Raleigh devoted much time to chemistry and pharmaceutical preparations. "He has converted," says Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower, "a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house, and here he doth spend his time all the day in distillations; . . . . he doth show himself upon the wall in his garden to the view of the people;" here Raleigh prepared his "Rare Cordial," wrote his political discourses, and commenced his famous "History of the World." He was at length liberated, but again committed to the Tower, about two months before his execution at Westminster.

Raleigh's shifting imprisonments must have been very irksome. Thus, in 1603, in the course of a few months, Raleigh was first confined in his own house, then conveyed to the Tower, next sent to Westminster jail, returned from thence to the Tower, imprisoned for between two and three months in the Fleet, and again removed to the Tower, where he remained until released thirteen years afterward, to undertake his new expedition to Guiana. Mr. Payne Collier possesses a copy of that rare tract, "A Good Speed to Virginia," 4to, 1609, with the autograph on the title-page, "W. Raleigh, Turr. Lond.;" showing that at the time this tract was published by Raleigh, he recorded himself a prisoner in the Tower of London."

Raleigh's constant study was in the pages of that Divine Book, by which, as he told the clergyman who rebuked him for his seeming lightness, on the eve of his beheadal, he had prepared himself to look fearlessly on death. His last hours were each an episode, and his acts and words have been carefully recorded.

On the morning of his execution, his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it? "As well as he who drank of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburne," answered the knight, "and said, 'it was a good drink, if a man might but tarry by it.'" "Prithee, never fear, Beeston," cried he to his old friend, Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A bald man, from extreme age, pressed forward

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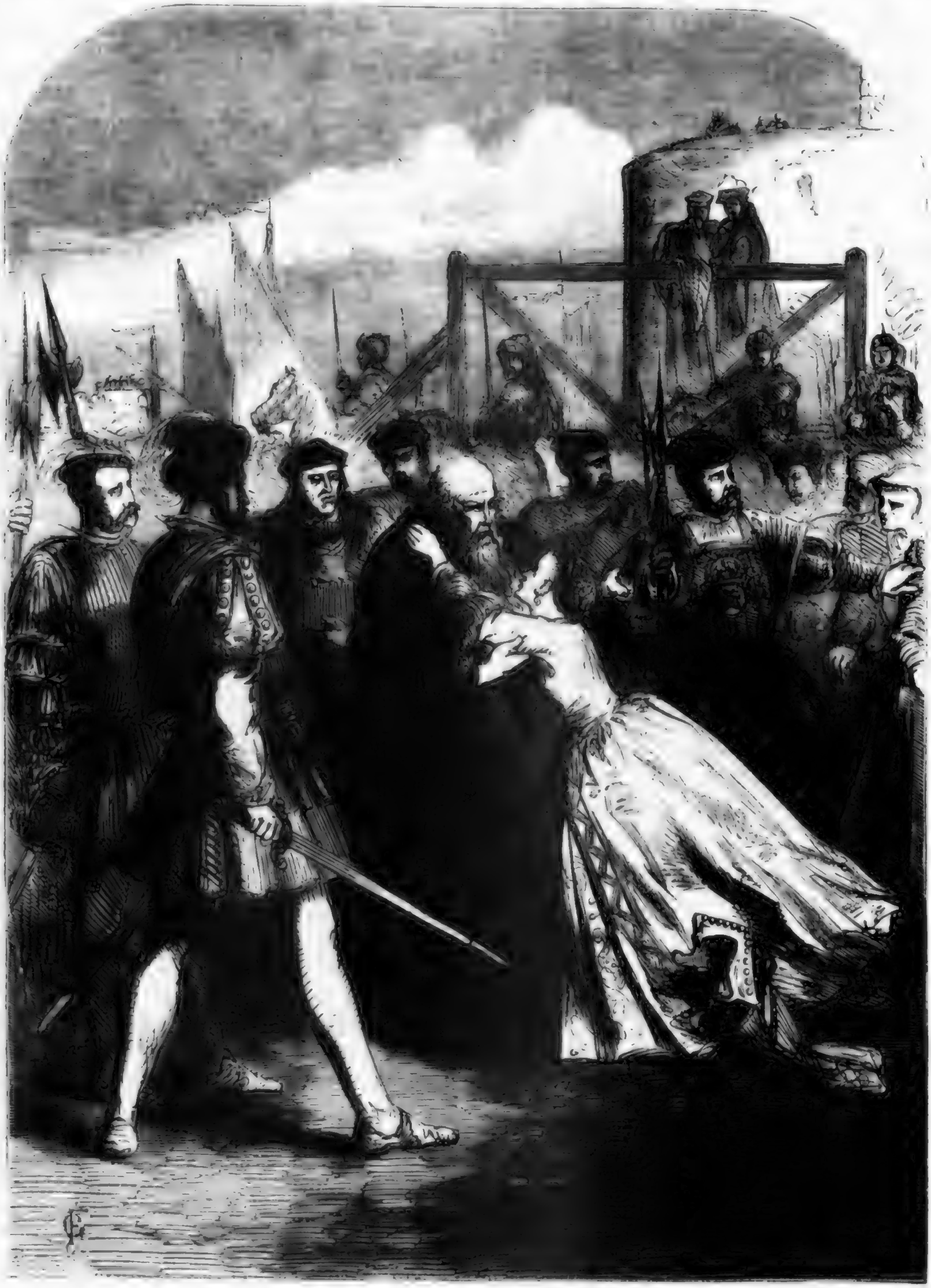
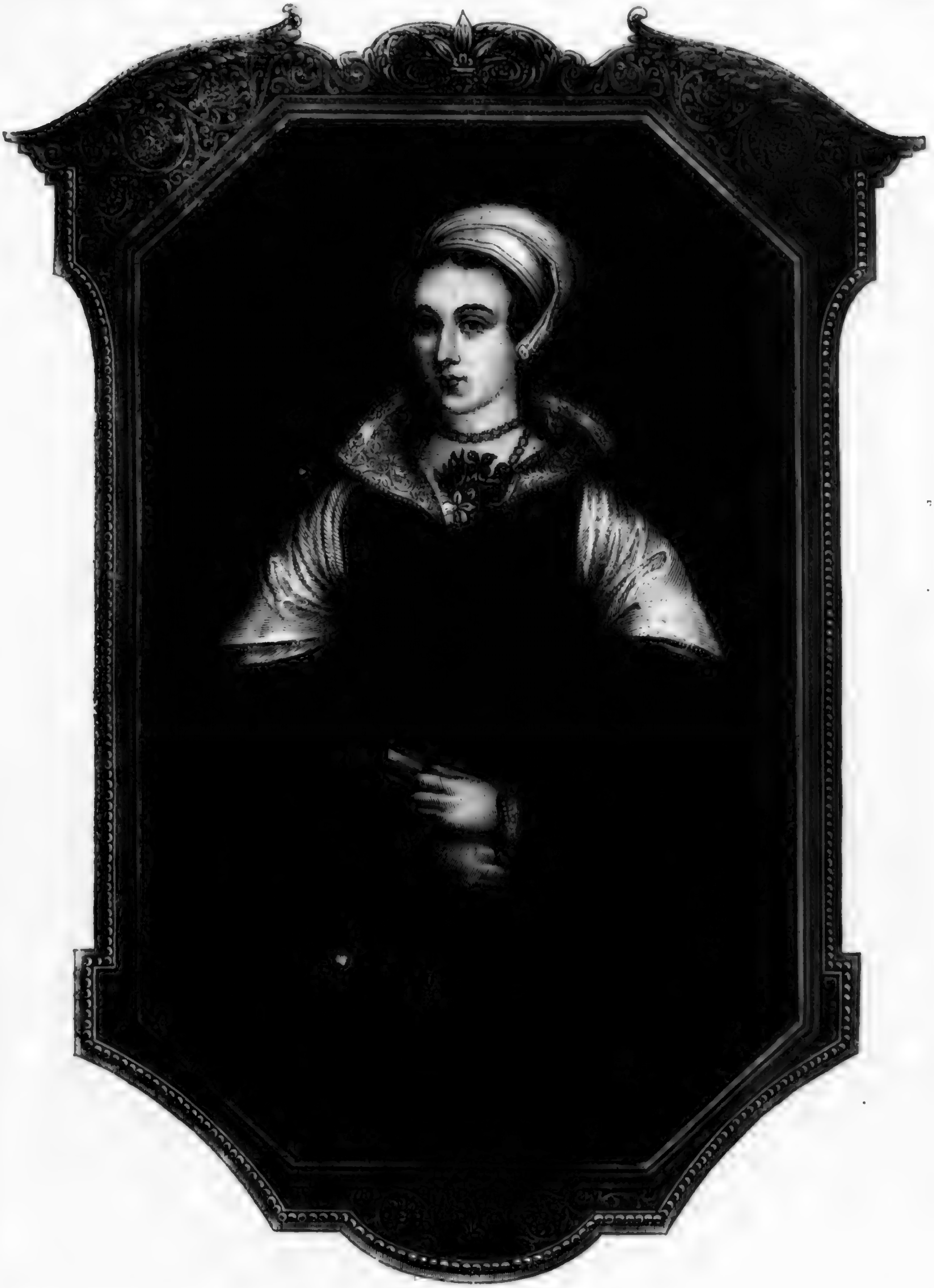
"to see him," he said, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group, who affectionately took their sad leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good-bye." "Now, I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold; and, gently touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsman shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the unquailing soldier addressed him, "What, dost thou fear! Strike, man!" In another moment the mighty soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Sir Walter Raleigh perished in the sixty-sixth year of his age—a mournful monument of the proverbial mutability of fortune, and a testimony that the most brilliant capacities,



MARGARET ROPER TAKING LEAVE OF SIR THOMAS MORE.



LADY JANE GREY.

unless accompanied by moral rectitude, are insufficient and unstable. However much we may be inclined to dissent from that sweeping sentence of Dr. Lingard, that, in this catastrophe, "the provocation was great, and the punishment not understood," we can, nevertheless, coincide with that eminent historian in looking with admiration upon the magnanimous self-possession of Raleigh. We can peruse with joy that splendid panegyric uttered by the Bishop of Salisbury, who attended Sir Walter on the scaffold, and who declared that "his was the most fearless of deaths that ever was known, and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience!" We can rejoice that the contemporary population were sufficiently dispassionate to regard that execution, according to Hume, as a deed of

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"cruelty and injustice, meanness and indiscretion!" We can rejoice to hear Macaulay asserting that that decollation, "under all the circumstances, must be considered as a dastardly murder!" We can almost rejoice at that dramatic incident at Whitehall, where, several years after this imperial assassination, James was startled by the introduction of Raleigh's only surviving son, Carew, at court, and turned from him with loathing, muttering that he resembled his father's ghost! An anecdote which proves, as Miss Aikin keenly remarks, "how loudly the conscience of the king upbraided him with the sacrifice of Sir Walter." We can rejoice in these considerations, painful and lamentable as they are, because, in the indignation which they aroused against the murderer of Raleigh, we recognize the safeguard of the future illustrious; because sovereigns must tremble in their palaces, and ambassadors swallow vengeance in their cabinets, before another subject, however exalted or however base, shall suffer wrongfully for their satisfaction; before another Raleigh can perish by an ignominious punishment, deriving an additional glory to his memory out of the very abjectness and degradation of his antagonists.

The Beauchamp Tower has a most minute individual history written upon its sides. It has been fancifully said that "walls have ears." The walls of the prison-lodgings in the Tower, however, bear more direct testimony of their former occupants; for here the thoughts, sorrows, and sufferings of many a noble soul, crushed spirit, are literally cut in stone. The Beauchamp Tower has many records preserved of noteworthy persons confined upon its walls; but it is to be regretted that several of these records have been removed from the rooms where they were incised, so that the interest of the locality is marred. This tower originally derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. It consists of three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small passages and cells; and in the ground-floor chamber have been discovered in the stonework secret passages for listening spies.

This room is partly below the ground, and must have been a dismal place of imprisonment. A circular staircase leads to the other apartments, in which have been confined so many eminent persons. Many of these have here endeavored to shorten the tedious hours by records, on the stone walls, of their names and sentiments; and hard must be the heart which could look unmoved at many of the memorials; they have been cleansed by an ingenious chemical process from dirt and paint. During this operation many new names have been brought to light which have for long been hidden by plaster, etc. Among these is a sculptured rebus—a *bell* inscribed TA. and Thomas above, the memorial of Dr. Abel, chaplain to Queen Catherine of Aragon. Thomas Abel was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. He was introduced at Court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine, wife of Henry VIII. When the validity of their marriage became a question, the affection which Dr. Abel bore toward his mistress led him into the controversy to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving into the delusion of the "Holy Maid of Kent" he incurred a misprision, and was afterward condemned and executed in Smithfield, together with others, for denying the king's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be valid. Couplets, maxims, allegories, and spiritual truths are sometimes added.

Another sculpture, a kneeling figure, portrays Robert Bainbridge, who was imprisoned for writing a letter offensive to Queen Elizabeth. "Thomas Talbot, 1462," is the oldest inscription which has been found in the prison. Talbot was here in 1454; he had kept Henry VI. prisoner at Waddington Hall, in Lancashire.

In the State Prison room is **IANE. IANE**, cut in letters of Elizabethan character, which attract more attention from visitors than memorials of more elaborate design and execution. These letters are supposed to have been cut by Lord Guildford Dudley, as a solace, when he was confined in a separate prison from his unhappy wife. This is the only memorial preserved of Lady Jane Grey in the Tower.

One of the most elaborate devices is that of "John Dvdle, Earl of Warwick," tried and condemned in 1553 for endeavoring to deprive Mary of the crown; but, being reprieved, he died in his prison-room, where he had wrought upon the wall his family's cognizance, the lion and bear and ragged staff, underneath which is his name; the whole surrounded by oak-sprigs, roses, geraniums, honeysuckles, emblematic of the Christian names of his four brothers, as appears from this unfinished inscription:

> "Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
> May deme with ease wherefore here made they be
> Withe borders eke wherein (there may be found)
> 4 brothers' names who list to serche the grovnd."

The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry; thus, A., acorn; R., rose; G., geranium; H., honeysuckle. Others think the rose indicates Ambrose, and the oak Robert (*robur*). In another part is carved an oak-tree bearing acorns, signed R. D.; the work of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

The following apophthegms are curious: "I h s 1571, die 10 Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine before they speake, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose company they use, and above all things, to whom they truste. Charles Bailly." Another of Bailly's apophthegms is: "The most unhapy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with ye impatience which they svffer."

Here are several devices of the Peverils, on a crucifix bearing a heart, wheatsheaves, a portrait, initials, etc. A reference to Sir Walter Scott's novels of the "Fortunes of Nigel" and "Peveril of the Peak," shows that their distinguished author had made himself acquainted with the various portions of the Tower. The lower right-hand inscription is one of several bearing the name of Peveril. The wheatsheaves are the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire. Scott doubtless found these stones very suggestive. The room above the entrance of the Bloody Tower, in which the young princes are said to have been murdered by Richard III., agrees with the account of the place of meeting between George Heriot, his god-daughter, and Nigel. There is here a secret closet near the roof, of no seeming use, except to conceal an observer from the prisoners, which may have afforded the idea of the "lug" in which James I. ensconced himself.

These inscriptions tell their own sad stories:

"O. Lord. whic. art. of. heavn. King. Graunt. gras. and lyfe. everlastig. to. Miagh. thy. servant. in. prison. alon with . . . . Tomas Miagh." Again:

> "Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon.
> That fayne wovld from hens be gon.
> By tortyre straunge mi troth was
> tryed, yet of my liberties denied. 1581, Thomas Myagh."

He was a prisoner for treason, tortured with Skevington's irons and the rack.

"Thomas Willyngar, goldsmithe. My hart is yours tel dethe." By the side is a figure of a bleeding "hart," and another of "dethe"; and "T. W." and "P. A."

> "Thomas Rose,
> Within this Tower strong
> Kept close
> By those to whom he did no wrong. May 8th, 1666."

"J. C. 1538." "Learne to feare God." "Reprens . le sage et . il . te . armera.—Take wisdom, and he shall arm you."

The memorial of Thomas Salmon, 1622, now let into the wall of the middle room, was formerly in the upper prison-lodging; it records a long captivity, and consists of a shield surrounded by a circle; above the circle the name "T. Salmon"; a crest formed of three salmons, and the date 1622; underneath the circle the motto, *Nec temere, nec timore*—"Neither rashly, nor with fear." Also a star containing the abbreviation of Christ in Greek, surrounded by the sentence, *Sic vive vt vivas*—"So live that thou mayst live." In the opposite corner are the words, *Et morire ne morieris*—"And die that thou mayst die not." Surrounding a representation of Death's head, above the device, is the enumeration of Salmon's confinement: "Close prisoner 8 moneths, 32 wekes—224 dayes, 5376 houres."

On the ground-floor is "Robart Dudley." He was the third son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1553, for high treason. At his death his sons were still left in confinement; Robert was, in 1554, arraigned in Guildhall for high treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He lay under this sentence till the following year, when he and his brothers were liberated by command of Queen Mary, and afterward rose in high favor at court. On the ground-floor, also, is this significant couplet:

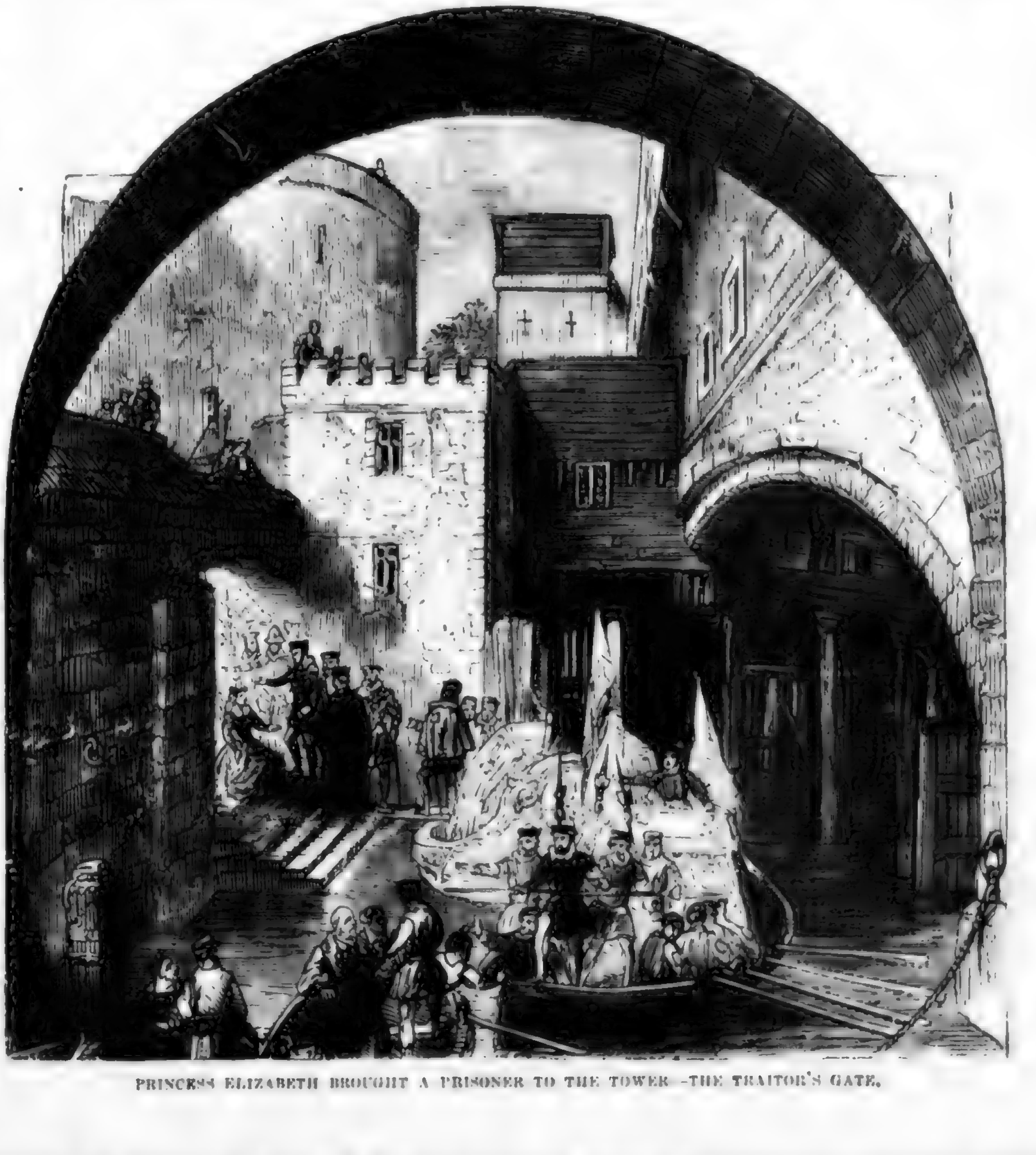
> "The man whom this house cannot mend,
> Hath evil becom, and worse will end."

Sir Walter Raleigh's prison was the two upper chambers.

One of the most striking personages amongst the foreign prisoners was Charles of Orleans, the brave soldier and poet-prince, who was captured at Agincourt, and remained prisoner in the Tower five-and-twenty years. Mr. Dixon, availing himself of a copy of the Prince's French Poems, nobly illuminated, in the MS. Department of the British Museum, states that one of the drawings in this MS. is of peculiar interest: in the first place, as being *the oldest view of the Tower extant;* in the second place, as fixing the exact chamber in the White Tower in which the poet was confined, and displaying dramatically the life which he led. First, we see the prince at his desk, composing his poems, with his gentlemen in attendance, and his guards on duty. Next, we observe him on a window-sill, looking outward into space. Then we have him at the foot of the White Tower, embracing the messenger who brings him the ransom. Again, we see him mounting his horse. Then we have him and his friendly messenger riding away from the Tower. Lastly, he is seated in a barge, which lusty rowers are pulling down the stream for the boat which is to carry him to France.

It is commonly stated that the Beauchamp Tower was formerly the place of confinement for State prisoners, and that Sir William Wallace and Queen Anne Boleyn were amongst its inmates. Mr. Sidney Gibson, however, maintains there to be "no historical authority for saying that the Scottish hero was ever confined in the Tower of London; and it seems certain that the unfortunate queen was a prisoner in the royal apartments, which were in a different part of the fortress." Mr. Gibson proceeds to show that when Wallace was taken, and conducted to London, he was lodged in the house of a citizen in Fenchurch Street, and next brought on horseback to Westminster, and in the Great Hall was impeached; and Holinshed says, "condemed and thereupon hanged" at Smithfield; so that "he never was a prisoner in the Tower." Queen Anne Boleyn occupied the royal apartments while she was prisoner here; Speed states that she continued to occupy the same apartments after she was condemned to death; and was beheaded on "the Green by the White Tower."

The economy of the Tower as a State prison presents a strange contrast with its magnificence as a royal palace. "The case of Sir Henry Wyatt," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in a paper read by him to the Archæological Institute, "father of the wit, poet, and courtier, Sir Thomas Wyatt, takes us back to the latter days of the Red and White Roses. Wyatt was a Lancastrian in politics, and under the reign of



PRINCESS ELIZABETH BROUGHT A PRISONER TO THE TOWER.—THE TRAITOR'S GATE.

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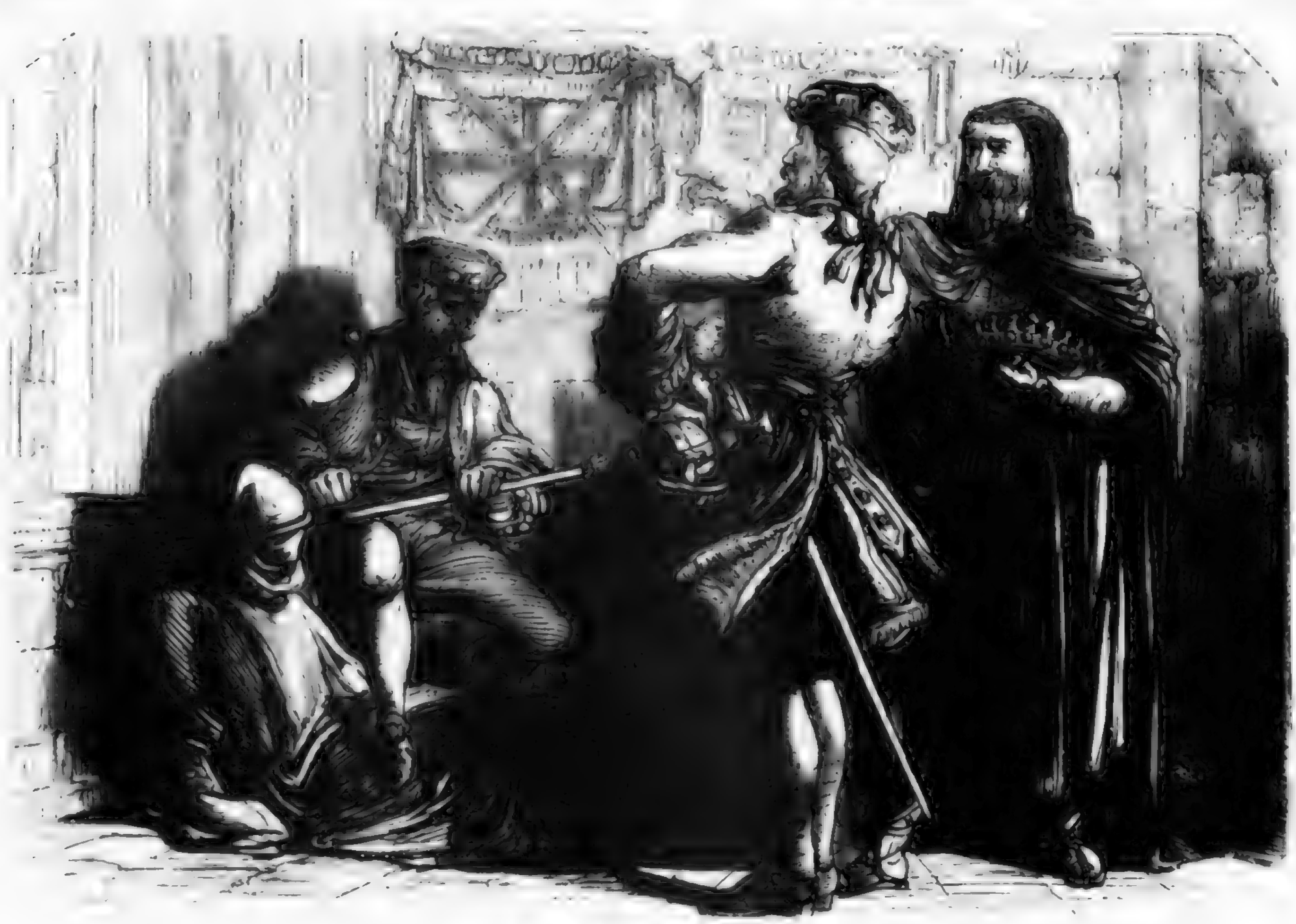
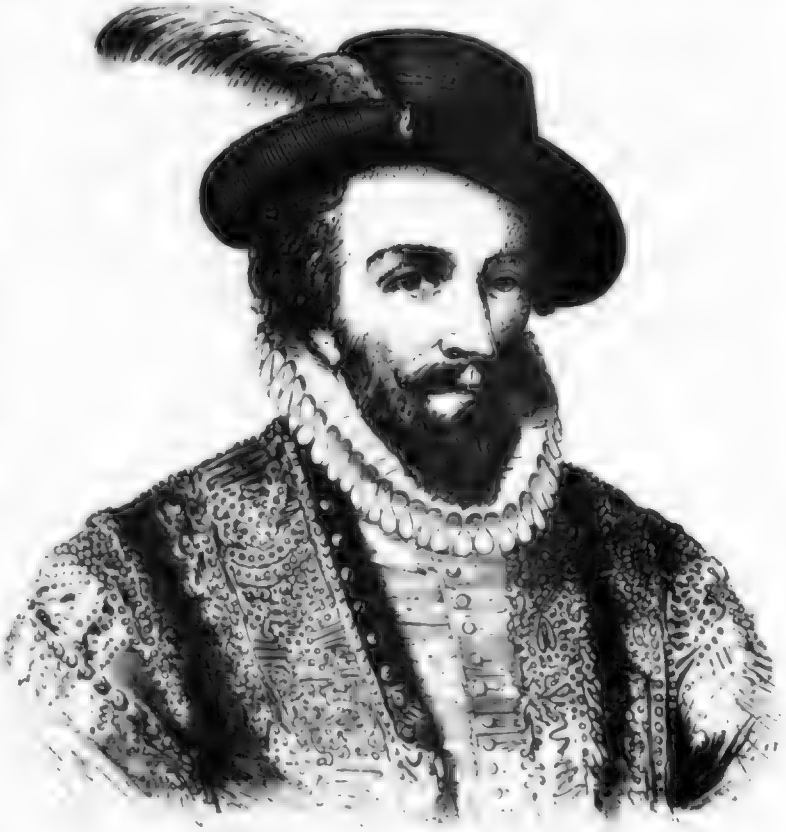


COLONEL BLOOD STEALING THE CROWN JEWELS.

Richard the Third he spent not a little of his time in the Tower." The Wyatt Papers say — "He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this and his country's martyr a cat, both to feed and to warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper; 'you are safe for that matter;' and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressing for him, from time to time, such pigeons as the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyatt, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniel or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him.' The prisoner had this faithful cat painted, with a pigeon in his paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon."

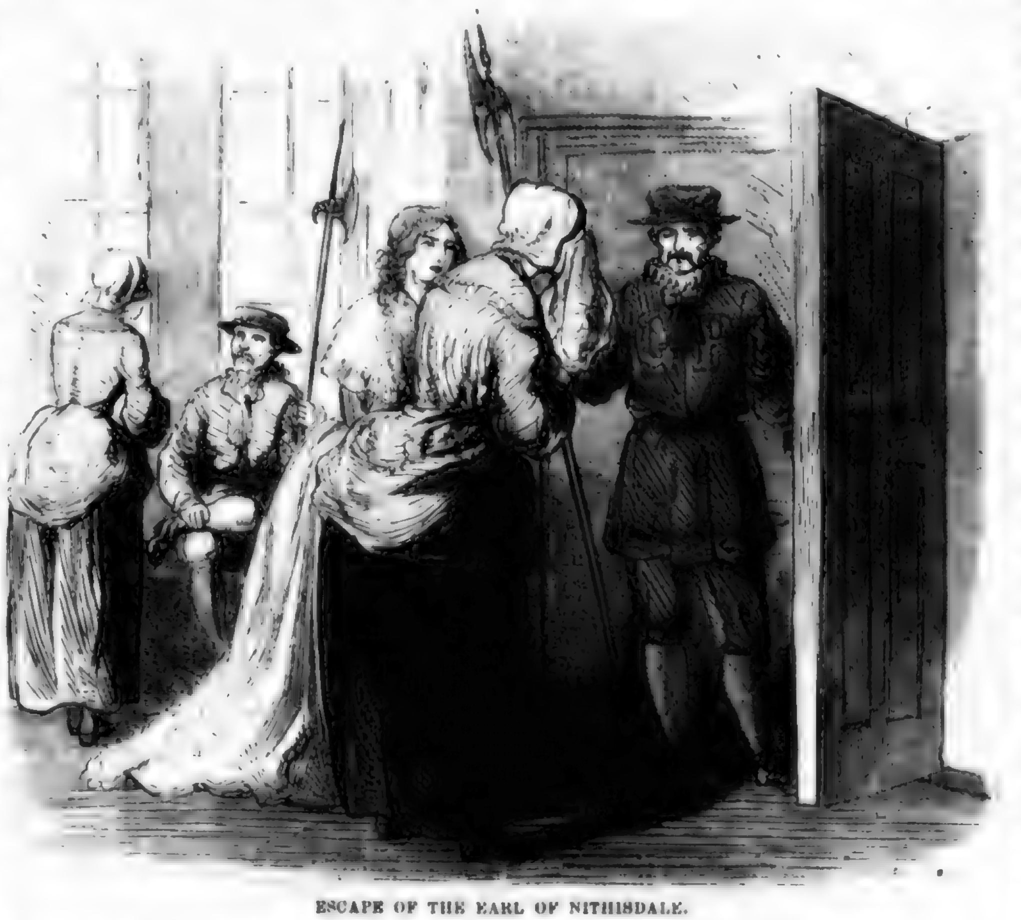


SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

There are few figures in history so inviting to the painter, and, we might add, also to the poet, novelist, and dramatist, as that of Lady Jane Grey. Her extreme youth, her untimely fate, her very extraordinary accomplishments, and the great issues which hung upon the attempt to place her upon the throne, unite to render her an object of deep and pathetic interest. Her attainments in learning have, if we may credit several contemporary records, perhaps never been equaled by any of her sex at the same early age. We all remember Roger Ascham's account of finding her reading the "Phædo" of Plato in the original Greek, instead of joining her family, who were hunting in the Park at Bradgate. "Whatever I do else but learning," said the girl student, "is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking unto me."

Sir Thomas Chalconer tells us that, although scarcely eighteen years of age when she was beheaded, Lady Jane was well versed in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, and Italian languages; that she had a natural wit, which was improved by art and study; that she played well on several musical instruments, wrote a "curious" or remarkable hand, and was excellent at her needle; and that, notwithstanding all these rare endowments, "she was of a mild, humble, and modest spirit, and never showed an elated mind until she showed it at her death."

It is certain, also, that Lady Jane accepted the regal title with great reluctance, and only in obedience to her imperious father, the Duke of Suffolk, and her ambitious father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, seconded, probably, by the affectionate solicitude of her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley.



ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHISDALE.

When the health of Edward VI. began to decline, Northumberland had persuaded him, from a pretended concern for the interests of religion, to bequeath the crown to Lady Jane, setting aside his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, and had also, about the same time, effected a marriage between her and his son, Lord Guildford Dudley.

On the death of Edward, her father and Northumberland, much against her own wishes, paid homage to her as queen, and had her proclaimed in London with the usual formalities. This pageantry, however, lasted only a few days; for Mary proved successful, the Duke of Northumberland was beheaded, and Lady Jane and her husband sent to the Tower.

Queen Mary would not consent to the death of Lady Jane, though urged by her ministers to do so. Sentence was, however, pronounced against her and her husband, without any immediate intention of putting it into execution, and they remained confined in the Tower. But in consequence of Wyatt's insurrection, in which Suffolk was mad enough to engage, Mary signed a warrant for their execution on February 8th, 1554. Dudley was beheaded on Tower Hill; Jane, on account of her royal blood, was allowed to suffer within the precincts of the Tower.

The judicial murder of the gentle, learned, upright and pious Sir Thomas More is one of the deepest stains on the character of Henry VIII. More suffered with the same constancy that had upheld him throughout his confinement and persecution. But his trial was invested with circumstances of sad interest, and to the very last every means were tried to shake the decision which had irritated the paltry and sensual monarch.

He was led forth on the 1st of July, 1534, clad in a coarse woolen gown, from the Tower to Westminster Hall. His gray hair, and his countenance, cheerful, though emaciated from long confinement and privations, excited a strong sympathy in his behalf.

Henry, dreading the effect of his eloquence and truthful uprightness of demeanor, had contrived that his indictment should be framed in exaggerated and verbose terms, hoping by a cloud of words to puzzle and distract the memory of the illustrious defendant. As soon as it had been read, More was informed that it was still in his power to close the proceedings, and recover the royal favor, by abjuring his former opinion. He gratefully but firmly declined this, and commenced an elaborate defense. He declared that neither by word nor deed had he interfered with the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn; and as to his having sought to deprive the king of his new title as supreme Head of the Church, he said that all he had done was to keep silence on the subject, and that silence was no treason. Rich, the Solicitor-General, whose worthy services of perjury and falsehood were afterward rewarded with a peerage, declared that the prisoner's silence was malicious.

"I have a right to be silent," replied More, "when my words are likely to be misconstrued to my injury."

Rich testified that in a private conversation in the Tower, More had said:

"The Parliament cannot make the king head of the Church, because it is a civil tribunal, without spiritual authority."

In vain did More declare that he had never uttered these words—in vain did he urge the inconsistency of such a speech with his wonted caution—in vain did he allude to the worthless character of his accusers. Although the witnesses called to substantiate Rich's evidence utterly failed to do so, the judges were there to condemn, and condemn they must, as the Duke of Norfolk duly admonished them. By a villainous act of degrading submission to the throne, a jury —doubtless carefully packed for the occasion, or else

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frightened into a verdict—found the prisoner guilty, and the usual sentence for treason, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, was passed upon him. With the ax turned toward him, and accompanied by Sir W. Kingston, the constable of the Tower, bathed in tears, he went back to his prison, amid the wondering gaze of the citizens. On the Tower wharf his favorite daughter, Margaret, twice forced her way through the guard and halberdiers, clasped him round the neck, kissed him, and sobbed aloud. He blessed and wept over her, but resumed his firm step.

To the last, however, attempts were made to shake his noble constancy; but he, who had parted from his dearest ties in this life, and whose leisure hours had been spent in meditating on the next, was not to be deterred from following the impulses of his own conscience.

When told that the king had been graciously pleased to commute his sentence to simple decapitation, he said: "God preserve my friends from such royal favors!"

On ascending the scaffold, fear was expressed that it would break down.

"Master Lieutenant," quoth More, "see me safe up; as for my coming down, let me shift for myself."

He knelt down, and after his prayers were said, turned to the executioner, with a cheerful countenance, and said to him:

"Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short: take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

His head was fixed on London Bridge by the side of his friend, Fisher. But his daughter, Margaret, after some time, obtained permission to take down her father's head; and when she died, nine years after, the head was laid upon her breast, and buried with her.

The attempt of Colonel Thomas Blood, in 1670, during the reign of Charles II., to steal the British crown, sceptre, and other regalia, from the Tower, was one of the most daring undertakings of that most daring of men. Blood, as most historical readers will remember, was a noted "Fifth Monarchy man," who had been rampant beyond all others during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and who, though spared at the Restoration, never ceased plotting against the Stuarts until he perished at last by the plague. Shortly before this extraordinary attempt to steal the royal jewels, the desperado had seized the Duke of Ormond in the street, in revenge for some real or fancied injury, carried him off, and actually arranged a rope to hang him at Tyburn, before a rescue was accomplished.

The regalia were at this time in the care of an aged man, named Talbot Edwards, who was exhibitor of the jewels, and with whom Blood first made acquaintance, disguised as a clergyman, and accompanied by a woman whom he represented as his wife, pretending that they wished to see the crown and jewels. Blood managed to become quite intimate with Edwards, and finally proposed a match between the keeper's daughter and a supposed nephew of his own. It was arranged, at Blood's suggestion, that he should bring his nephew, to be introduced to the lady, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 9th of May, 1671; and he further asked leave to bring with him two friends to see the regalia, at the above early hour, as they must leave town in the forenoon.

At the appointed time, Edwards made ready to receive his guests, and the daughter dressed herself gayly to receive her gallant. Presently, Parson Blood, with three men, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a pair of pistols. Two of his companions entered with him, and a third staid at the door, to watch. Blood told Edwards that they would not go up-stairs until his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown while they were waiting. No sooner had they entered the room where the jewels were kept, and the door, as usual, been shut, than they assaulted Edwards, bound and gagged him, and, on his attempting to raise an alarm, struck him on the head with a wooden mallet, rendering him quite insensible for a time. The three villains now went deliberately to work; one of them, Parrot, put the globe or orb into his pocket, Blood concealed the crown under his cloak, and the other began to file the sceptre asunder, in order that it might be put into a bag, as it was too long to carry.

They would doubtless have succeeded, but for the opportune arrival of young Mr. Edwards, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman. Blood and his accomplices, thus interrupted, instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre, which they had not time to file. Edwards managed to free himself, gave the alarm, and the robbers were pursued and captured after a desperate struggle. Blood fought fiercely to escape, but on the crown being wrested from him, in a tone of disappointment, he exclaimed: "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!" A few of the jewels fell from the crown in the struggle, but they were recovered and replaced. Blood, with Parrot (who had the orb and the most valuable jewel of the sceptre—the balas ruby—in his pocket), were secured, and lodged in the White Tower, and three others of the party were subsequently captured. Oddly enough, for some whim of the king's, while hundreds of poor fellows were hung for embezzling goods of the value of a sixpence, Blood was not hung, but pardoned, and had a grant of land worth £500 a year made him in Ireland.

Perhaps there is nowhere—certainly not in England—a more noble and striking specimen of the grand and simple style of Norman architecture than St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower. The massive and solemn effect of its huge columns, and the absence of all minor decorations and ornament, give a peculiar character and dignity to its imposing architecture.

It is associated with many interesting historical recollections. Here it was that the forty-six noblemen and gentlemen, created Knights of the Bath by Henry IV., on his accession to the throne, performed the ancient chivalrous ceremony of watching their armor from sunset to sunrise.

Brackenburg was at his prayers in this chapel when he received Richard's message to destroy Edward V. and his brother, which execrable deed he, to his honor, refused to undertake.

Here the mortal remains of Queen Elizabeth, the White Rose of York, lay in state for some weeks previous to her splendid funeral in 1603.

The floor or body of St. John's Chapel is on the same level as the Banqueting Hall, which occupies the main story of the White Tower, while the gallery, which runs round three sides of the chapel, is entered from the Council Chamber, without communication from below. The Tower Palace, of which there is scarcely any vestige remaining, communicated with the White Tower, and this gallery was probably the place to which the English queens and their ladies resorted for the celebration of mass, unseen by the worshipers in the body of the chapel below.

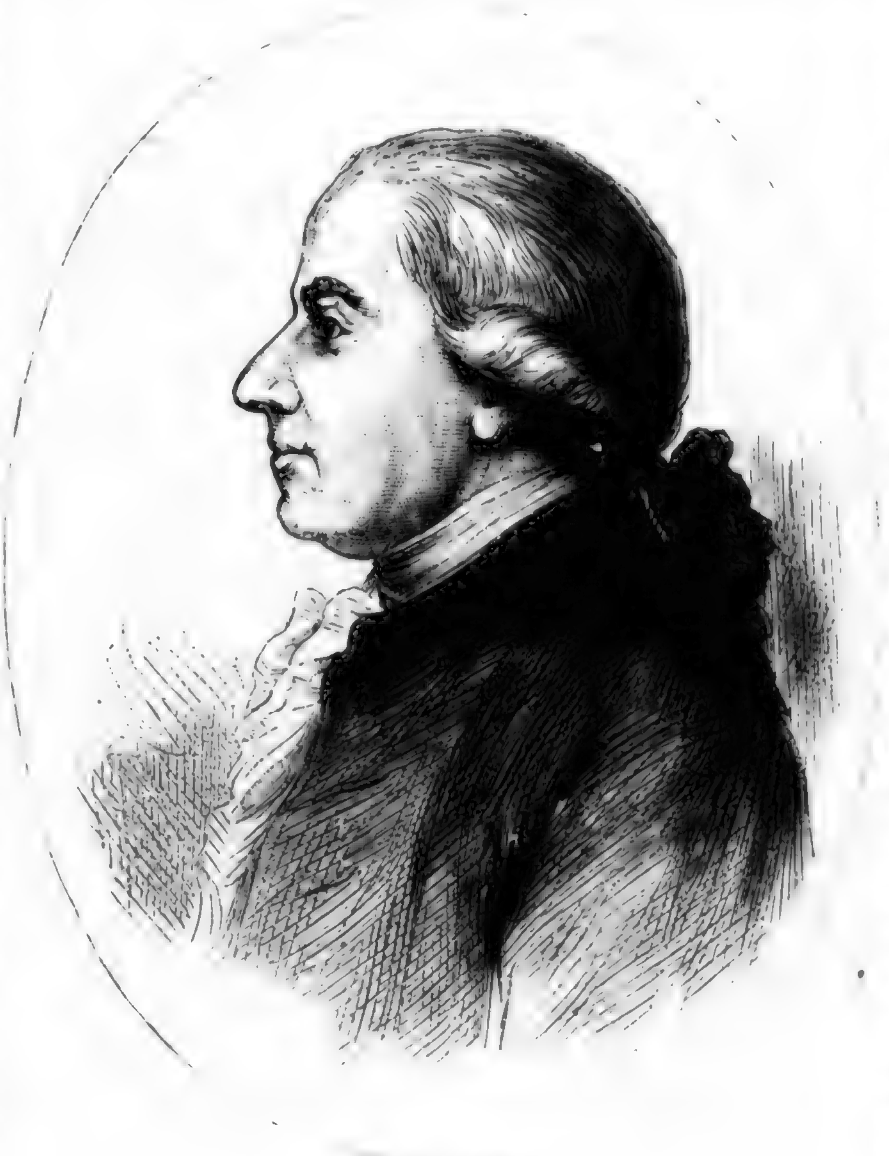
The underground part of the White Tower was used for confinement of such prisoners as were to be deprived of all indulgence, and contained dungeons of the most gloomy description. At the southeast angle of these vaults there still exists a dark cell, closed by a heavy door, with no aperture for the admission of either light or air, and of such contracted dimensions and peculiar construction that the prisoner could neither stand, sit, nor lie in it at full length, but was compelled to draw himself up in a cramped, squatting position. This dungeon is known by the ominous name of

"Little Ease," and an old writer said of it that "half an hour [in it] will tame the stoutest and stubbornest stomach, and will make him have a desire to be freed from the place." In this cell Guy Fawkes was confined, previous to his examination and torture, which took place in the governor's house, in presence of the Lords of the Council.

There has lately been discovered in the vaults of the White Tower another cell, with this inscription on its walls:

> "Sacris vestibus inditus
> dum sacra mysteria
> servans, captus et in
> hoc angusto carcere
> inclusus. R. Fisher."

This was doubtless the work of the Bishop of Rochester, previously alluded to. Somewhere also in the vaults of the White Tower is the cell mentioned in several of the records as "Cold Harbor," a designation which has given rise to much discussion, from its having been applied, not only to places of confinement, but to several hamlets in different counties of England, and a now famous place in Virginia, without any apparent similarity of meaning. It is said that there are to be found in old English maps and itineraries, as many as fifteen or twenty "Cold Harbors," but whether they were ever places of confinement it is vain now to conjecture.



HENRY LAURENS.

Among the memorials of the past preserved in the Tower, are the headsman's mask, ax, and block used in the decapitation of so many noble and illustrious victims. More than a century has now elapsed since a so-called traitor's head fell from the block; the last persons so executed being Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat, beheaded for participation in the last Stuart attempt, in 1745, to regain the crown.

Visitors to the Tower never fail to examine with curious interest these dread instruments of death; and, thinking of the many great victims who, in the long period of English history, perished, often unjustly, in this way, the shades of More, Fisher, Lady Jane Grey, Raleigh, Anne Boleyn, Charles I., and all the headless host, seem to rise from the dust and people the very air about.

From a fortress so strongly fenced and so closely guarded as the Tower, it would seem the height of folly to attempt escape. Yet such attempts have frequently been made, and in several instances proved successful.

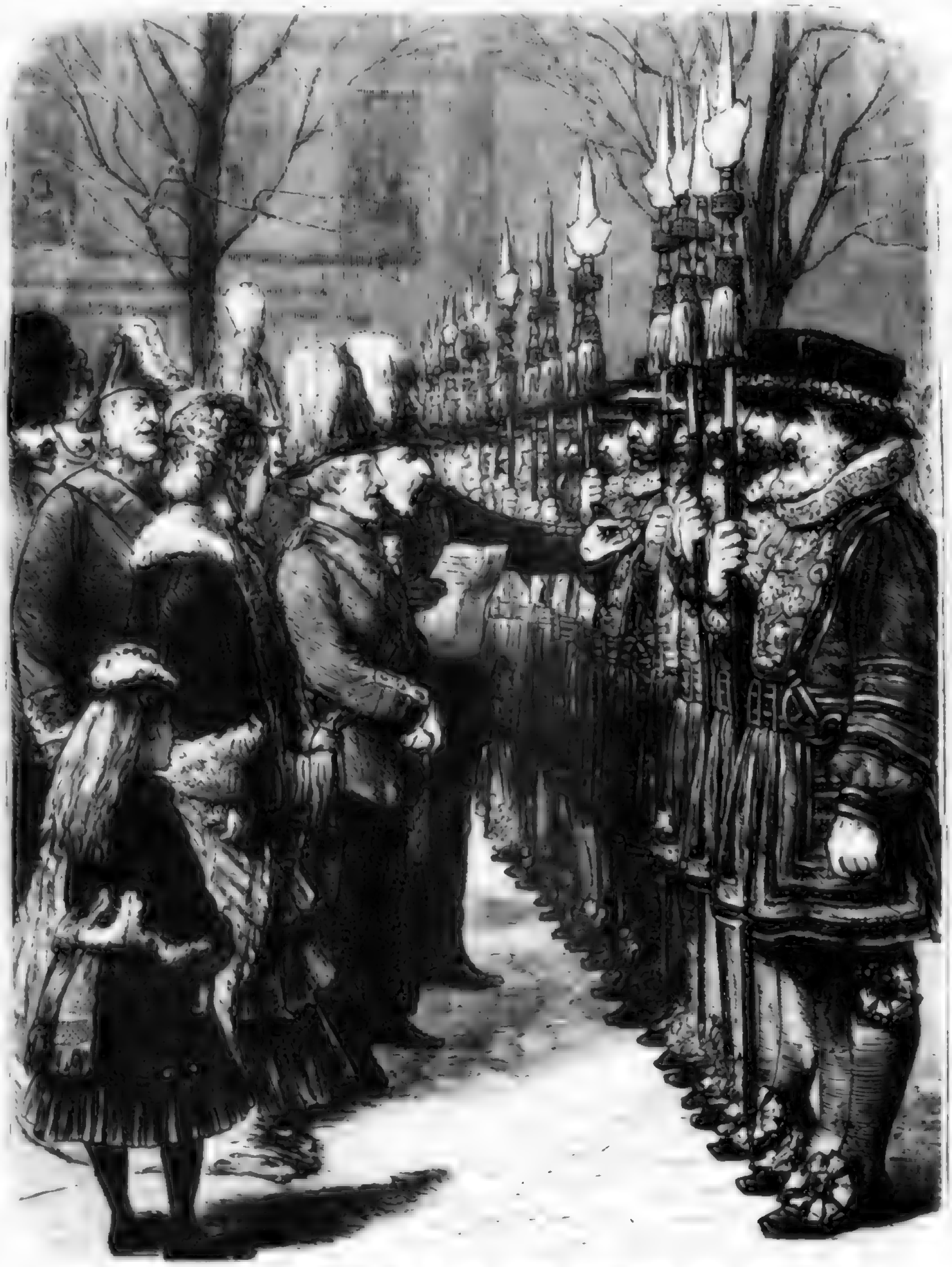
Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham and minister to William Rufus, greatly assisted in building the Tower, and, strangely enough, was the first person known to have been imprisoned therein. He was confined in the White Tower, August 18th, 1100, and two shillings daily, then a large sum, was allowed for his subsistence. Making his keepers drunk, and obtaining a rope in a flagon, he let himself down from the window of the south gallery, February 4th, 1101, taking his pastoral staff with him. The rope broke, and he was injured in falling, but he managed to escape to Normandy, however. He lived to recover his see, and was the architect of several most remarkable buildings.

The escape of Queen Eleanor, of which we present an illustration, occurred in 1173. She was the wife of Henry II., of England, and in her own right, Countess of Poitou and Duchess of Guienne. She had been the wife of Louis VII., King of France, and within six weeks after her divorce from her first husband married the English King. The latter part of their married life was a deplorable scene of family discord and contention. Having joined her son, Prince Henry, in his rebellion against the King, she was confined in the Tower, but succeeded in eluding her guards and escaped from the fortress by the River Gate. In attempting to rejoin her sons, who had fled to France, she was captured, disguised in male attire, and brought back and kept in confinement until her husband's death in 1189. She was afterward regent of the kingdom during Richard I.'s expedition to the Holy Land.

The escape of the Earl of Nithisdale, one of the Jacobite peers sentenced to execution for participating in the Stuart rebellion of 1715, was due to the devotion, courage, and self-reliance of his noble wife. When every effort to avert the doom of death had failed, she determined to effect his escape from the Tower, and, with no other assistance than that of two female friends, she succeeded in deceiving the guards, and leading her husband out in the disguise of an old woman. After remaining concealed in London for some time, the Earl made his way to the Continent, where his faithful wife soon joined him. The success of this attempt led to increased precautions against the escape of prisoners, yet, notwithstanding this, but a few weeks later, a party of seven Jacobite gentlemen, under the leadership of Brigadier McIntosh, succeeded in escaping from the Tower. McIntosh was a rugged old Highlandman, fully sixty years of age, and his snowy hair and beard gave him quite a patriarchal appearance. His great strength proved of no little service in forcing locks and bars, and it is related that, having knocked several of the guard senseless by mighty blows with his fists, he was heard to mutter to himself: "It's a tammed shame that an honest man should have as much trouble to get out of prison as if he was a false thief."

Although two or three of the party were recaptured, McIntosh and several of his friends succeeded in reaching the Continent, where they could laugh at the baffled rage of the Hanoverian party.

In the long list of tenants of this gloomy prison - house, America is not wholly unrepresented. Besides Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Harry Vane, Rev. Hugh Peters, and William Penn, who, if not natives of the New World, were among its founders and dignitaries, at least one native American has been a prisoner in the Tower of London.



INSTALLATION OF A NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER—INSPECTING THE "BEEF-EATERS."

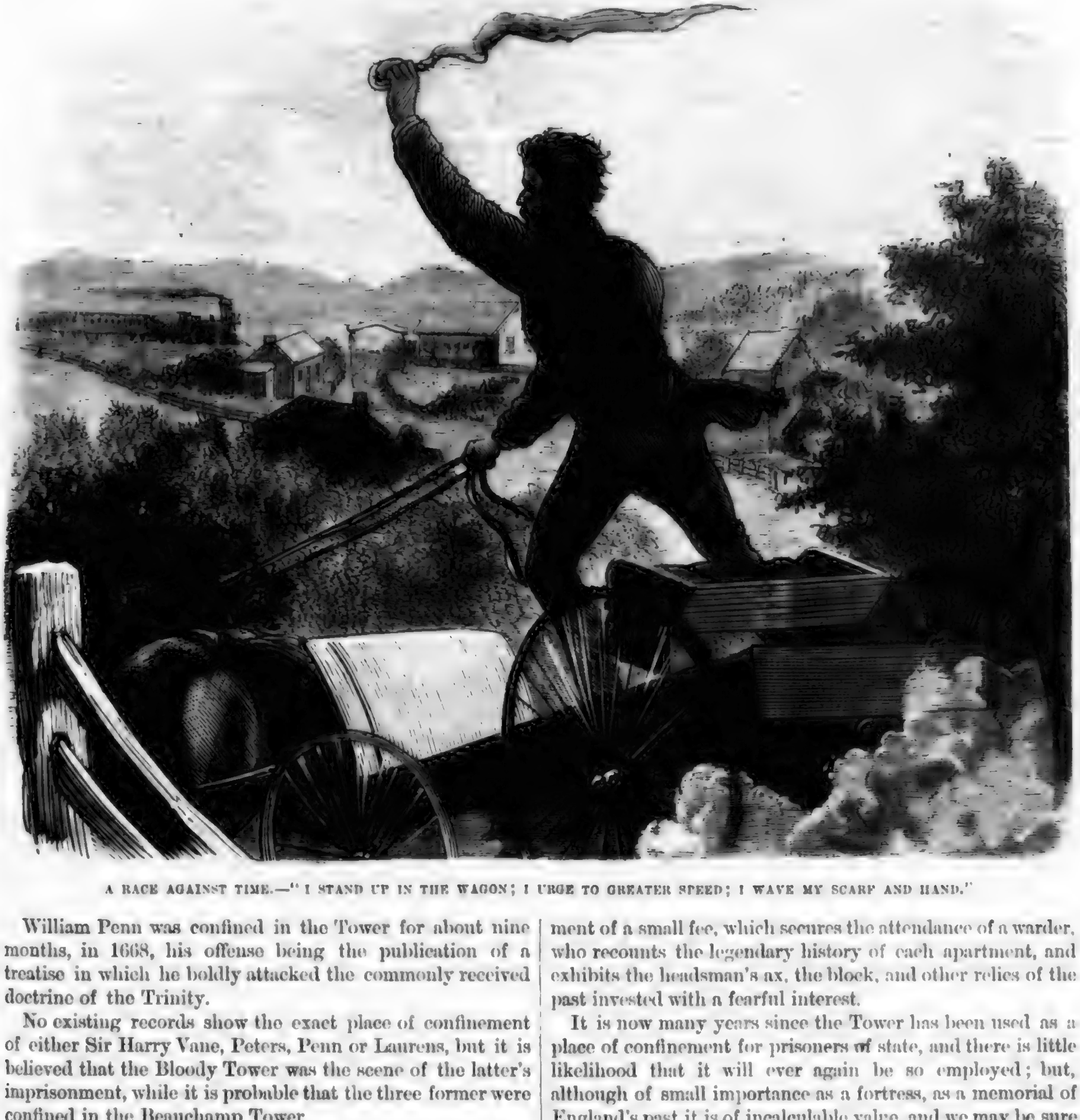
Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, President of the Continental Congress in 1776, sent as Minister to Holland in 1779, was captured on his way thither by a British frigate. His papers affording conclusive evidence of his mission, he was sent to London, and closely imprisoned in the Tower. His incarceration continued for nearly fifteen months, during which time he suffered much privation, and his health finally became completely broken. He was eventually released in March, 1782, by the termination of the war.

Raleigh's imprisonment and execution we have already referred to.

Sir Harry Vane was the son of King Charles I.'s controller of the household, Sir Henry Vane the elder, and became a believer in the doctrines of Calvin at an early age. Contracting an aversion to the government and the liturgy of the Church of England, he went for conscience' sake, in 1635, to the infant colony of New England. He was but three-and-twenty when he reached Massachusetts, yet scarcely three months passed ere he had acquired such an influence among the politicians of the little Commonwealth, that his voice was listened to on every important question. In May, 1636, he was elected Governor, and his administration was in many respects wise and prudent; but his peculiar religious views brought him into conflict with both magistrates and people, and he returned to England in 1637. His embarkation was attended with military honors, showing that, notwithstanding special grounds of difference, he was regarded with respect.

After his return to England, Vane became a leader of the Puritans, and, under the Commonwealth was a member of the Council of State. Subsequently he quarreled with Cromwell, and was imprisoned for a time. At the Restoration he was committed to the Tower, and, finally, beheaded on Tower Hill, June 14, 1662, for alleged complicity in an insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy Men.

Rev. Hugh Peters was a dissenting clergyman who accompanied Vane to New England in 1635. In 1636 he succeeded Roger Williams as pastor of the church in Salem. In 1638 he assisted in collecting and revising the colonial laws. Returning to England in 1641, he joined the Parliamentary party, and became a preacher in the army, and afterward chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. It was alleged that he was one of the masked persons who stood upon the scaffold when Charles I. was beheaded. After the Restoration he was committed to the Tower and indicted for high treason as having been concerned in the death of the king. He was executed on October 16, 1660.



A RACE AGAINST TIME.—"I STAND UP IN THE WAGON; I URGE TO GREATER SPEED; I WAVE MY SCARF AND HAND."

William Penn was confined in the Tower for about nine months, in 1668, his offense being the publication of a treatise in which he boldly attacked the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity.

No existing records show the exact place of confinement of either Sir Harry Vane, Peters, Penn or Laurens, but it is believed that the Bloody Tower was the scene of the latter's imprisonment, while it is probable that the three former were confined in the Beauchamp Tower.

The custody of the Tower is intrusted to a corps of veteran soldiers, officially styled "Yeomen Wardens," but better known as "Beef-eaters" (a corruption of *buffetiers*), who still wear the quaint costume prescribed for them by Henry VIII. This force is commanded by the "Constable of the Tower" and his lieutenant, the latter having his residence in the Bell Tower. The post of constable is usually filled by some distinguished officer of the army, who is incapacitated by wounds or infirmity for active service.

The installation of a new Constable of the Tower is attended with much pomp and ceremony. The constable, after receiving the keys, visits every part of the fortress, is introduced to the officers of the garrison, and formally inspects the "Beef-eaters." Large barracks have been erected within the Tower walls, affording accommodation for a garrison of 8,000 men, and usually fully occupied. The former banqueting hall and the council chamber are now used as an armory, containing 60,000 rifles, while St. John's Chapel has been converted into a record and archive office.

The Tower may be visited at stated hours daily, on payment of a small fee, which secures the attendance of a warder, who recounts the legendary history of each apartment, and exhibits the headsman's ax, the block, and other relics of the past invested with a fearful interest.

It is now many years since the Tower has been used as a place of confinement for prisoners of state, and there is little likelihood that it will ever again be so employed; but, although of small importance as a fortress, as a memorial of England's past it is of incalculable value, and we may be sure that the vandal hand of modern improvement will long spare the gray old walls and battlements that frown upon the busy Thames.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

THE SWITCH-TENDER'S STORY.

DREAMS are not always true. Nor, on the other hand, are they always false—a fact within the observation, if not experience, of everybody. Of course I do not refer to daydreams, nor the fancies conjured up by a disordered stomach.

Let me transcribe a page or two of my own experience, and judge for yourself whether shadows of the impending future can be projected in dreams.

I had been stationed on the main line of the great Central Railway for something more than a year, attending to all the day and night duties at that point with such an unfailing regularity, that no thought of possible accident had ever occurred to me.

The duties were not especially arduous, but the responsibility was far greater. There was an express, day and night, both ways, for which the main line had to be always clear; a local express each way, which ran on the turnout, and waited for the through train to pass; a mail train night and morning, which had right of way; one ordinary passenger, and half a dozen, perhaps, accommodation and freight.

To see that the main line was always closed at the proper moment, that the turnout was always ready when it should be, that the branch where the local made up was open, and, in short, that everything was in condition for prompt and satisfactory working, kept me almost constantly at my post, though, as I have already said, the duties were not especially arduous.

In order to be handy to my business, I lived in a cottage close by, from the open door of which, looking eastward, I could see any coming train for a mile away, and notice whether the signals for "danger" or "safety" were in their proper positions.

One morning, just after the local had made up and gone, my wife came running to me with an alarmed face.

Our little girl was missing. She had seen her only a few minutes before the departure of the train, and had made a hasty search for her as soon as she discovered her absence. She feared she knew not what.

I calmed her with a few brief words, and, hurrying around to the station-building, began a careful examination of every possible place where I deemed it likely the child might be. (She was only five years old.) The search resulted in my finding her fast asleep on the sunny side of a pile of railroad ties, with her doll, half as large as herself, lying beside her.

That night I had a singular dream.

I thought I was in the middle of a vast plain, through which stretched, broad and clear before me, the double track of a main line. Like ours, yet unlike, for every few rods I could see open switches and blood-red signals, that gave me an agony of apprehension. As I looked again at the line, my eyes fell upon an object—a small form lying upon one of the rails. My child! With a mighty effort I awoke, turned over, and went to sleep, and dreamed the same thing again, with the addition that I seemed mounted on a winged horse, and riding for life to close the switches.

Again I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and aroused myself sufficiently to get up and visit my little darling's crib, of course to find her safe. I walked the door in my stocking-feet for a while; looked at the clock, and again turned in: *to dream for the third time the same thing;* to start suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which roused the Thane of Cawdor had hissed in my ear, as in his—"*Sleep no more!*"

To awake, and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing grayly on the eastern wall.

However, a visit to all those switches—mine, and not those of the dream—a dash, headforemost, into a cool, deep, running stream near, and a warm breakfast, seemed to clear away whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal vision, and I felt like myself once more.

Between the passage of the down mail, which stopped, and the through express, which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my own. But that morning a dispatch had come for one of the directors who lived three miles to the south of us, and, as it so happened, the agent, who was busy, requested me to take it, offering me the use of his fast mare, which stood in harness under the shed—an animal remarkable for its speed and endurance, as I ascertained thereafter.

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been necessary, he could have taken the keys and acted for me. But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mayor, "Fanny," was in excellent spirits, and the air was clear and bracing.

I had delivered the dispatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came himself toward the paling, calling out to me by name.

I reined up.

"There is some mistake here, Jennings," he said, with some excitement, waving the despatch. "This should not have been sent to me, but to our agent." On reflection—"He knows the contents, I suppose?"

On reflection, *I* couldn't say, and so stated.

"Then go back to your post at once and give it to him. a special train of excursionists for Hamstead Beach will pass at 9:30. Look out for it!"

He turned leisurely and sauntered up the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare into a trot.

A special train at half-past nine!

I drew a taut rein with my right hand, and took my watch from my pocket with my trembling left.

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of detour to the station, when I should reach the track—and the main line open to me westward for the passage out of the mail! Three miles, and eight minutes in which to accomplish it!

In my youth I had known something about horses, and that knowledge did not fail me now. I drew out the long whip—seldom used—and touched the mare quietly on the flank.

How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association. In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives—all unconscious of the peril toward which they were speeding—hung trembling in the balance.

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigidly erect, with every muscle strong as steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and, by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciousness of the necessities and peril of the occasion.

Trees, houses, fences, gardens—sometimes men, staring in wild-eyed astonishment—flew past in one unbroken flight. My hat was off, my hair and beard streaming in the wind; my lips compressed, save when emitting low cries of encouragement to the noble mare; and thus I reached a low rise of ground commanding a view of the line for a mile or more on either hand.

Up to this moment, from the time I had drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, this point had been the objective goal for which I was riding.

If I could reach it before the whistle blew at the crossing below, there would be hope. If not, I shuddered at the alternative.

I recalled afterward, and many times, how a thought of my dream—a long line of switches—swept across me then!—how my eyes, for the first time, swerved from their steady gaze at my horse's head, and flashed a glance up and down the whole visible line for the coming special:

Not in sight—thank God!

Stay!—there is smoke on the horizon.

But there is no stay in the wild rush of our onward course. With as unflinching nerve as when she started, the gallant mare stretches away down the gentle declivity, while every moment the distance lessens, and the on-coming train gets larger and noisier as it nears us.

I stand up in the wagon; I urge to greater speed; I wave scarf and hand; I shout, but my voice is beyond my control. Ha! Joy unutterable! I am seen!

A whistle—the agent runs out with a red flag—two whistles! Down brakes! The train is saved, and comes to a halt not a dozen yards from the open switch. It was time.

(Time—as they say in the racing-calendar—seven minutes and a half. This I confirmed afterward.)

I complete the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent my sleepy little girl, whom he has snatched from the shadow of that misplaced switch, where she was lying fast asleep, with her golden curls directly on the rail.

That dream again! Shall I ever be thankful enough?

I am an older man now, and have other and higher interests in railroads, but not in that line. That experience was too much for me. I left soon after, and my fortunes greatly improved.

My golden-haired little darling is now a woman, and happily married, and has a little darling of her own, just beginning to walk.

And if you would like to see the gallant mare, Fanny, that won the *Race against Time*, and an affectionate place in my remembrance evermore, come out to the orchard, and you will see her enjoying a comfortable old age, petted and caressed by the whole family. So I end as I began:

Dreams are not always true.

Nor, on the other hand, are they always false.

THE MOCK PEARLS OF HISTORY.

HAYWARD (translator of *Faust*), in his article on "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," says:

"We are gravely told, on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his Irish melodies, that during the reign of Brian, King of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceedingly great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told of Alfred of Frothi, King of Denmark, and of Rollo, Duke of Normandy."

Another romantic anecdote, fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen rather thickly during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders, and carried him some distance from her bower, to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma, and a hundred years before the appearance of the chronicle which records the adventure it had been related in print of a German emperor and a damsel unknown.

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the Danish monarch.

"As for the great number of stories with which the *ana* are stuffed," says Voltaire, "including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth and Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors." Dionysius the Tyrant, we are told by Diogenes of Laerte, treated his friends like vases full of good liquor, which he broke when he had emptied them. This is precisely what Cardinal Retz says of Madame de Chevreuse's treatment of her lovers.

There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, vailed, and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and being asked by the king whether he had not been told that his Majesty had a fever and could not receive that morning—"Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase, dressed in green." This story is told of Demetrius and his father.

The lesson of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce is said to have been taught by the same insect to Tamerlane. "When Columbus," said Voltaire, "promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it did not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time." It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested. The anecdote of Southampton reading "The Faery Queen," while Spenser was waiting in the ante-chamber, may pair off with one of Louis XIV. As this munificent monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty of capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out that if their promenade is continued in this fashion it will end in the bankruptcy of the State. Southampton, after sending first twenty and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another, exclaims: "Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

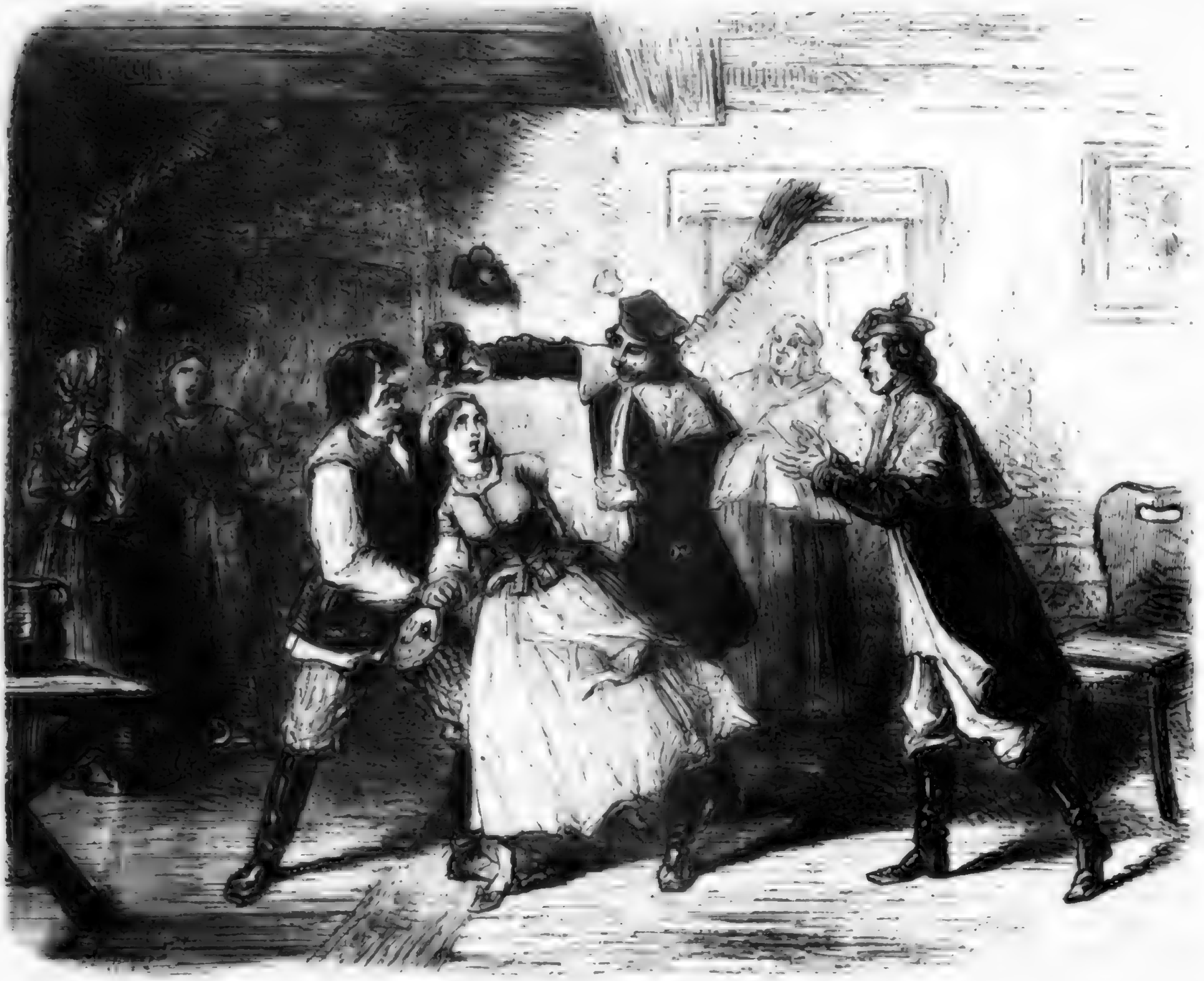
THE SOUTH SEA MANIA.

IN 1720 a great number of the English people indulged in a mania which, even in these days of gigantic speculations, is looked upon with wonder. In that year a number of men, some rich, and others mere speculators, concocted a scheme to be called the South Sea Company. This, they said, was to be the richest company the world ever saw, every £100 stock being guaranteed to produce a large income to the stockholders.

Exchange Alley was the seat of the gambling fever; it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard Streets with carriages.

On the day the Bill was passed by Parliament, the shares were 310; next day they fell to 290. Within five days after, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of £300 for every £100 capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded £2,000,000 of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to 340, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a midsummer dividend of 10 per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of £1,000,000 at 400 per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours £1,500,000 was subscribed for.

Innumerable bubble companies started up, by which 1,500,000 pounds sterling was won and lost in a short time. The absurdity of the schemes was monstrous. One was "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know where it is." In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged—the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and, in Exchange Alley, shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than the other. Yet the South Sea stock was quoted at 550, and in four days it rose to 890; then fell to 600; but was finally raised to 1,000 per cent., and then fell to 700. The alarm now increased, and, in a few days, the price fell to 400. This occasioned a great run upon the bank, which was saved by



THE EASTER POURING.—A POLISH AND HUNGARIAN CUSTOM.

the intervention of a holiday; but the South Sea Company was wrecked, and its stock fell to 150.

The Government were now implored to punish the directors, though the ministers were far from blameless, and the nation was as culpable as the Company. It was gravely recommended in Parliament that the people, having no law to punish the directors, should treat them like Roman parricides—tie them in sacks, and throw them into the Thames!

The cry out-of-doors for justice was equally loud. Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Craggs, were openly accused. Five directors, including Mr. Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of the celebrated historian, were ordered to the custody of the Black Rod. Meanwhile, Knight, the treasurer of the company, taking with him the books and documents, and secrets of the directors, escaped, disguised, in a boat on the Thames, and was conveyed thence to Calais in a vessel hired for the purpose. Two thousand pounds reward was, by royal proclamation, offered for his apprehension. The doors of the House of Commons were locked, the keys were placed upon the table, and the inquiry proceeded. The South Sea directors and officers were secured; their papers were seized, and such as were Members of Parliament were expelled the House, and taken into custody. Our illustration is a faithful transcript of a scene of daily occurrence in Change Alley, a narrow court leading from Cornhill, and where the once famous Garraway's coffee-house is situated. This renowned resort still exists, with very little alteration. As our readers will perceive from the sketch, the fair sex was equally bitten with this madness for speculation. Women of rank waited half the day, and strove with all their blandishments to secure a preference.

A hunchback made a large sum of money by letting out his hump as a writing-desk to the various brokers and dealers. In a word, it was a repetition of the Mississippi bubble, the calamitous effect of which did not seem to teach wisdom, although almost contemporaneous.

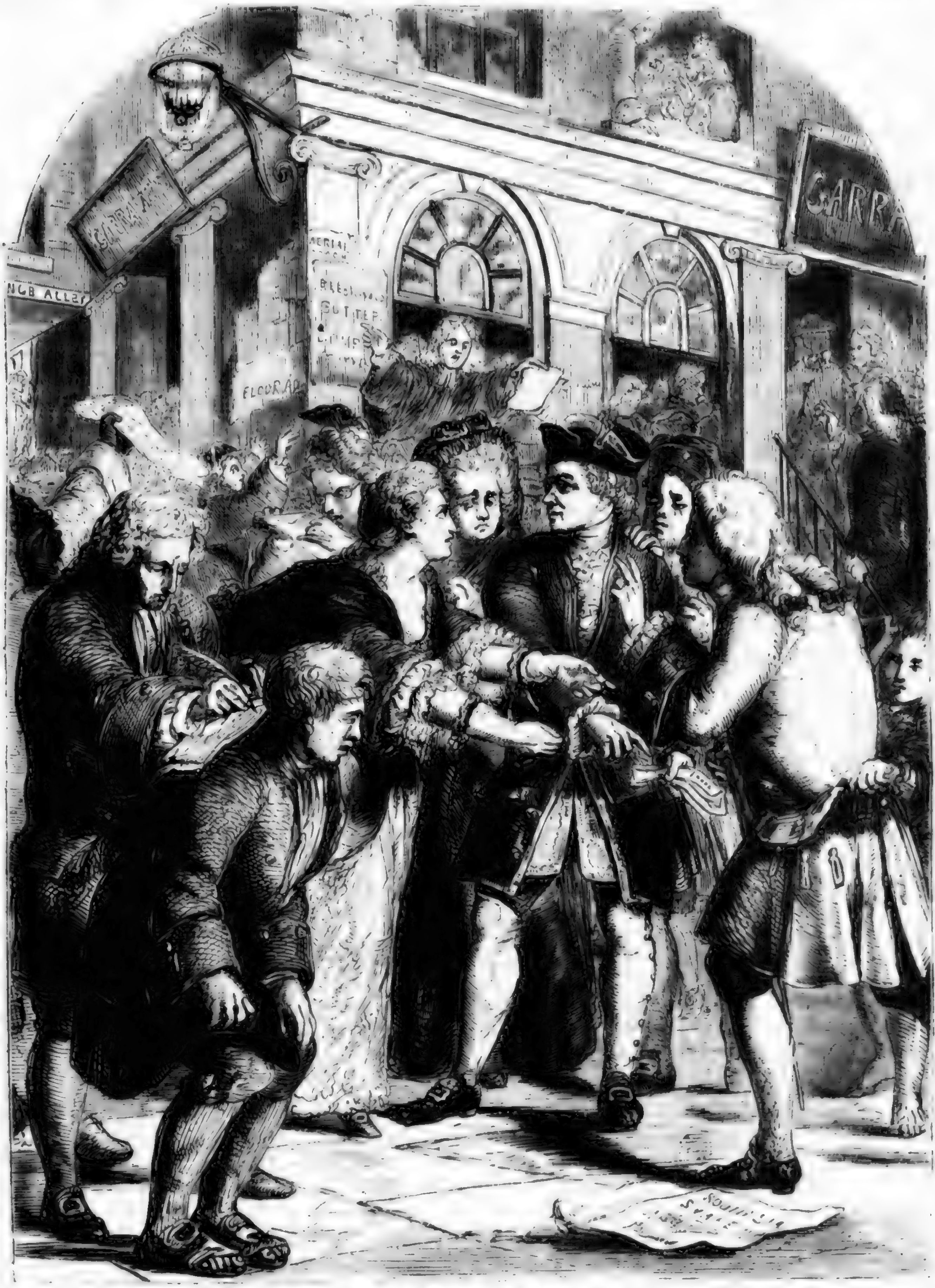
THE EASTER POURING.—A POLISH AND HUNGARIAN CUSTOM.

The great holidays of the Christian year were formerly celebrated in Europe with strange rites peculiar to each country, and springing, doubtless, from the pagan ideas of their remote ancestors. In England, Easter was famous for its lifting, which some would connect, remotely at least, with the Resurrection.

In Hungary and Poland, the land of Sclave and Magyar, there is a custom shown forth in our illustration, and a custom to excite the wrath of all of the fair sex, strong-minded or not.

On Easter Monday morning, while in other parts the young hopefuls are innocently cracking eggs, a party of young Poles will sally forth and call at the houses of their sweethearts, in the hope of catching them out of doors, so as to greet them by pouring a pitcher of water over their heads. If the girl has unluckily put on her best for church, she is no willing sufferer; but if suspicious of any such attention, and rather anxious to have her lover declare himself, she will scream and fight, it is true, but always manage to be on hand, and to wear something warranted to wash. If over-giddy, she may risk even her finery, though her indignant mother comes to the rescue with the housewife's arm offensive, a stout broom, to the great amusement of the offender's comrades, if not to his serious detriment.

The origin of this custom is, like many others, involved in obscurity, and must be left to the researches of the learned pundits of our anthropological, ethnological, and similar societies. It would seem, however, that in days of more gallantry and deference, the young lover on this day showed his preference by pouring on his beloved's head some perfumed water or oil, and the rude form of the present custom is only an additional proof of the downward tendency of the day.



THE SOUTH SEA MANIA.—SEE PAGE 435.

A RHINOCEROS ON THE RAMPAGE.

I WAS lost. That was all that I could feel, and I can tell you the feeling was horrible.

I had ridden out in the morning from my friend Brookes's house to shoot antelopes, and the necessity of scouring a strange country, after a scarce species of game, had led me on, further and further, generally at a rapid pace, till at last I had sighted a drove of antelopes.

It was in the far northeastern corner of the Province of Oude, and the country toward which I had been riding was almost uninhabited for miles, save by the wandering wild beasts of the field.

I had tied my horse to a tree, and commenced to stalk the antelopes with great caution. In order to do this, it was necessary to make a large detour, and that on foot under a hot sun. But I was an ardent sportsman, and the heat affected me but little, compared with the ambition of bagging a rare antelope.

But the animals themselves were very provoking.

Twice I had almost got within shot of them, and well to leeward, when something startled them on the opposite side, and away they went, up-wind, as is the habit of their kind, and were almost out of sight before I had done swearing at the luck.

But I was bound not to be disappointed. I had worked myself into a perfect frenzy of determination. Have one of those antelopes I would, if it took me all day to get within range.

And it *did* take me all day.

I kept steadily to leeward all the time, and plodded on, never recking of the scorching Indian sun that shone down, almost perpendicularly, overhead. As soon as I got closer to the wary game, I resumed my old stalking tactics, gliding from cover to cover with the utmost caution, and at last my efforts were crowned with success.

It was not very far from sunset when this happened.

The country, even to me, almost unobservant of anything but the game, had assumed an unfamiliar aspect. An open, rolling expanse of ground, covered with long, coarse *surput* grass, and dotted with patches of scrubby cover here and there, had replaced the jungle around Brookes's solitary shooting-box. About a quarter of a mile ahead of the antelopes, I could see the shimmering of a large sheet of water, and troops of animals were to be dimly descried trooping toward it to drink. It was a veritable hunter's paradise, as far as game went.

But my immediate objects, the antelopes, were at last within gunshot, and I hastened to take advantage of the fact. I rested my gun carefully in the fork of a bush, and waited for an instant for my nerves to become steady. Then I took a long and careful aim at the shoulder of the nearest antelope, and pulled the trigger.

The sharp, whip-like report of the Henry rifle echoed over the silent landscape for miles, almost startling myself, so accustomed had I become to the stillness.

The antelope I had aimed at leaped almost upright in the air, and fell on the grass, kicking convulsively. The rest of the herd started simultaneously, and stood gazing, appalled and bewildered for an instant. I took advantage of their irresolution to reverse the lever of my rifle and fire one more shot. A second antelope fell on its knees; but, being only wounded, leaped up again, and away sped the herd like the wind.

I was triumphant at last.

I advanced to inspect my game, and found that I had shot a very beautiful buck of a rare species. Before I did anything else, I drew my knife, and at once commenced to "gralloch" the animal, in Highland phrase—that is, to disembowel it, so as to render it lighter to carry.

Then for the first time I looked round me.

The country was perfectly strange!

I had hunted all the land for a circuit of twenty miles around Brookes's shooting-box, during the last month, and flattered myself that I knew every foot of it. But I had never been *here* before. Where was my horse?

I had tied him up under a spreading *burghut* tree, where there was ample shade for a circuit of several hundred square feet. Where was that tree? I could surely see it.

I scanned the horizon on all sides.

In vain!

The huge *burghut*, with its stem of nearly a hundred feet in height, had totally disappeared!

Where was I, then?

I looked at the sun. It was within half an hour of setting. I must do something before darkness overtook me, all alone.

But what?

I could not answer the question. I had heard of people, lost on the prairie, or in the jungle, wandering in circles for days without knowing where they were. Was that to be *my* fate?

No. I made up my mind to that. Luckily, I was of a remarkably cool temperament, and little apt to do anything under excitement. I reflected carefully, even as the sun was sinking, and finally resolved to spend the night where I was, and start fresh in the morning.

I could have no lack of food, for I had killed an antelope, and there was plenty of water out yonder. I took the two hind-quarters of the antelope and the skin of the whole body, and walked toward the lagoon.

Just as the sun set, the moon rose, and cast her light aslant over the surface of the placid waters.

On my side of the lagoon there seemed to be but few animals, but on the opposite shore I could see herds of the graceful axis deer, with its branching horns and spotted hide, and stolid buffaloes coming down to drink.

I made my preparations to pass the night under a spreading *peepul* tree, not far from the water, and soon made myself comfortable, like an old campaigner.

Being a smoker, I was never without matches, and one of these was soon employed to kindle a fire. Dry wood was in abundance, where every bush was almost burnt up, and I soon had a savory broil of slices of antelope-venison for supper.

I can assure you I made an excellent supper, too. The long jaunt I had had during the day had given me a ravenous appetite, and it was not until I had put away three or four pounds of venison that I was content to cry "enough."

For my beverage there was the broad lagoon, and in default of any drinking utensil whatever—even my hunting-cup remaining on the saddle with my horse—I was fain to imitate the example of the animals, and quench my thirst on all fours.

But to a thirsty man water is welcome under any form, and I made no objection.

Supper over, I pulled out my cigar-case and lighted a cheroot, after which I sat down under the *peepul* tree to reflect on my position.

It was not so bad yet. I had plenty of ammunition, and the country was full of game. I could surely live well enough till I found my way back to Tom Brookes's house.

As I thought of the ammunition, I suddenly remembered that I had left my pouch on the saddle! I started. I could not help it. I had not a round left, except what was in the rifle. But that was my old "Sweet Sixteen," and I had loaded her up in the morning. I remembered that.

I had fired away two shots, consequently I had fourteen left!

Fourteen shots between me and death! Well, it ought to be enough. I had heard of men saving themselves on one. Anyway, it was of no use to cry over spilt milk. I had got into a scrape, and I must keep cool to get out of it.

As I was immersed in these reflections the moon had risen gradually, and by this time was shining clear and bright, and quite high in the sky. I thought that I had better go to bed. My couch was of the simplest. It was only the skin of the antelope which I laid under me to break the chill of the ground. The night felt cold, from the contrast to the heat of the day, but I could not help myself, so I dragged the skin close to the embers of the fire, and soon fell asleep, lulled by its pleasant warmth.

How long I had slept I know not, but the moon was almost perpendicular when I awoke, and it was as bright as day. A sudden harsh scream was the cause of my rousing up. I knew it well.

It was the trumpet of an elephant!

Instinctively I bounded to my feet, and looked around me in consternation. I was in the midst of a herd of wild elephants!

The danger of my position flashed on me in an instant. The wild elephant is a dangerous brute at the best of times, but at night, and in herds, he tramples over everything, and feels more at home and free from danger than in the day, apparently.

But these elephants did not seem to be aware of my presence. They were evidently excited about something else, and had not observed me, asleep in the shadow of the *peepul.*

They were rushing about in the open ground, most of those I could see being females, as I knew by the absence of tusks, and some sort of contest seemed to be going on among them. What it was I could not see at first.

At last a chorus of trumpetings and vicious, pig-like squeals broke out from the centre of the moving mass, and I saw the female elephants scatter right and left in dismay.

Then I discerned a terrible conflict.

A huge bull elephant rushed forward, with his trunk curled up tightly behind the long, formidable tusks, out of harm's way, striving to pierce a strange antagonist.

A long, low, uncouth-looking beast, of some five feet in height at the shoulder, and shaped much like an immense hog, was running at full tilt at the old elephant.

The short, upright horn on the snout, the contour of the animal, and the loose folds of skin that covered his ribs, proclaimed that most dangerous of all animals, the Indian rhinoceros.

If it had been alone and I had met it, I should have counted myself lost, such is the sullen and vindictive nature of this horrible beast. It is the only animal known that will attack man habitually, wherever met, and all the other wild beasts of India fear and avoid it.

But for the present the attention of the rhinoceros was fully engaged. Besides the old bull now charging at him, another younger one was skulking around to take him in the rear, and a third lay close by, with his entrails gushing out of a frightful wound inflicted by the deadly horn.

As I looked, the old bull elephant made his charge, that seemed as if it would carry everything before it.

But the rhinoceros, with surprising agility for a creature of such unwieldy appearance, leaped actively to one side, and running around, tried hard to get in at the unprotected flank of the elephant. The latter as sharply threw his hindquarters around, and received the pig-like brute on his tusks. But, deprived of the impetus of his charge, he was unable to pierce the tough hide of the rhinoceros, which is thick enough to turn a leaden bullet at close quarters.

Then the two stood head to head for some minutes, the rhinoceros striving to wriggle his way between the forelegs of the elephant, to use his horn with effect. The elephant, on his part, strove hard to pin the rhinoceros to the earth, but in vain.

Presently I noticed the second elephant. He was charging, and close to the rhinoceros. The latter saw him too, and suddenly broke away from his first antagonist, rushing to meet the second. The young bull charged gallantly, but he was not up to the tricks of his wily antagonist. The rhinoceros swerved, as he came, and the excited elephant missed his mark, lumbering past in vain effort. Not so the rhinoceros. As quick as thought he rushed in at the unguarded side of his heedless foe, and I could see him working away at the elephant's side, like a pig rooting. The elephant gave a hoarse roar of pain, and tried to turn, but the active rhinoceros was too quick for him, and he fell down, helpless and dying.

And now came the turn of the old bull. Cautious and wary, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly rushed at the rhinoceros from the side. The latter, owing to his engrossment with his other enemy, and his somewhat defective vision, did not see him till too late.

The great bull elephant thundered on like an avalanche, and in an instant more the terrible tusks, nearly seven feet in length in the clear, as I judged, were buried in the side of the redoubtable rhinoceros.

A shrill squeal of pain from the latter, and he tried in vain to extricate himself. The battle was over. He had slain two elephants, and died game himself.

I cannot tell you the absorbing interest with which I had watched this curious conflict. True, I was an unwilling spectator, for I did not dare to move out of the shadow of the tree, for fear of attracting notice. Now, however, an idea struck me.

Excited and furious as the old bull elephant was, it was probable that the flush of his victory might make him tenfold more dangerous to me.

The battle had moved so close to me, during the vicissitudes of its varying fortune, that the last elephant, in his fall, had almost brushed the foliage of a bush I stood behind.

My resolution was taken in an instant. I must kill the old bull, or be killed myself, almost inevitably. He was not ten feet from me, and striving to pull clear from the body of the rhinoceros, which he had pinned into the very ground.

I ran round the fallen elephant, and before the bull elephant could draw clear, I stood almost touching his temple with my rifle.

One flash! It was enough! Struck through the brain, the old bull dropped instantaneously, and I was safe!

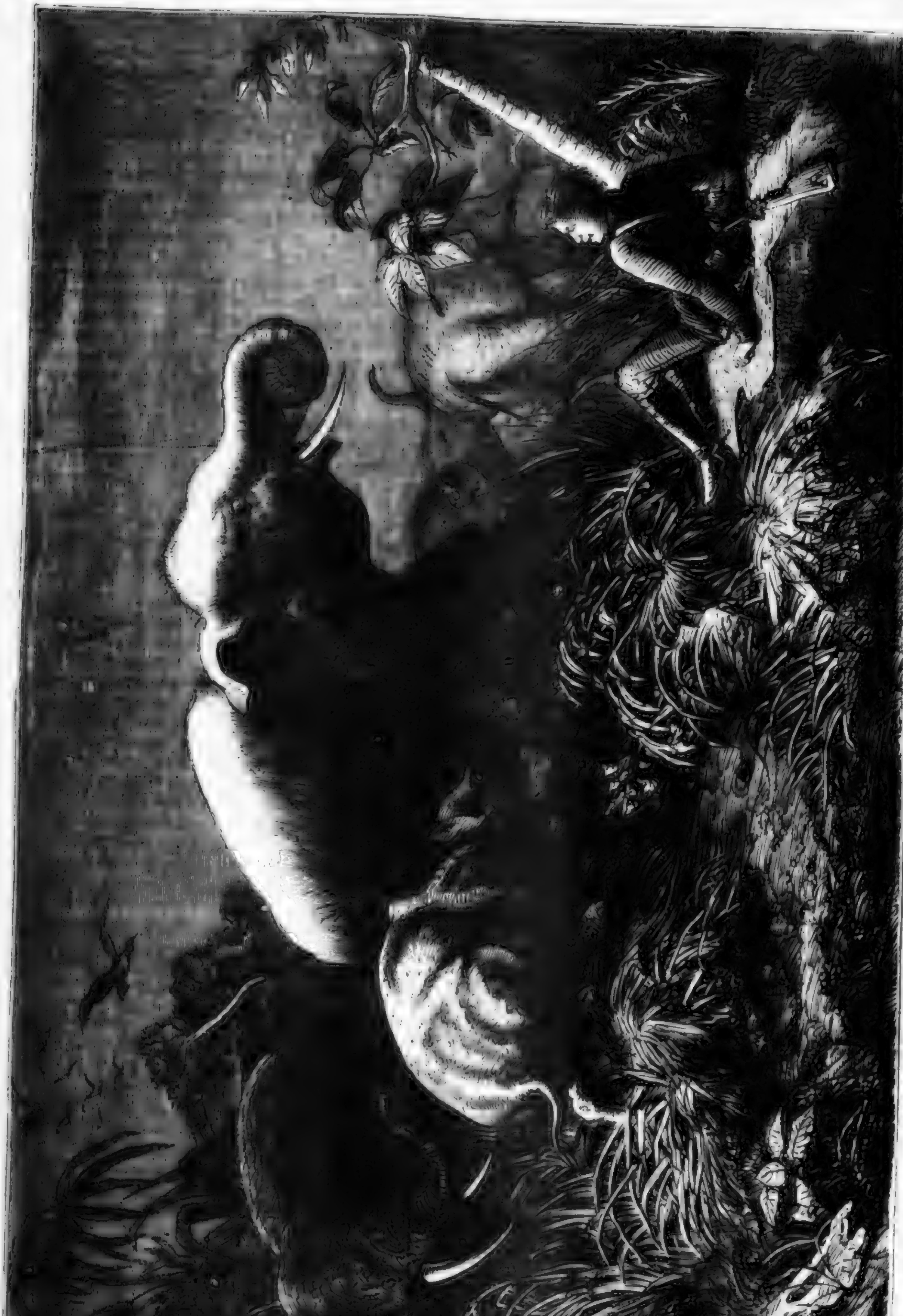
The female elephants, panic-stricken at the noise and the flash, scattered in all directions in dismay.

In five minutes I was alone!

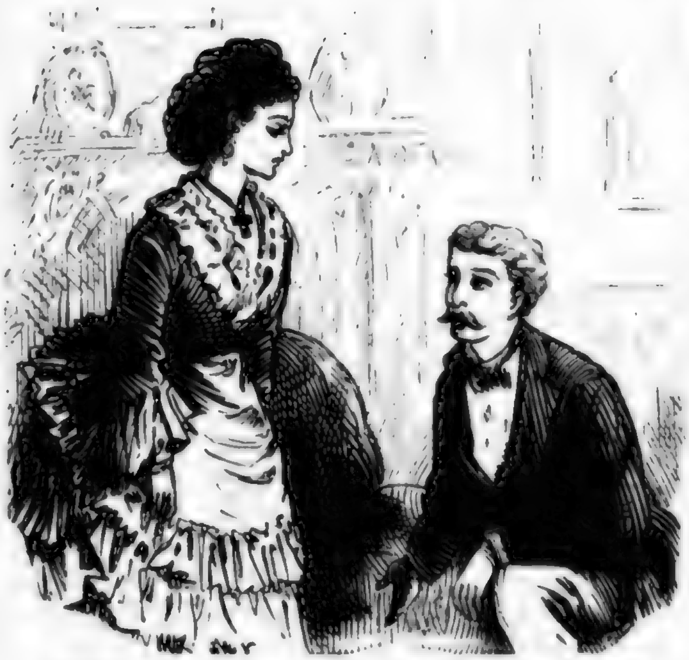
I was not further disturbed that night. In the morning I began my search for my horse, and by following back my own trail at last found him, considerably gaunted by his long fast.

Starting on a search for my host's mansion, I soon came across some shikkarees, who had been sent to look for me, and we revisited the scene of my strange experience of the night before.

I was the richer by three handsome pairs of tusks for my adventure, but for long after I would start up in my sleep, expecting to be again aroused by the sight of another such strange fight.



A RHINOCEROS ON THE RAMPAGE.—"THE RHINOCEROS RUSHED IN AT THE UNGUARDED SIDE OF HIS FOE, AND I COULD SEE HIM WORKING AWAY AT THE ELEPHANT'S SIDE, LIKE A PIG ROOTING. THE ELEPHANT GAVE A HOARSE ROAR OF PAIN.—SEE PAGE 435



FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.—"HE DROPPED ON ONE KNEE BESIDE HER."

FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

If there was anything on the face of the earth in which he took the slightest interest, he had educated himself completely beyond the expression of it.

He sauntered into the theatre that night, not because he expected to be entertained, or cared anything about the opera, but just because it was a part of that "burden of life" which seemed to be so heavy on his shoulders. A big, handsome, blonde cumberer of the ground, too lazy, apparently, to open his eyes.

And there he saw *her*. She wore gold-color and scarlet, put together in some vivid, torrid way. She had lustrous black hair, and that opaque-white complexion, into which the color rarely comes, but when it does, burns deep and steady, like carnation. Her eyes were gray, grave, deep, and wide-open with serene apparent wonder at the world and its ways. Afterward, when he came to know her, he learned that that look was one of the chief weapons with which she went about conquering.

There were a great many glasses directed toward her box, but no one seemed to know her, or her party. If Frank Amory had wanted an introduction to the Sphinx, or one of Macbeth's witches, or the Queen of Ashantee—if there is one —somebody would have started up, glad to perform the ceremony. But this brilliantly attired young woman was quite beyond his reach.

A week went by, and he had not another glimpse of this new phantom of delight; not that he opened his lips about her, or raised his eyelids a line higher, as he lounged about the fashionable promenades. But he thought of her face almost constantly.

At the end of seven days, Allen Palmer wanted him to go out with him (Palmer) to the uncle's house, which was all the home that young man knew. Amory accepted the invitation. They reached the station an hour behind time. There were no teams there, and the two walked over the country road, in a fine, drizzling rain. When they reached the house, it was ablaze with lights, and there was a sound of dance-music.

"Nobody expects us—confound it! There's been a mistake."

Then Palmer led the way, through the dripping October shrubbery, to the side of the house. He opened a small door in blank darkness, and pushed his friend in.

"Go up-stairs, and wait for me."

Amory heard his steps going on.

There was a staircase, as he found by stumbling over the last step. He began to ascend slowly, wondering somewhat what the end was to be. But just above him came the hurried rustle of garments. He heard the sound of a misstep, a suppressed cry, and something, struggling and breathing, came hurling down against him. The stairs were uncarpeted, polished and slippery. He grasped the falling creature, lost his own balance, and the two landed with a crash in the black passage below.

Amory lay perfectly still, partly stunned, partly wondering what next. The woman in his arms disengaged herself, and rose without a word. Then a door opened, a light came, and before Frank Amory's bewildered eyes stood his gold-and-scarlet divinity of the theatre, somewhat out of breath, and a good deal amazed.

"Are you hurt?" Allen's voice asked, and then introduced an exclamation-point: "Miss Josselyn! I thought you were in Egypt!"

"*I* thought I was a minute ago, from the darkness. Hadn't we better get this gentleman on his feet?" dryly.

There they stood, one on either side, looking down on the prostrate hero. Amory lay on his back, gazing serenely upward, trying to comprehend what had happened.

Nothing tragic or even interesting came of it. He managed to get to his room presently, and there he achieved an evening toilet, and went down, rather pale, into a brilliant room, full of people. There he was formally presented to Miss Josselyn, and bowed with as stately, ceremonious reverence, as though that downfall in the dark had belonged in some other man's history.

She hoped he was not hurt; was regretful, concerned, and grateful; vexed with her own carelessness and awkwardness, in the most courteous way imaginable; and through it all, managed to make him feel as if he had been guilty of the most intolerable insolence in breaking her fall.

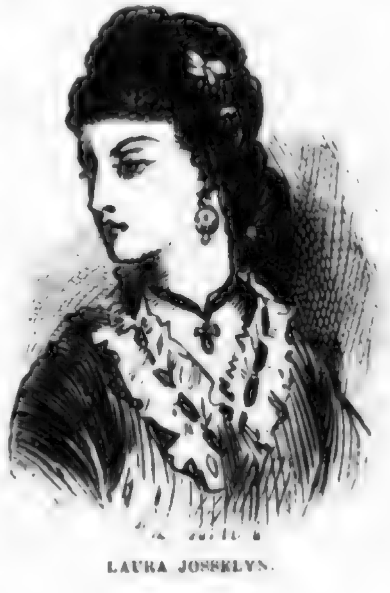
He was not used to that sort of thing. Women had spoiled him ever since his first mustache had cast its shadow before. And, to make matters worse, Allen Palmer came, and carried her off before his very eyes, with the freedom of a friend, and the devotion of a lover.

I am ashamed to say that Frank Amory betook himself to a corner, and sulked. She might have broken her neck, and—he almost wished she had, watching her queening it among the other women. Perhaps she divined something of his occupation. She came up on somebody's arm, presently.

"Won't you make room for me in your corner, Mr. Amory? I'm a little unsteady after that fall, I think. I'm not quite equal to dancing or walking about."

And across her face shone that wonderful smile, which every man worth winning saw once or twice.

He had her all to himself for three-quarters of an hour. The beautiful, sculptured face bore his closest scrutiny, the childlike, steady eyes had not one of the coquette glances he had grown used to.



LAURA JOSSELYN.

They talked everything, from art literature down to the Paris siege, and she never said a word too much. She had heard Parepa in opera, once, she said.

"I saw you. You wore some wonderful tropical thing."

"Oh, Mr. Amory! remember that I had spent a year among the heathen, and had half forgotten Puritan proprieties. Don't remember me, please, by that dreadful dress."

"It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life, except this," he said, stoutly, glancing down at her drapery.

"This" was a heavy black silk, quite up to her throat, with a long, plain skirt, trailing as only Paris skirts do.

She laughed out, as not another woman he knew would have dared to do—a sweet, pleased, sincere little laugh, which made the others near by turn their heads. But that she did not notice.

Then, Palmer came up.

"Amory, you unconscionable wretch! Miss Josselyn, you'll have to go and tell Mrs. Brown about the Pyramids. She's waiting for you, like a great yellow-and-black spider."

She made a queer little grimace at Amory over her shoulder, as she moved away. He got himself up to his room, immediately, and smoked several meditative cigars out of the window before Palmer came up.

"So, you like her?" that young man said. "She used to be a great belle—and a great coquette, her friends say—before she went abroad."

"Coquette! She is the most unaffected, straightforward girl I ever met. She has read and thought and seen—everything, I believe, and is as unconscious as a child!"

Palmer gave a mental whistle.

"Laura Josselyn unconscious! and Frank Amory raving about her! May heaven have mercy on him!" after which pious internal ejaculation, he said a few irrelevant things, and took himself off.

Amory's ecstatics had somewhat cooled down in the next morning's daylight. He was stiff, and his ankle pained him; but Miss Josselyn's garnet cashmere morning-robe might have been worn by a goddess. He had been used to tasteful dressing all his life, but this woman's style touched perfection.

There was no denying it, Frank Amory was hard hit. The later in life that sort of thing comes, the harder it is to get through with. He had seen a good deal of the sex, and in the face of it all—after an hour's contemplation from across a theatre, and another half-hour of evening chat—was willing to swear that there was none like her.

She was rather quiet this morning—withdrawn again to those heights from which she had frozen him when she thanked him last night. He did not sulk now—only waited, humbly and patiently, for the mood to change. The other ladies in the house affirmed, privately, that Frank Amory was more unbearably indolent and careless than ever.

But by night his foot was so bad that he saw the necessity of active measures. Miss Josselyn had not vouchsafed him ten words—not haughty silence, but just a little touch of soberness, and he was no more necessary to her than any other human being.

He was sorry to go, but he felt that he must get back to the city before he was quite reduced to helplessness. Allen was to drive him to the station, send back the phaeton, and go on with him to his destination. He managed it all very quietly, not having a taste for lamentations; but after they were seated in the carriage, Miss Josselyn came running down the steps.

"Mr. Palmer says you are going away because you are growing lame. I am so *very* sorry. It was all my fault;" and she reached up her hand to him.

He took it in both his, and then—great idiot!—bent his head, and touched his lips to the white, ringless fingers, as reverently as if she had been a crowned and robed queen.

"Go into the house, Laura!" Allen said, peremptorily, from the other side. "You are getting your death out here, bareheaded."

The girl looked up for an instant, with a flash in her wide eyes, then the color rose into her cheeks, and she turned, and, without another word, walked slowly up the steps, her head just bent, in a little, unconscious droop, that gave the most exquisite curve to her throat and poise to her shoulders.

In his own soul, Allen anathematized himself.

"I've done it now. That last touch of humility was absolute perfection."

There was silence as they spun over the road.

"You think I'm a brute?" he said, at last.

"Yes," Amory answered, with sufficiently concise directness.

"You see, I have some right. I am——"

"We will not discuss the matter, if you please."

There were not a dozen sentences more uttered till Palmer saw him comfortably settled in his rooms. There he lay for two or three days, with a bandaged ankle, and quarreled with himself for having fallen out with his friend—his only means of communicating with his divinity.

But there was a new light cast on the matter presently.

"So you've been out to Palmer's. Then you saw Laura Josselyn. She is a forty-fourth cousin, or something, of Allen's. They were engaged before she went away, but I fancy there was some sort of misunderstanding. At all events, he didn't expect her back so soon. She had been home a week before he knew; but it's all right now, report says."

That explained it all. Amory laughed—a grim little laugh—at the position of affairs.

"Rather rough, kissing a woman's hand, before the face and eyes of her husband that is to be."

Then—as other men have done—he forswore all belief in women's truthfulness, henceforth and for ever—a little more bitterly than was needful, perhaps—and wrote to Palmer:

"Pardon me, my dear fellow; I did not understand. I do now. You should have told me more."

So that Allen thought he had come to his senses, particularly as his relapse into his old, listless ways was more complete than ever. They never mentioned Miss Josselyn's name, only as it came casually into their talk.

But Amory did not forget her. His ankle was a perpetual reminder, if there had been nothing else. It was treacherous and troublesome all the Fall. Once or twice he had to choose between a crutch and staying in the house. Dancing was at an end, or much walking.

They were all in the city—the Palmers and Miss Josselyn with them. She was a ward of the older man's, and Frank's home was in the same house during the Winter. Amory never sought her—once or twice he fancied she came a little out of her own way to speak a kindly word, or offer some little attention—but then, as she had said, she felt herself responsible for the accident.

I said he had forsworn belief in woman. He thought he had; but, in the quiet of reflection, he exonerated her from blame in that twenty hours' long affair. He had behaved like a hopeless simpleton. She stood as high above that implied character of coquette as any white-winged angel. He watched her with what he thought were critical, unprejudiced eyes, and did not wonder that men raved about her. Allen was cooler than most—he could afford to be—but his admiration was almost unbounded. Not that he ever put it in words, but Amory had grown keen at divining states of mind.

On the whole, the next three months were not entirely a success for Frank Amory. He was suffering bodily pain, and an unnamed, vague discomfort that took such lazy comfort as he had once known out of living. He began to realize the difference between amateur misanthropy and the genuine thing.

Then fate introduced a diversion. The Palmers had gone to Washington, Miss Josselyn was stopping with Kate Manning, and Allen had taken up temporary quarters at a hotel. There came a week of warm, bright, calm days, the usual January cessation of hostilities. Allen proposed to Amory to go by rail to New York, and sail up the new yacht in which he had been lately investing.

Of course, it was an absurd thing for men to do—but human nature is occasionally capable of absurdities. They undertook the voyage, were capsized, and came to grief generally. Amory had a chance to see that life looked worth living, after all, as he floated, half-frozen, on the bottom of the upside-down craft. At all events, he would "fain die a dry death." And then he fainted, or somehow lost his consciousness, and, when he came back, Frank was gone, and he was alone. After that, a century or so of torpid suffering passed before a steamer picked him up.

He landed in the home harbor just as evening was setting in. It was his business to go and tell Laura Josselyn what had happened before the news reached her in any other way. He walked straight up to the Mannings'. The servant stared at him—he was wild-eyed and haggard, and wore another man's clothes, but they knew his face, and admitted him without scruple. He turned down the gas, in the room in which he waited, to the merest blue point. She should not be shocked at his looks.

It was not a comfortable five minutes. He began to realize how women feel when they clutch their throats and sob. Then she came. His voice assured her of his presence in the darkness.

"I'm sorry you have been left in a dark room. It was very careless in James."

"James is not to blame. I turned down the gas myself. Miss Josselyn, I have something to tell you, and you will hear it better, at least I can tell it better, in the dark. Will you come and sit here by the window?"

The gaslight from the street shone over her. She was dressed for a dinner party, and the light glinted off her silken dress and the jewels she wore. He could see her face dimly—white, serene, and sweet. The full moon was sliding up behind the dark church. When her lower rim should touch the ridge of the roof, he would speak.

There was utter silence in the room. Whatever fancies stirred her heart-beats, her face and her motionless attitude told nothing.

The great white shield slipped up into the purple dark, lingered an instant, apparently, against the sharp line which marked Amory's last instant of respite, and then swung clear.

"Miss Josselyn," he began, "I have bitter news to break to you. Allen and I left New York in the yacht. She capsized. A steamer took me off and brought me here—alone!"

There, it was out. She stirred a little, not seeming to comprehend.

"And Allen?"

"He was drowned, I fear," speaking very slowly. "I fainted, and when I recovered he was gone."

She drew in her breath with a deep, sobbing inspiration. He rose and stood by her chair; not touching her, not speaking; but filled with a pity so profound that he could have died for her.

"Drowned! Oh, Mr. Amory. Poor Kate! How can I tell her?"

"Kate?" he said, a vague wonder in his voice.

"Miss Manning. They were to be married in the Spring."

He stood perfectly still—his brain in a whirl. Married! That meant that Laura Josselyn was free. That put everything else out of his mind. He was too stunned to more than just comprehend that one bare idea. He dropped on one knee beside her, and laid his cheek against her hand, showing white on the dark cushions of her chair.

"Laura, I thought it was you he was to marry," and then his voice failed.

There was perfect stillness in the room. I doubt if she comprehended what was passing in his mind. It is a question if he could himself have told. It was like a corner of chaos. He had fancied himself indifferent, or, at least, with a leaning to the chilly side, if he could not quite plead guiltless of interest. And now, in this sudden change of affairs, his love had sprung up full-grown, and was mightier than he.

She laid her hand lightly on his head at last. He felt the touch through every nerve, and a long sigh—almost a sob—broke over his lips. Then, realizing how desperately uncomfortable his position was growing, he rose.

"Forgive me," he said. "It was all so sudden."

She answered him dreamily.

"You must go; I think I shall have to tell Kate. She must not go out to-night."

I think she had not in the least understood what was involved in this act of a minute ago. Certainly she did not know what that instant's touch had been to him. Womanlike, the near trouble stood between her and everything else. Allen Palmer had been a dear friend, and she must tell his betrothed friend that he was dead.

All the next day he was in a maze. At dusk he set out for the house, dreading the interview with the Mannings, but feeling that they would expect it. At the street-corner a tall figure confronted him, and stood mute and staring.

"Palmer! You, man, or your wraith?"

"Amory! The deuce!"

That was what they said together. Somehow, explanations made themselves. After Amory fainted, Palmer had started to swim to the nearest point of rocks. He was sure to die where he was—help might be possible there—but midway his strength gave out. A floating bit of timber saved him till a boat picked him up. Then, when he could talk, and the fishermen went back to the wrecked yacht, the hull was floating tenantless. He had but just reached the city, and was going up to the house.

They went together, and there was a scene, as there always is when dead people come back to life again. When it had somewhat subsided, and Kate and Allen were having a small private scene of their own, Amory and Miss Josselyn found themselves *tête-à-tête*.

Telling this girl that he loved her was no such easy matter as he had fancied. She was fluttered by what had happened. She was not thinking of him, evidently. The words came hard.

"Miss Josselyn, will you let me tell you to-night, what I only knew last night, that I had the right to say I love you."

She was standing with her face half turned away. She did not move when she answered, and her voice had not one shade of emotion in it.

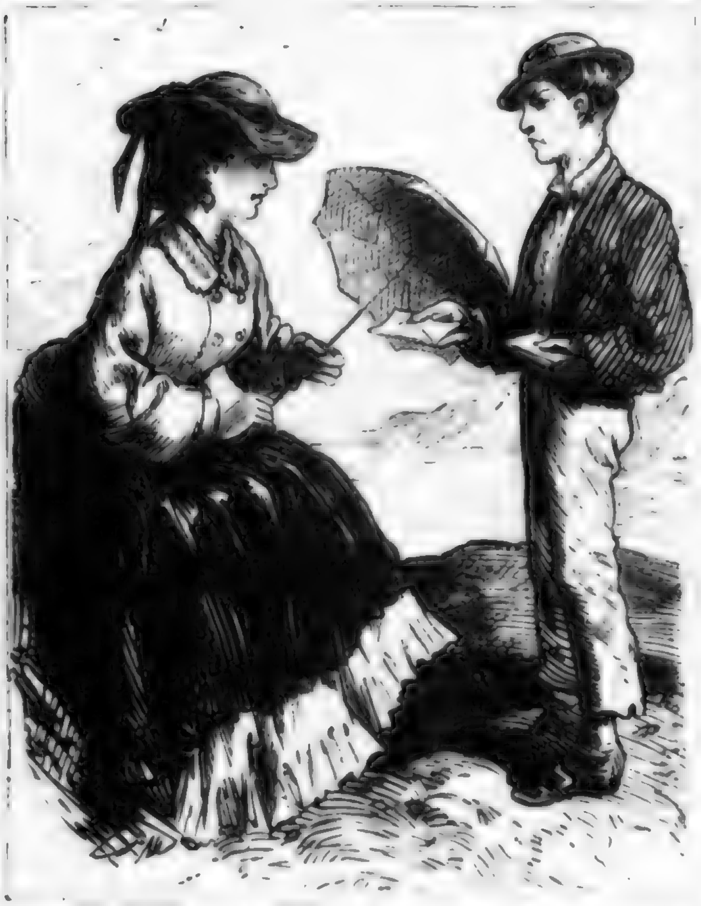
"Mr. Amory, I am very sorry you have said this. I have promised to marry Ward Stewart."

A minute of silence. Amory broke it.

"That is all, then. Good-night."

He was at the door, and she called to him:

"Tell me you are not angry. I am so sorry."



FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.—"MISS JOSSELYN, LINGERING OUT THE LAST SUMMER SUNSHINE BY THE SEASHORE, RECEIVED ONE OF THOSE YELLOW-ENVELOPED MESSAGES THAT HAVE QUICKENED SO MANY HEART-BEATS."—SEE PAGE 441.

He was at at her feet in an instant.

"Pity me," he half sobbed. "I never loved a woman before."

She had no words. She bent forward a little, mutely clasping the hands that held hers. Then steps came—he rose to his feet He was very pale in the faint light.

"Kiss me, Laura," he whispered, hoarsely; and, with every tinge of color vanished from her own cheeks and lips, she did it.

Amory went home, and tossed about till daylight. After that he fell asleep—slept like a stone till near noon, and woke up with a sense that the world had gone to pieces since yesterday. This horrible waking up to the ruins! Every one goes through the experience a few times in life, and no repetition ever makes it easier to bear. This was Frank Amory's first time, and he thought, accordingly, that other people's solar systems must have plunged into chaos too.

But, by-and-by, some men, with whom he had promised to go somewhere or do something, came in; and he dressed, and went and found that affairs went much as usual.

There was nothing morbid or affected in him. That inertia of his was constitutional, and he dropped back into it, as one always does into habit. Nobody noticed that anything was wrong, except Allen Palmer. He and Kate talked about it a little.

"She's never had a chance to refuse him. I thought he was smitten with her at first, and now they scarcely speak."

But speculation reached no further. These two did not "babble their affairs," sleeping or waking. Only Amory felt the days grow flatter, staler, more unprofitable. Never having been in earnest before, he did not know the symptoms, and thought some horrible thing had happened to him.

In April, Kate Manning and Allen Palmer were married. Laura Josselyn was first bridesmaid; Frank Amory performing the corresponding duties for the gentleman. He saw more of her in those few days than in all the weeks since that evening of wretched memory. She was sweet—lovely—absorbed in the coming ceremony. There were just a few words about her absent lover one night. Somebody, with a faculty for making blunders, said that they expected to see Mr. Stewart in Amory's place.

She did not raise her eyes. Amory looked steadily in her face. Kate answered for her.

"Ask Ward Stewart to take place in a wedding! I should as soon think of asking the man in the moon. I don't know how he will get through his own."

Later, Amory found Laura alone."

"When are you to be married?" he said, abruptly.

"Not till Fall," she said, quietly. "Mr. Amory, I wish you would go away from here for a while."

"From this room, or from the town, do you mean?"

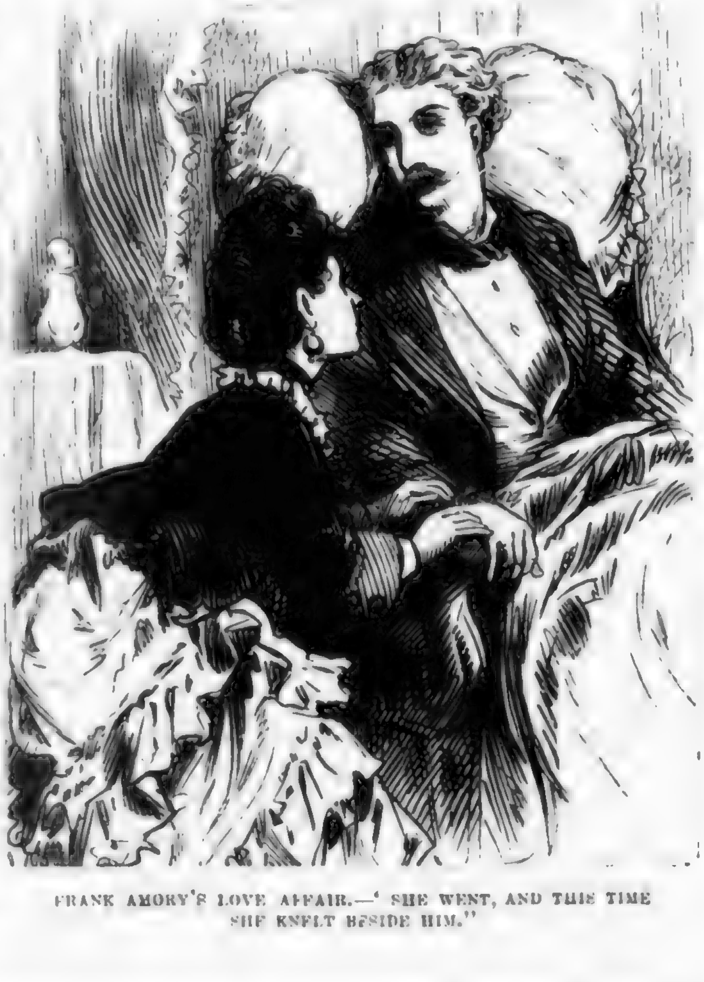
"Out of town. I do not think you are quite happy. I am sorry, and, oh, if you would only go away."

"I will go."

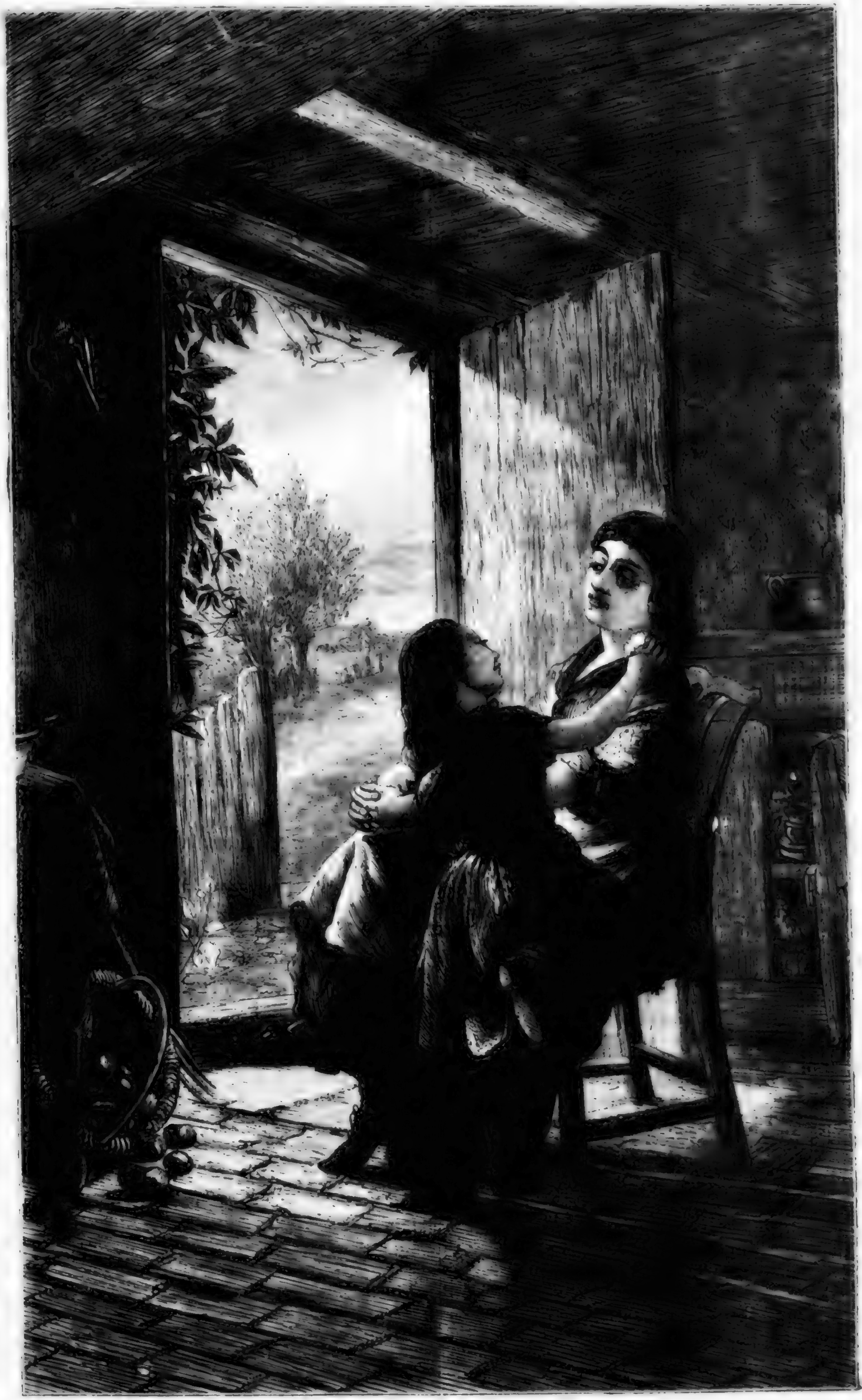
And the day after the ceremony he vanished from the knowledge of his friends.

Very few knew what became of him during the next four months. Miss Josselyn did her duty in her station. That duty appeared to be making the greatest possible idiots of the greatest possible number of men. That she did to perfection. What she had been before she went abroad, she was now on her return, with the difference of greater perfection in her tactics. Ward Stewart, who would have gone to purgatory sooner than to one of the fashionable watering-places, smiled with a little touch of sarcasm when he heard of her proceedings. They corresponded, this oddly matched pair. He wrote little, spicy, epigrammatic epistles; she replied with three pages of dashing, highly adjectived narrative. And each trusted the other as two people in love never did since the world began.

Who knows a woman's heart? Not herself, surely. I think that through all these weeks Laura Josselyn never



FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.—' SHE WENT, AND THIS TIME SHE KNELT BESIDE HIM."



THE BUTTERCUP VERDICT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

closed her eyes at night without thinking of Frank Amory, and immediately after assuring herself that she cared as little for him as for—the blank was filled with a great variety of names, usually with that of the last man who was swearing to himself or his friends that Laura Josselyn was transparent simplicity itself.

And he? Ah, well, for once in a thousand cases he told himself the truth. He loved her; he did not believe he should love any one else. Notwithstanding which, when an old friend of his father's died in the Southern town where he was staying, and left his baby-faced daughter of seventeen utterly unprovided for, he asked her to marry him, and she said she would.

That was in September. He had not heard a word from Miss Josselyn since the night he had said good-by in a crush of people and a flare of gaslight. In three weeks after he had promised to care for the orphan, they were married. The wedding was quiet and private, as the circumstances made proper. No one but the very few people interested in the girl's welfare knew anything about it.

One day there was a displaced rail on one of the great routes of travel. And that day the railroad company found the cost of a new engine and several cars added to the wrong side of their accounts. Also numerous prospective suits for damages.

The next day Miss Josselyn, lingering out the last Summer sunshine by the seashore, received one of those yellow-enveloped messages that have quickened so many heartbeats. Allen Palmer called her home. Frank Amory had been injured in a railroad accident, and was dying.

She went at once. Allen met her at the station.

"He is not——?"

She could not finish the question.

"No; but he will not know you. He asked for you when he was first brought in; that was all."

It was true. He did not know her then, nor for days. But he lived in spite of all. Ward Stewart came the next day, his arm in a sling, made necessary in the same disaster. He looked at Laura curiously when he saw her beside Amory. But there was not a word said. Every one seemed to have a sense of *something* coming. If the man died, it would end; if he lived—and then there was a pause.

She spent all her time beside him, waiting for the first glance of recognition. I do not know that she thought much about the future. That was in the days when no one was certain how the balance would turn. But one day Stewart came, and, almost by force, took her out for a drive.

"Laura," he said, very steadily, when they were quite alone, miles out of the city, "if Frank Amory gets through with this, I suppose I shall have to wear the willow."

She did not speak.

"Dear girl," he went on, "remember that I haven't known you all these years for nothing. I shall keep you for a friend, if I may not have you for a wife."

And then he kissed her lips and eyelids with more tenderness than he had ever before put into a caress, and in a half-minute more they were whirling over the smooth road at racing pace.

That very night Amory opened his eyes. Now that it had come, Laura shrunk into the shadow out of sight. Kate Palmer bent over him.

"What is it, Frank? Do you know me?"

"What has become of Mary?" he gasped.

"Who is Mary?"

"My wife. She was with me."

The two women gazed at each other aghast. That planned romance of Mrs. Palmer's dropped into the background with magic rapidity.

But two weeks afterward they showed Amory the watch and trinkets of the woman who had been found dead beside him, and he knew that his charge was over, ended for this life.

One day, in the sad sunshine of the late Fall, he sat listlessly watching the shadows, and thinking drearily of what his life had been—would be. Miss Josselyn, sewing, by the window, was as silent as he. All at once some impulse spoke the question:

"Where is Ward Stuart?"

"Gone to Italy. He sailed yesterday."

He looked faint surprise. All his emotions were faint in these days. Then he told her his story with as little emphasis as if it had been another man's.

She heard it very calmly.

"Ah," she said, "our lives are ordered for us—that is one comfort;" and then surprised herself by breaking down and crying.

"Laura," he said, brokenly, "I can't come to you; will you come here?"

She went, and this time *she* knelt beside him.

"I love you," she said. "*She* had no right to you."

What is the need of going on? They were married in six months. There was no one to be shocked by his short widowhood, and both were sure that time would make little difference in their loving. And, so far, it has not.

THE BUTTERCUP'S VERDICT.

We have all seen the buttercup, the little golden button sparkling so brightly on the greensward on which it has chosen to pass its brief existence. We all know the simple faith with which children hold it beneath each other's chins, and gauge their playmates' fondness for butter. In this case, however, its clairvoyant virtues are supposed to aid in answering another and more important question. "Do you love him? Do you love him not?" we can hear the little girl ask, as she eagerly watches the golden reflection on her sister's rosy cheek. The latter seems absorbed in a reverie, in which she doubtless asks the same question of her own heart, whose pulsations answer in a language she has not as yet learned to read aright.

THE GIRLS OF MANILLA.

A midshipman writes of a ball in Manilla as follows: Promptly at eight o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the stone stairway, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors, and black eyes burst upon our view. The Mestiza girls were sitting in a row on one side of the room, about forty of them; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink, and green being prominent colors, others dressed in sombre hues; they were mostly very pretty, with lithe, graceful figures, and eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen hovered near the doors of the grand sala, like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners.

As I saw that pouncing was the go, I made a dive for a pretty yellow-and-green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to *bailar conmigo?*" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the *Habanera*, a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, stop in front of him and go through the ladies' chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does the same, and now with the music you sway up to the centre, sway back, and revolve in an elliptic at the same time, after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times, you drop the other lady's hand, and gradually sail off again with the step and turn.

The girls cling quite closely and gaze up occasionally, Spanish fashion. Whenever the couples ran against each other, the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing each other all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-by as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-by before every dance, as if to say, "You will elope this time, sure."

When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically, "Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!" I gave her a full plate, which she soon dispatched and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterward sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion, for they came to the ball at eight o'clock and danced until five A. M.

TOMMY'S CLEVER TRICK.

TOM was a noble, handsome cat,
And, as before the fire he sat,
Washing his whiskered nose,
Who would have guessed such dreadful claws
Were hid beneath those velvet paws,
To scratch us if he chose?

His fur was always soft and sleek,
And then he looked too grave and meek
To scratch, or fight, or steal.
You seldom saw him frisk or play—
He sat before the fire all day,
Curled round just like a wheel.

He was so lazy, that the mice
Would scamper from him in a trice;
And then he was so fat.
But Tom, although he looked so grave,
Was sometimes tempted to behave
Just like a naughty cat.

The milk or cream was often missed,
And Tommy's mistress never guessed
That he could be the thief.
Betsy declared she did not know
Where upon earth the milk could go;
It was beyond belief.

The milk-jug had a narrow neck,
And there was not a single speck
Of milk or cream about;
But Tom had learnt a clever trick,
And Betsy, though she was so quick,
Could never find it out.

It happened on a certain day
The milk-jug stood upon the tray,
And tea was rather late;
And Tom, who always had his share,
Jumped on the table from a chair,
He really could not wait.

The narrow neck ne'er puzzled him;
The milk was far below the brim,
But Tom knew what to do;
Down in the milk he dipped his paw,
With wondering eyes his mistress saw
The open window through.

Tom licked his milky paw, and then
He quickly popped it in again,
As if it were a spoon;
And as he drew it in and out,
Though not a drop was splashed about,
The milk was soon quite gone.

In walked his mistress. Tom fled
Beneath the couch to hide his head,
And trembled as he sat.
"Oh, Tommy," said his mistress kind,
"You've drank the milk, but never mind,
You are a clever cat."

Betsy came in with mirth and fun,
Her mistress told what Tom had done,
And Betsy laughed outright.
But then she wished to fetch a stick,
And beat him for his naughty trick;
She said 'twould serve him right.

"No, Betsy, no, it must not be,
He drank the milk so cleverly;
We will forgive him that.
Another time we must not leave
Temptation here to make him thieve,
For he is but a cat.'

So never after, from that day,
Did Betsy leave upon the tray
The milk to vanish so;
But sometimes, when the tea was o'er,
The jug was placed upon the floor,
Tom's clever trick to show.

With eager eyes the children saw,
As in and out he dipped his paw,
How soon the milk was gone;
And then they laughed right merrily,
And clapped their hands with childish glee,
It was such famous fun.

Then Tommy's mistress shook her head,
And with grave voice she gently said,
"Poor pussy does not know;
But children who are taught to feel
How very wrong it is to steal,
Must never pilfer so.

"'Tis quite as bad to take away,
The milk or sugar from the tray
As money from the purse;
And children who can be so sly,
When they grow older, by-and-by,
May perhaps do something worse."

NAPOLEON'S MANNERS.

MACAULAY, in comparing Napoleon to Cæsar, very rightly says that Cæsar was greatly his superior in one point—he was a perfect gentleman. Talleyrand wittily expressed nearly the same thing when he said of Napoleon. "What a pity that such a great man should have been so badly brought up."

If we may judge, not from the reports of his enemies, but from the disclosures of his most faithful and devoted servitors, Napoleon treated those who were admitted into his intimacy with a familiarity that no man who had any self-respect would have tolerated for a minute. Meneval, his former secretary, represents him as pulling the ears of his interlocutors, sometimes hard enough to make the blood flow, giving them a slap on the cheek, at times even sitting on their knees. These acts of graciousness were marks of special kindness with him, and men of the highest rank were proud of such tokens of favor. Such habits were calculated to produce stiffness in his manners with strangers. He was too familiar when he wished to please, and too stiffly declamatory when he wished to command respect..

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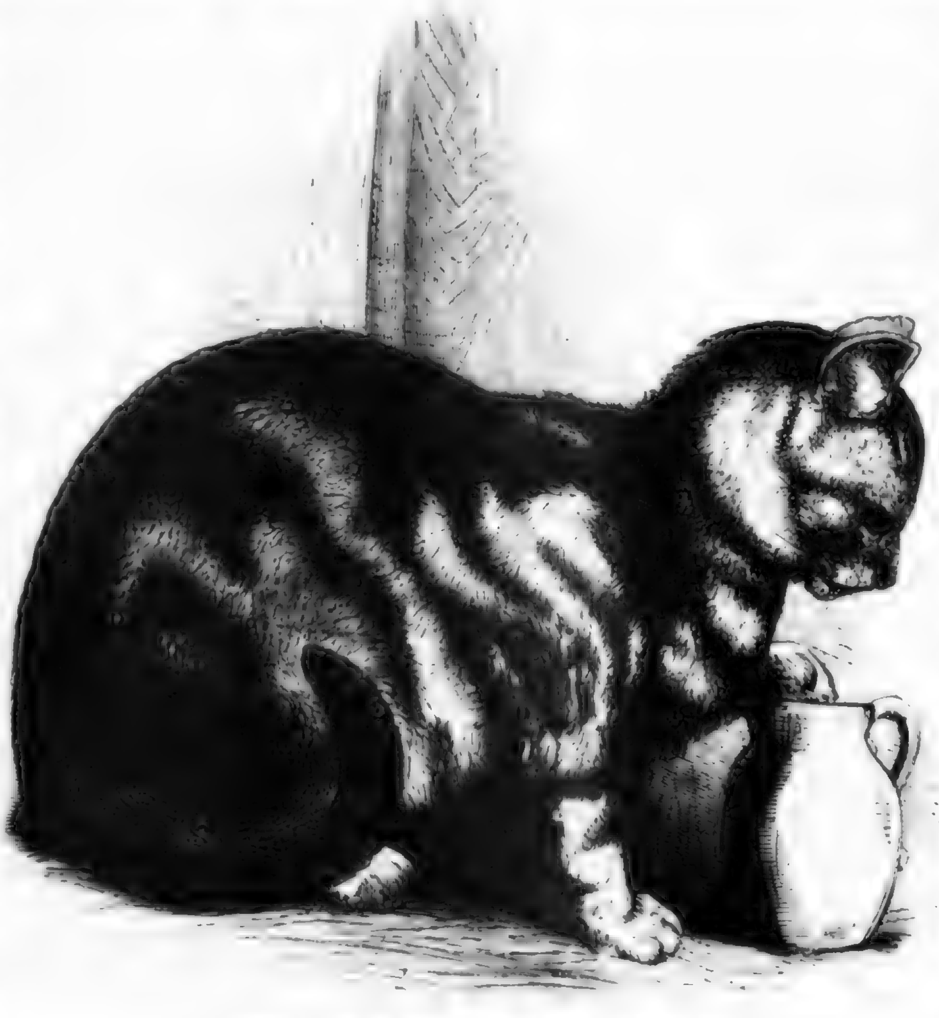
As to his body, the fatigues of war had strengthened his iron constitution, and given him a stoutness bordering upon *embonpoint*. Napoleon acknowledged that he never was better than during his hard campaigns, in which he often rode thirty leagues a day over the snow. The agitations of war may be said to have become needful to his temperament, a necessity for his health, and in some sort the indispensable aliment of that immense activity which was the predominant characteristic of his nature. He literally lived on what would have killed others. War gave him both sleep and appetite. A great deal of the Corsican still remained in him. He had passed through the refined civilization, the kind of philosophical chaos, of the eighteenth century, appropriating to himself with a wonderful faculty of assimilation all that could be of service to him; he had turned to account its ideas, adopted its forms and language, but in reality the primitive man had been but little modified. He had retained even certain superstitions of his countrymen, which were like stamps of his origin.

He, whose only religion was faith, more often affected than real, in his star, was sometimes seen, says Meneval, suddenly to make an involuntary sign of the cross on the announcement of some great danger or some grave event. And the *naïf* secretary adds, in order to give a philosophical turn to the fact, that this gesture might be interpreted by the expression, "Almighty God!" Under this apparent good-nature, too, and his feline gracefulness of manner when he wished to appear kind, was hid the old harshness and insurmountable mistrust of the islander always on his guard against his enemies. It was noticed that during the nineteen days that the two emperors spent together, in the midst of effusions of the tenderest friendship, Alexander took his meals every day with Napoleon, but Napoleon never once broke bread with Alexander.



"TOMMY'S CLEVER TRICK."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 447.

THE AAL FOSS RAPIDS, ON THE OXEA, IN NORWAY.

A SPORTSMAN, one of a party who visited the river to enjoy salmon-fishing that no stream in this country would approach, thus describes these picturesque rapids:

The rapids of Oxea are perfectly safe. It is impossible that an accident can happen in them, except from carelessness; for the water, though swift, is everywhere deep. The stream falls with some force over a slanting ledge of smooth, slaty rock some three or four hundred yards long, or perhaps more, and acquires in its slide considerable velocity; but the bottom is smooth, and the surface nowhere broken by sunken rocks. The stream, therefore, is a steady current, surging up against the numerous islands which dot the river, as if they had been pieces of a ruined bridge. Each of these was created with its half-dozen or so of ash or birch, which looked as if it was they that were in motion, and not the clear stream that was racing past them.

The passage was a sheer trial of strength, requiring no great amount of pilotage, or local experience, or even skill. The ropes were got out and made fast to two or three thwarts, to take off the strain; the boats were lightened of their living incumbrances, except so far as their steersmen were concerned, and were then tracked by main force, one by one, every one of the party lending a hand.

The principal difficulty arose from the uncertainty of the footing among the crags, and the gnarled ash-trees that every here and there shot almost horizontally from between the fissures of the rock, dipping their branches into the stream. These rendered it necessary every now and then to make fast the boat to the tree itself, and then to float down a line to it from some point above the obstacle, for the river fortunately ran in a curve to that place. Thus, by giving a broad sheer into the stream, while the rest of the party hauled upon the rope, the boat would swing clear of the impediment. But all this was very hard work, and, as the sun was now high in heaven, very hot work; and, moreover, it had to be repeated three times before all the boats were in safety. Fully as much justice was done to breakfast as had been done to supper on the preceding evening; and most luxurious was the hour's rest which succeeded it.

The remaining part of the voyage was easy; there was a sharp current, no doubt too sharp, for anything to speak of to be done with the flies; but it was all plain traveling, and, with an occasional help from the ropes, before noon their destination had been reached.

This was the foot of a low fall, or something between a fall and a rapid, called "The Aal Foss," in the middle of which was a picturesque, rocky island, covered with trees, and on the left bank an equally picturesque peninsula, which was destined to be the headquarters of the expedition.

THE AAL FOSS RAPIDS, ON THE OXEA, IN NORWAY.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "On her Wedding-Morn," "Redeemed by Love," "A Woman's War," etc., etc.

Chapter VI.

(Continued.)

The Arleighs of Beechgrove had for many generations been one of the wealthiest as well as one of the noblest families in England. To the lot of the only living descendant of the race, Norman, Lord Arleigh, who had succeeded his father at the early age of twenty, all this good gift of fame, fortune and wealth had now fallen. He had inherited also the far-famed Arleigh beauty. He had clear-cut features, a fair skin, a fine, manly frame, a broad chest, an erect, military bearing; he had dark hair and eyes, with straight, clear brows, and a fine, handsome mouth, shaded by a dark mustache. Looking at him, it was easy to understand his character. There was pride in the dark eyes, in the handsome face, in the high-bred manner and bearing, but not pride of a common kind.

In accordance with his late father's wish, he had gone through the usual course of studies. He had been to Eton and to Oxford; he had made the usual continental tour; and now he had returned to live as the Arleighs had done before him—a king on his own estate. There was just one thing in his life that had not pleased him. His mother, Lady Arleigh, had always evinced the greatest affection for her cousin, the gentle Lady L'Estrange. She had paid long visits to Verdun Royal, always taking her son with her; and his earliest recollection was of his mother and Lady L'Estrange sitting side by side planning the marriage of their two children, Philippa and Norman. He could even remember many of his mother's pet phrases—"So suitable," "A perfect marriage," "The desire of my heart." He could remember the many references made to it, such as "When Philippa lives at the Abbey," "When Philippa is Lady Arleigh." All his mother's thoughts and ideas seemed to begin and end there. He had been taught, half seriously, half in jest, to call Philippa his little wife, to pay her every attention, to present her with jewels and with flowers, to make her his chief study. While he was still a boy he had only laughed at it.

Philippa was a beautiful, high-spirited girl. Her vivacity and animation amused him. He had spoken the truth in saying that he had met no one he liked better than his old friend. He had seen beautiful girls, lovely women, but he had not fallen in love. Indeed, love with the Arleighs was a serious matter. They did not look lightly upon it. Norman Lord Arleigh had not fallen in love, but he had begun to think very seriously about Philippa L'Estrange. He had been fond of her as a child, with the kind of affection that often exists between children. He had called her his "little wife" in jest, not in earnest. He had listened to the discussions between the two ladies as he would have listened had they been talking about adding a new wing to the house. It was not until he came to the years of manhood that he began to see how serious the whole matter was. Then he remembered with infinite satisfaction that there had been nothing binding, that he had never even mentioned the word "love" to Philippa L'Estrange, that he had never made love to her, that the whole matter was merely a something that had arisen in the imagination of the two ladies.

He was not in the least degree in love with Philippa. She was a brunette—he preferred a blonde; brunette beauty had no charm for him. He liked gentle, fair-haired women, tender of heart and soul—brilliancy did not charm him. Even when, previously to going abroad, he had gone down to Verdun Royal to say good-by, there was not the least approach to love in his heart. He had thought Philippa

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very charming and very picturesque as she stood under the lilac-trees; he had said truly that he should never see a lilac without thinking of her as she stood there. But that had not meant that he loved her.

He had bent down, as he considered himself in courtesy bound, to kiss her face when he bade her adieu; but it was no lover's kiss that fell so lightly on her lips. He realized to himself most fully the fact that, although he liked Philippa, retained his boyish admiration for her, cared a great deal for her, and felt that she stood in the place of a sister to him, he did not love her.

But about Philippa herself? He was not vain; the proud, stately Lord Arleigh knew nothing of vanity. He could not think that the childish folly had taken deep root in her heart—he would not believe it. She had been a child like himself; perhaps, even, she had forgotten the nonsense more completely than he himself had. On his return to England, the first thing that he heard when he reached London was that his old friend and playfellow—the girl he had called his little wife—was the belle of the season, with half London at her feet.

Chapter VII.

LORD ARLEIGH had been so accustomed to think of Philippa as a child, that he could with difficulty imagine the fact that she was now a lovely girl, and one of the wealthiest heiresses in London. He felt some curiosity about her. How would she greet him? How would she receive him? He wrote to her at once, asking permission to visit her; and he came away from that visit with his eyes a little dazzled, his brain somewhat dazed, but his heart untouched. His fancy was somewhat disturbed by the haunting memory of dark, splendid eyes, lighted with fire and passion, and a bright, radiant face and scarlet lips—by a *mélange* of amber, lace, and perfume—but his heart was untouched. She was beautiful beyond his fairest dream of woman—he owned that to himself—but it was not the kind of beauty that he admired; it was too vivid, too highly colored, too brilliant. He preferred the pure, sweet lily to the queenly rose. Still, he said to himself that he had never seen a face or figure like Miss L'Estrange's. No wonder that she had half London at her feet!

He was pleased with her kind reception of him, although he had not read her welcome aright; he was too true a gentleman even to think that it was love which shone in her eyes and trembled on her lips—love which made her voice falter and die away—love which caused her to exert every art and grace of which she was mistress, to fascinate him. He was delighted with her—his heart grew warm under the charm of her words; but he never dreamed of love.

He had said to himself that there must be no renewal of the childish nonsense of early days—that he must be careful not to allude to it; to do so would be in bad taste. Not that he was vain enough to think she would attach any importance to it even if he did so; but he was one of nature's gentlemen, and he would have scorned to exaggerate or to say one word more than he meant. Her welcome had been most graceful, most kind—the beautiful face had softened and changed completely for him. She had devoted herself entirely to him; nothing in all the wide world had seemed to her of the least interest except himself and his affairs—books, music, pictures, even herself, her own triumphs, were all as nothing when compared with him. He would have been less than mortal not to have been both pleased and flattered.

Pressed so earnestly to return to dinner, he had promised to do so; and evening, the sweet-scented May evening, found him once more at Hyde Park. If anything, Philippa looked even more lovely. She wore her favorite colors—amber and white—a dress of rich amber brocade trimmed with white lace; the queenly head was circled with diamonds; jewels like fire gleamed on the white breast; there was a cluster of choice flowers in her bodice. He had seen her hitherto as a girl; now he was to see her as the high-bred hostess, the mistress of a magnificent mansion.

He owned to himself that she was simply perfect. He had seen nothing in better taste, although he had been on intimate terms with the great ones of the earth. As he watched her, he thought to himself that, high and brilliant as was her station, it was yet not high enough for her. She flung a charm so magical around her that he was insensibly attracted by it; yet he was not the least in love—nothing was further from his thoughts. He could not help seeing that, after a fashion, she treated him differently from her other guests. He could not have told why or how; he felt only a certain subtle difference; her voice seemed to take another tone in addressing him, her face another expression, as though she regarded him as one quite apart from all others.

The dinner-party was a success, as was every kind of entertainment with which Philippa L'Estrange was concerned. When the visitors rose to take their leave, Norman rose also. She was standing near him.

"Do not go yet, Norman," she said; "it is quite early. Stay, and I will sing to you."

She spoke in so low a tone of voice that no one else heard her. He was quite willing. Where could he feel more at home than in this charming drawing-room, with this beautiful girl, his old friend and playmate?

She bade adieu to her visitors, and then turned to him with such a smile as might have lost or won Troy.

"I thought they would never go," she said; "and it seems to me that I have barely exchanged one word with you yet, Norman."

"We have talked many hours," he returned, laughing.

"Ah, you count time by the old fashion, hours and minutes! I forget it when I am talking to one I—to an old friend like you."

"You are enthusiastic," said Lord Arleigh, wondering at the light on the splendid face.

"Nay, I am constant," she rejoined.

And for a few minutes after that silence reigned between them. Philippa was the first to break it.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that you used to praise my voice, and prophesy that I should sing well?"

"Yes, I remember," he replied.

"I have worked hard at my music," she continued, "in the hope of pleasing you."

"In the hope of pleasing me?" he interrogated. "It was kind of you to think so much of me."

"Of whom should I think if not of you?' she inquired.

There were both love and reproach in her voice—he heard neither. Had he been as vain as he was proud, he would have been quicker to detect her love for himself.

The windows had been opened because the evening air was so clear and sweet; it came in now, and seemed to give to the flowers a sweeter fragrance. Lord Arleigh drew his chair to the piano.

"I want you only to listen," she said. "You will have no turning-over to do for me; the songs I love best I know by heart. Shut your eyes, Norman, and dream."

"I shall dream more vividly if I keep them open and look at you," he returned.

Then in a few minutes he began to think he must be in dream-land—the rich, sweet voice, so clear, so soft, so low, was filling the room with sweetest music. It was like no human voice that he remembered, seductive, full of passion and tenderness—a voice that told its own story, that told of its owner's power and charm—a voice that carried away the hearts of the listeners irresistibly, as the strong current carries the leaflet.

She sang of love, mighty, irresistible love, the king before whom all bow down; and, as she sang, he looked at her. The soft, pearly light of the lamps fell on her glorious face, and seemed to render it more beautiful. He wondered what spell was fast falling over him, for he saw nothing but Philippa's face, heard nothing but the music that seemed to steep his senses as in a dream.

How fatally, wondrously lovely she was, this siren who sang to him of love until every sense was full of silent ecstacy, until his face flushed, and his heart beat fast. Suddenly his eyes met hers; the scarlet lips trembled, the white fingers grew unsteady; her eyelids drooped, and the sweet music stopped.

"You should not look at me, Norman," she said, "when I sing; it embarrasses me."

"You should contrive to look a little less beautiful, then, Philippa," he rejoined. "What was that last song?"

"It is a new one," she replied, "called 'My Queen.'"

"I should like to read the words," said Lord Arleigh.

In a few minutes she had found it for him, and they bent over the printed page together; her dark hair touched his cheek, the perfume from the white lilies she wore seemed to entrance him; he could not understand the spell that lay over him.

"Is it not beautiful?" she said.

"Yes, beautiful, but ideal; few women, I think, would equal this poet's queen."

"You do not know—you cannot tell, Norman. I think any woman who loves, and loves truly, becomes a queen.'

He looked at her, wondering at the passion in her voice—wondering at the expression on her beautiful face.

"You are incredulous," she said; "but it is true. Love is woman's dominion; let her but once enter it, and she becomes a queen; her heart and soul grow grander, the light of love crowns her. It is the real diadem of womanhood. Norman, she knows no other."

He drew back startled; her words seemed to rouse him into sudden consciousness. She was quick enough to see it, and, with the *distrait* manner of a true woman of the world, quickly changed the subject. She asked some trifling question about Beechgrove, and then said, suddenly:

"I should like to see that fine old place of yours, Norman. I was only ten when mamma took me there the last time; that was rather too young to appreciate its treasures. I should like to see it again."

"I hope you will see it, Philippa; I have many curiosities to show you. I have sent home treasures from every great city I have visited."

She looked at him half wonderingly, half wistfully, but he said no more. Could it be that he had no thought of ever asking her to be mistress and queen of this house of his?"

"You must have a party in the Autumn," she said. "Lady Peters and I must be amongst your guests."

"That will be an honor. I shall keep you to your word, Philippa." And then he rose to go.

The dark, wistful eyes followed him. She drew a little nearer to him as he held out his hand to say good-night.

"You are quite sure, Norman, that you are pleased to see me again?" she interrogated, gently.

"Pleased! Why, Philippa, of course I am! What a strange question!"

"Because," she said, "there seems to be a cloud—a shadow—between us that I do not remember to have existed before."

"We are both older," he explained; "and the familiarity of childhood cannot exist when childhood ceases to be."

"I would rather be a child forever than that you should change to me," she said quickly.

"I think," he returned, gravely, "that the only change in me is that I admire you more than I have ever done."

And these words filled her with the keenest sense of rapture; yet they were but commonplace enough, if she had only realized it.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD ARLEIGH raised his hat from his brow, and stood for a few minutes bareheaded in the starlight. He felt like a man who had been in the stifling atmosphere of a conservatory; warmth and perfume had dazed him. How beautiful Philippa was—how bewildering! What a nameless, wondrous charm there was about her. No wonder that half London was at her feet, and that her smiles were eagerly sought. He was not the least in love with her; admiration, homage, liking, but not love—anything but that—filled him; yet he dreamed of her, thought of her, compared her face with others that he had seen—all simply because her beauty had dazed him.

"I can believe now in the sirens of old," he said to himself; "they must have had just such dark, glowing eyes, such rich, sweet voices, and beautiful faces. I should pity the man who hopelessly loved Philippa L'Estrange. And, if she ever loves any one, it will be easy for her to win; who could resist her?"

How little he dreamed that the whole passionate love of her heart was given to himself—that to win from him one word of love, a single token of affection, she would have given all that she had in the world!

On the day following he received a note; it said simply:

> "DEAR NORMAN: Can you join me in a ride? I have a new horse which they tell me is too spirited. I shall not be afraid to try it if you are with me. Yours, PHILIPPA."

He could not refuse—indeed, he never thought of refusing—why should he? The beautiful girl who asked this kindness from him was his old friend and playfellow. He hastened to Verdun House, and found Philippa waiting for him.

"I knew you would come," she said. "Lady Peters said you would be engaged. I thought differently."

"You did well to trust me," he returned, laughingly; "it would require a very pressing engagement to keep me from the pleasure of attending you."

He had thought her perfect on the previous evening, in the glitter of jewels and the gorgeous costume of amber and white; yet, if possible, she looked even better on this morning. Her riding-habit was neat and plain, fitting close to the perfect figure, showing every gracious line and curve.

Philippa L'Estrange possessed that rare accomplishment among women, a graceful "seat" on horseback. Lord Arleigh could not help noticing the admiring glances cast on her as they entered the Park together. He saw how completely she was queen of society. Unusual homage followed her. She was the observed of all observers; all the men seemed to pause and look at her. Lord Arleigh heard repeatedly, as they rode along, the question, "Who is that beautiful girl?" Every one of note or distinction contrived to speak to her. The Prince of Auboine, at that time the most *fêted* guest in England, could scarcely leave her. Yet, in the midst of all, Lord Arleigh saw that she turned to him as the sunflower to the sun. No matter with whom she was conversing, she never for one moment forgot him, never seemed inattentive, listened to him, smiled her brightest on him, while the May sun shone, and the white hawthorn flowers fell on the grass—while the birds chirped merrily, and crowds of bright, happy people passed to and fro.

"How true she is to her old friends!" thought Lord Arleigh, when he s that even a prince could not take her attention from him.

So they rode on through the sunlit air—he fancy free, she loving him every moment with deeper, truer, warmer love.

"I should be so glad, Norman," she said to him, "if you would give me a few riding-lessons. I am sure I need them."

He looked at the graceful figure, at the little hands that held the reins so deftly.

"I do not see what there is to teach you," he observed; "I have never seen any one ride better."

"Still, I should be glad of some little instruction from you," she said. "I always liked riding with you, Norman."

"I shall be only too pleased to ride with you every day when I am in town," he told her; and, though he spoke kindly, with smiling lips, there was no warmth of love in his tone.

The day was very warm—the sun had in it all the heat of June. When they reached Verdun House, Philippa said:

"You will come in for a short time, Norman? You look warm and tired. William—the butler—is famous for his claret-cup."

He murmured something about being not fatigued, but disinclined for conversation.

"You will not see any one," she said; "you shall come to my own particular little room, where no one dares enter, and we will have a quiet conversation there."

It seemed quite useless to resist her. She had a true siren power of fascination. The next minute saw him seated in the cool, shady boudoir, where the mellow light came in, rose-filtered through the silken blinds, and the perfumed air was sweet. Lady Peters, full of solicitude, was there, with the iced claret-cup, thinking he was tired and warm. It was so like home that he could not help feeling happy.

Presently Lady Peters retired for a few minutes, and in came Philippa. She had changed her riding-costume for a white silk *négligé* that fell round her in loose, graceful folds. She wore no flowers, jewels, or ribbons, but the dark masses of her hair were unfastened, and hung round the white neck; there was a warm, bright flush on her face, with the least touch of languor in her manner. She threw herself back in her lounging-chair, saying, with a dreamy smile:

"You see that I make no stranger of you, Norman."

From beneath the white silken folds peeped a tiny embroidered slipper; a jeweled fan lay near her, and with it she gently stirred the perfumed air. He watched her with admiring eyes.

"You look like a picture that I have seen, Philippa," he said.

"What picture?" she asked, with a smile.

"I cannot tell you, but I am quite sure that I have seen one like you. What picture would you care to resemble?"

A sudden gleam of light came into her dark eyes.

"The one under which you would write 'My Queen,'" she said, hurriedly.

He did not understand.

"I think every one with an eye to beauty would call you 'queen,'" he observed, lightly. The graver meaning of her speech had quite escaped him.

Then Lady Peters returned, and the conversation changed.

"We are going to hear an *opera bouffe* to night," said Philippa, when Lord Arleigh was leaving. "Will you come and be our escort?"

"You will have a box filled with noisy chatterers all night," he remarked, laughingly.

"They shall all make room for you, Norman, if you will come," she said. "It is 'La Grande Duchesse,' with the far-famed Madame Schneider as *Her Grace of Gerolstein.*"

"I have never heard it yet," returned Lord Arleigh. "I cannot say that I have any great admiration for that school of music; but, if you wish it, I will go, Philippa."

"It will increase my enjoyment a hundredfold," she said, gently, "if you go."

"How can I refuse, when you say that? I will be here punctually," he promised; and again the thought crossed his mind how true she was to her old friends—how indifferent to new ones!

On that evening Philippa changed her customary style of dress—it was no longer the favorite amber, so rich in hue and in texture, but white, gleaming silk, relieved by dashes of crimson. A more artistic or beautiful dress could not have been designed. She wore crimson roses in her dark hair, and a cluster of crimson roses on her white breast. Her bouquet was of the same odorous flowers.

In the theatre Lord Arleigh noticed that Philippa attracted more attention than any one else, even though the house was crowded; he saw opera-glasses turned constantly toward her beautiful face.

Miss L'Estrange kept her word, saying but little to those who would fain have engrossed her whole attention—that was given to Lord Arleigh. She watched his face keenly throughout the performance. He did not evince any great interest in it.

"You do not care for 'La Grande Duchesse'?" she said, suddenly.

"No—frankly, I do not," he replied.

"Tell me why?" said Philippa.

"Can you ask me to do so, Philippa?" he returned, surprised; and then he added, "I will tell you. First of all, despite the taking music, it is a performance to which I should not care to bring my wife or sister."

"Tell me why," she said again.

"It lowers my idea of womanhood. I could not forgive the woman, let her be duchess or peasant, who could show any man such great love, who could lay herself out so deliberately to win a man."

She looked at him gravely. He continued:

"Beauty is very charming, I grant—as are grace and talent; but the chief charm to me of a woman is her modesty; just as the great charm of a lily is its whiteness. Do you not agree with me, Philippa?"

"Yes," she replied, "most certainly I do; but, Norman, you are hard upon us. Suppose that a woman loves a man ever so truly—she must not make any sign?"

"Any sign she might make would most certainly, in my opinion, lessen her greatest charm," he said.

"But," she persisted, "do you not think that that is rather hard? Why must a woman never evince a preference for the man she loves?"

"Woman should be wooed—never be the wooer," said Lord Arleigh.

"Again I say you are hard, Norman. According to you, a woman is to break her heart in silence and sorrow for a man, rather than give him the least idea that she cares for him."

"I should say there is a happy medium between the Duchess of Gerolstein and a broken heart. Neither men nor women can help their peculiar disposition, but in my opinion, a man never cares less for a woman than when he sees that she wants to win his liking."

He spoke with such perfect freedom from all consciousness, that she knew the words could not be intended for her; nevertheless, she had learnt a lesson from them.

"I am like yourself, Norman," she said—"I do not care for the play at all; we will go home;" and they left the house before the Grand Duchess had played her part.

Chapter IX.

PHILIPPA L'ESTRANGE long and earnestly thought over her last conversation with Lord Arleigh. She had always loved him; but the chances are that, if he had been devoted to her on his return, if he had wooed her as others did, she would have been less *empressée*. As it was, he was the only man she had not conquered, the only one who resisted her, on whom her fascinations fell without producing a magical effect. She could not say she had conquered her world while he was unsubdued. Yet how was it? She asked herself that question a hundred times each day. She was no coquette, no flirt, yet she knew she had but to smile on a man to bring him at once to her feet; she had but to make the most trifling advance, and she could do what she would. The Duke of Mornton had twice repeated his offer of marriage—she had refused him. The Marquis of Langland, the great match of the day, had made her an offer, which she had declined, The Italian Prince Cetti would have given his possessions to have taken her back with him to his own sunny land, but she had refused to go. No woman in England had better offers of marriage; but she had refused them all. How was it that, when others sighed so deeply and vainly at her feet, Lord Arleigh alone stood aloof?

Of what use were her beauty, wit, grace, wealth, and talent, if she could not win him? For the first time she became solicitous about her beauty, comparing it with that of other women, always being compelled, in the end, to own that she excelled. If Lord Arleigh talked or danced with or showed attention to any lady, she would critically examine her claim to interest, whether she was beautiful, mentally gifted, graceful. But Philippa detected another thing—if Lord Arleigh did not love her, it was at least certain that he loved no one else.

The whole world was spoiled for her because she had not this man's love. She desired it. Her beauty, her wealth, her talents, her grace, were all as nothing, because with them she could not win him. Then, again, she asked herself, could it be that she could not win him? What had men told her? That her beauty was irresistible. It might be that he did not care for her, that he intended to carry out his mother's favorite scheme, but that he was in no hurry; that he wanted her and himself to see plenty of life first. It was easier, after all, to believe that than to think that she had completely failed to win him. She would be quite satisfied if it were so, although it was certainly not flattering to her that he should be willing to wait so long; but, if he would only speak—if he would only say the few words that would set her mind quite at ease—she would be content.

Why did he not love her? She was fair, young, endowed with great gifts; she had wealth, position; she had the claim upon him that his mother and hers had wished the alliance. Why did she fail? Why did he not love her? It seemed to her that she was the one person in all the world to whom he would naturally turn—that, above all others, he would select her for his wife; yet he did not evince the least idea of so doing. Why was it?

Since that night when he had so frankly told her his ideas about women, she had been most careful, most reserved.

"If he likes reserve and indifference," she said to herself, "he shall have plenty of it." Yet it was at the same time so mixed with kindness, with thoughtful consideration for him, that the wonder was that he did not succumb. "I must find out," she said to herself, "whether he does really care for me." How to do so she did not quite know—but woman's wits are proverbially keen.

The more she saw of him the better she liked him—his single-mindedness, his chivalry, his faith in women, and his respect for them, were greater than she had seen in any other; and she loved him for these qualities. The more she contrasted him with others, the greater, deeper, and wider grew her love. It must be that in time he would care for her.

The Duchess of Aytoun gave a grand ball, to which, as belle of the season, Philippa was invited.

"Shall you go?" she asked of Lord Arleigh.

"I have scarcely decided," he replied.

"Do go, Norman; I like waltzing, but I do not care to waltz with every one. Do go, that I may dance with you."

"You do not mind waltzing with me, then?" he said.

The glance she gave him was answer sufficient. He could not help feeling flattered.

"I shall be there, Philippa," he said; and then she promised herself than on that evening she would try to discover what his sentiments were with regard to her.

She took great pains with her toilet; she did not wish to startle, but to attract—and the two things were very different. Her dress looked brilliant, being of a silvery texture; the trimming was composed of small fern-leaves; a *parure* of fine diamonds crowned her head.

The effect of the dress was striking, and Philippa herself had never looked more lovely. There was a flush of rose-color on her face, a light in her eyes. If ever woman's face told a story, hers did—if ever love softened, made more tender and pure any face on earth, it was hers.

After her toilet was complete, she stood for a few minutes looking in her mirror. The tall, stately figure in the glorious dress was perfect; the face, framed in shining masses of dark hair, was perfect too.

"If I can but win one word from him!" she thought. "If I can but remind him of those childish days when he used to call me his little wife!"

She no sooner made her appearance in the ball-room than, as was usual, she was surrounded by a little court of admirers—the Duke of Mornton first amongst them. They little guessed that they owed her complacent reception of their compliments to the fact that she was not even attending to them, but with her whole soul in her eyes was watching for Lord Arleigh's arrival. The duke even flattered himself that he was making some progress, because at some chance word from him, the beautiful face flushed a deep crimson. How was he to know that Lord Arleigh had at that moment entered the room?

The latter could not help feeling pleased and flattered at the way in which Philippa received him. He was but mortal, and he could not help seeing the dark eyes shine, the scarlet lips tremble, the whole face soften. Presently, she placed her hand on his arm, and walked away with him.

"I was growing impatient, Norman," she said; and then, remembering his criticisms on the wooing of women, she hastened to add—"impatient at the want of novelty; it seems to me that in London ball-rooms all the men talk in the same fashion."

Lord Arleigh laughed.

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"What are they to do, Philippa?" he asked. "They have each one the same duties to perform—to please their partners and amuse themselves. You would not have a 'hapless lordling' talk about science or metaphysics while he danced, would you?"

"No; but they might find some intelligent remarks to make. You talk well, Norman, and listening to you makes me impatient with others."

"You are very kind," he said, and he took the pretty tablets from her hand.

"You have saved every waltz for me, Philippa. I shall expect to have a dozen duels on my hands before morning."

"This is my favorite," she said, as the music of the irresistible "Blue Danube" filled the room.

Then it seemed to her that they floated away into another sphere. His arm was round her, his eyes smiling down into hers. With youth, music, beauty, love, there was nothing wanting to complete the charm.

When it was over, he asked her if she would rest.

"No," said Philippa; "I heard the playing of a fountain in the fernery. I should like to go there."

They went through the magnificent suite of rooms, and then through the conservatory into the dim, beautiful fernery, where the lamps glowed like stars, and the cool, rippling water fell with a musical rhythm into the deep basin below. They could hear the distant sound of music from the ball-room. It was a time when love, if it lay in a man's heart, would spring into sweet, sudden life.

"If he loves me," she said to herself, "he will tell me so now."

"I like this better than the ball-room, Norman," she said. "By the way, you have not told me if you like my dress?" she added, anxious to bring him to the one subject she had at heart. "Do you remember that when we were children, Norman, you used to criticise my dress?"

"Did I? It was very rude of me. I should not venture to criticise anything so marvelous now. It is a wonderful dress, Philippa: in the light, it looks like moonbeams; in the shade, like snow. Do you suppose I should ever have the courage to criticise anything so beautiful?"

"Do you really like it, Norman—without flattery?"

"I never flatter, Philippa, not even in jest; you should know that."

"I have never heard you flatter," she acknowledged. "I took pains with my toilet, Norman, to please you, and if it does so I am well content."

"There is another waltz," said Lord Arleigh; "we will go back to the ballroom."

"Make him love me!" she said to herself, with bitter disdain. "I might as well wish for one of the stars as for his love—it seems just as far off."

CHAPTER X.

LORD ARLEIGH did not go to Beechgrove as he had intended. He found so many old friends and so many engagements in London that he was not inclined to leave it. Then, too, he began to notice many little things which made him feel uncomfortable. He began to perceive that people considered him, in some kind of way, as belonging to Miss L'Estrange: no matter how many surrounded her, when he entered a room they were seen one by one to disappear until he was left alone by her side. At first he believed this to be accidental; after a time he knew that it must be purposely done.

Miss L'Estrange, too, appeared to see and hear only him. If any one wanted to win a gracious smile from her lovely lips, he had but to make way for Lord Arleigh; if any one wanted a kind word, or a kind glance from the beautiful eyes, he had but to praise Lord Arleigh. People soon perceived all this. The last to discover it was Lord Arleigh himself. It dawned but slowly upon him. He began to perceive, also, that Philippa, after a fashion of her own, appropriated him. She looked upon it as a settled arrangement that he should ride with her every day—that every day he must either lunch or dine with them—that he must be her escort to theatre and ball. If he at times pleaded other engagements, she would look at him with an air of childlike wonder, and say:

"They cannot have so great a claim upon you as I have, Norman?"

Then he was disconcerted, and knew not what to answer. It was true there was no one with so great a claim—it seemed to have been handed down from his mother to him.

His eyes were still further opened one day, when a large and fashionable crowd had gathered at Lady Dalton's garden party. Philippa was, as heretofore, the belle, looking more than usually lovely in a light gossamer dress of white and pink. She was surrounded by admirers. Lord Arleigh stood with a group of gentlemen under a great, spreading beech-tree.

"How beautiful she is, that Miss L'Estrange!" said one—Sir Alfred Martindale. "I can believe in the siege of Troy when I look at her; and I think it is just as well for mankind that such lovely women are rare."

"If ever there was a human moth," observed another, "it is that unfortunate Duke of Mornton. I have seen some desperate cases in my time, but none so desperate as his."

Lord Arleigh laughed. They were all intimate friends.

"The Duke of Mornton is a great friend of mine," he said. "I can only hope that he may be saved from the ultimate fate of a moth, and that Miss L'Estrange will take pity on him."

He could not help seeing that the three gentlemen looked up with an expression of utter wonder.

"Do you mean," asked Sir Alfred, "that you hope Miss L'Estrange will marry the duke?"

"I do not think she could do better," replied Lord Arleigh.

"You are the last man in London I should have expected to hear say so," said Sir Alfred, quietly.

"Am I? Pray, may I ask why?"

"Yes, if you will acquit me of all intentional rudeness in my reply. I repeat that you are the last man in London whom I should have expected to hear make such a remark, for the simple reason that every one believes you are going to marry Miss L'Estrange yourself."

Lord Arleigh's face flushed hotly.

"Then 'every one,' as you put it, Sir Alfred, takes a great liberty—an unauthorized liberty—with the name of a very charming lady. Miss L'Estrange and myself were much together when children—our mothers were distantly related, and at the present time we are—excellent friends."

"I am sorry," returned Sir Alfred, "if I have said anything to annoy you. I thought the fact was as evident as the sun at noonday; every one in London believes it."

"Then people take an unwarrantable liberty with the lady's name," said Lord Arleigh.

Some one else remarked, with a slightly impertinent drawl, that he did not believe Miss L'Estrange would consider it a liberty. A flash from Lord Arleigh's dark eyes silenced him.

A few minutes afterward Lord Arleigh found the Duchess of Aytoun and Philippa seated beneath a large acacia-tree. Captain Gresham, a great favorite in the London world, was by Philippa's side. The duchess, with a charming gesture of invitation, made room for Lord Arleigh by her side. The gallant captain did not often find an opportunity of making love to the belle of the season. Now that he had found it, he was determined not to lose it—not for fifty Lord Arleighs. So, while the duchess talked to the new-comer, he relentlessly pursued his conversation with Miss L'Estrange.

There was but one music in the world for her, and that was the music of Lord Arleigh's voice. Nothing could ever drown that for her. The band was playing, the captain talking, the duchess conversing, in her gay, animated fashion; but above all, clearly and distinctly, Philippa heard every word that fell from Lord Arleigh's lips, although he did not know it. He believed that she was, as she seemed to be, listening to the captain.

"I have pleasing news concerning you, Lord Arleigh," said the duchess. "I wonder if I may congratulate you?"

"What is it? I do not know of anything very interesting concerning myself," he remarked—"nothing, I am sure, that calls for congratulation."

"You are modest," said the duchess; "but I have certainly heard, and on good authority, too, that you are about to be married."

"I can only say I was not in the least aware of it," he replied.

The duchess raised her parasol, and looked keenly at him.

"Pray pardon me," she continued; "do not think that it is from mere curiosity that I ask the question. Is there really no truth in the report?"

"None whatever," he replied. "I have no more idea of being married than I have of sailing this moment for the Cape."

"It is strange," said the duchess, musingly; "I had the information from such good authority, too."

"There can be no better authority on the subject," said Lord Arleigh, laughingly, "than myself."

"No, I admit that. Well, as the ice is broken, Lord Arleigh, and we are old friends, I may ask, why do you not marry?"

"Simply, because of marriage, and of love that ends in marriage, I have not thought," he answered, lightly.

"It is time for you to begin," observed the duchess; "my own impression is that a man does no good in the world until he is married." And then she added, "I suppose you have an ideal of womanhood?"

Lord Arleigh's face flushed.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "I have an ideal of my own, derived from poetry I have read, from pictures I have seen—an ideal of perfect grace, loveliness, and purity. When I meet that ideal, I shall meet my fate."

"Then you have never yet seen the woman you would like to marry?" pursued the duchess.

"No," he answered, quite seriously; "strange to say, although I have seen some of the fairest and noblest types of womanhood, I have not yet met with my ideal."

They were disturbed by a sudden movement—the flowers that Philippa held in her hand had fallen to the ground.

Chapter XI.

Captain Gresham sprang forward to lift the flowers which Miss L'Estrange had dropped.

"Nay," she said, "Never mind them. A fresh flower is very nice. A flower that has once been in the dust has lost its beauty."

There was no trace of pain in the clear voice; it was rich and musical. Philippa L'Estrange, seated in the bright sunshine, heard the words that were to her as a death-warrant, yet made no sign.

"I have not yet met with my ideal," Lord Arleigh had said.

Captain Gresham picked up some of the fallen flowers.

"A dead flower from your hand, Miss L'Estrange," he observed, "is worth a whole gardenful of living ones from any one else."

She laughed again that sweet, musical laugh which seemed to come only from a happy heart; and then she looked round, The Duchess of Aytoun and Lord Arleigh were still in deep converse. Miss L'Estrange turned to Captain Gresham.

"I have been told," she said, "that there are some beautiful white hyacinths here; they are my favorite flowers. Shall we find them?"

He was only too pleased. She bade a laughing adieu to the duchess, and smiled at Lord Arleigh. There was no trace of pain or of sadness in her voice or face. They went away together, and Lord Arleigh never even dreamed that she had heard his remarks.

Then the duchess left him, and he sat under the spreading beech alone. His thoughts were not of the pleasantest nature; he did not like the general belief in his approaching marriage; it was fair neither to himself nor to Philippa—yet how was he to put an end to such gossip? Another idea occurred to him. Could it be possible that Philippa herself shared the idea? He would not believe it. Yet many things made him pause and think. She certainly evinced great preference for his society; she was never so happy as when with him. She would give up any engagement, any promised gaiety or pleasure, to be with him. She dressed to please him; she consulted him on most things; she seemed to identify her interests with his. But all this might be the result of their old friendship—it might have nothing to do with love.

Could it be possible that she still remembered the childish nonsense that had passed between them—that she considered either herself or him bound by the foolish tie that neither of them had contracted? Could it be possible that she regarded herself as engaged to him? The bare idea of it seemed absurd to him; he could not believe it. Yet many little things that he could not explain to himself made him feel uncomfortable and anxious. Could it be that she, the most beautiful and certainly the most popular woman in London, cared so much for him as to hold him by so slender a tie as their past childish nonsense?

He reproached himself for the thought; yet, do what he would, he could not drive it away. The suspicion haunted him; it made him miserable. If it was really so, what was he to do?

He was a gentleman, not a coxcomb. He could not go to this fair woman and ask her if it was really true that she loved him, if she really cared for him, if she held him by a tie contracted in childhood? He could not do it. He had not sufficient vanity. Why should he think that Philippa, who had some of the noblest men in England at her feet—why should he think that she would renounce all her brilliant prospects for him? Yet, if the mistake had really occurred—if she really thought the childish nonsense binding—if she really believed that he was to make her his wife—it was high time that she was undeceived, that she knew the truth.

And the truth was that, although he had a great liking, a kindly affection for her, he was not in love with her. He admired her beauty—nay, he went further: he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, the most gifted, the most graceful. But he was not in love with her—never would be. She was not his type of woman, not his ideal. If she had been his sister, he would have loved her exceedingly—a brotherly affection was what he felt for her.

Yet how could he go to this fair woman with the ungracious words that he did not love her, and had no thought of marrying her? His face flushed hotly at the thought—there was something in it against which his whole manhood

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rose in hot rebellion. Still, it must be done; there must be no such shadow between them as this—there must be no such fatal mistake. If the report of their approaching marriage were allowed to remain much longer uncontradicted, why, then he would be in honor compelled to fulfill public expectation; and this he had no intention, no desire to do. The only thing, therefore, was to speak plainly to her.

How he hated the thought! How he loathed the idea! It seemed to him most unmanly, most ignoble—and yet there was no help for it. There was one gleam of comfort for him, and only one. She was so quick, so keen, that she would be sure to understand him at once, without his entering into any long explanation. Few words would suffice, and those words he must choose as best he could. If it were possible, he would speak to her to-day—the sooner the better—and then all uncertainty would be ended. It seemed to him, as he pondered these things, that a cloud had fallen over the sunshine. In his heart he blamed the folly of that good mother who had been the cause of all this anxiety.

"Such matters are always best left alone," he said to himself. "If I should ever have children of my own, I will never interfere with their love affairs."

Think as he would, ponder as he would, it was no easy task that lay before him—to tell her in so many words that he did not love her. Surely no man had ever had anything so ungracious to do before.

He looked round the grounds, and presently saw her the centre of a brilliant group near the lake. The Duke of Ashwood was by her side, the *élite* of the guests had gathered round her. She—beautiful, bright, animated—was talking, as he could see, with her usual grace and ease. It struck him suddenly as absurd that this beautiful woman should care—as people said she did—for him.

Let him get it all over. He longed to see the bright face smile on him with sisterly kindness, and to feel himself at ease with her; he longed to have all misunderstanding done away with.

He went up to the little group, and again the same peculiarity struck him—they all made way for him—even the Duke of Ashwood, although he did it with a frown on his face and an angry look in his eyes. Each one seemed to consider that he had some special right to be by the side of the beautiful Miss L'Estrange; and she, as usual when he was present, saw and heard no one else.

It was high time the world was disabused. Did she herself join in the popular belief? He could not tell. He looked at the bright face; the dark eyes met his, but he read no secret in them.

"Philippa," he said, suddenly, "the water looks very tempting—would you like a row?"

"Above everything else," she replied. And they went off in the little pleasure-boat together.

It was a miniature lake, tall trees bordering it and dipping their green branches into the water. The sun shone on the feathered spray that fell from the sculls, the white swans raised their graceful heads as the little boat passed by, and Philippa lay back languidly, watching the shadows of the trees. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to her. She looked at Lord Arleigh.

"Norman," she said, "let the boat drift—I want to talk to you, and I cannot while you are rowing."

He rested on his sculls, and the boat drifted under the drooping branches of a willow-tree. He never forgot the picture that then presented itself—the clear deep water, the green trees, and the beautiful face looking at him.

"Norman," she said, in a clear, low voice. "I want to tell you that I overheard all that you said to the Duchess of Aytoun. I could not help it—I was so near to you."

She was taking the difficulty into her own hands! He felt most thankful.

"Did you, Philippa? I thought you were engrossed with the gallant captain."

"Did you really and in truth mean what you said to her?" she asked.

"Certainly; you know me well enough to be quite sure that I never say what I do not mean."

"You have never yet seen the woman whom you would ask to be your wife?" she said.

There was a brief silence, and then he replied:

"No, in all truth, I have not, Philippa."

A little bird was singing on a swaying bough just above them—to the last day of her life it seemed to her that she remembered the notes. The sultry silence seemed to deepen. She broke it.

"But, Norman," she said, in a low voice, "have you not seen me?"

He tried to laugh, to hide his embarrassment, but it was a failure.

"I have seen you—and I admire you. I have all the affection of a brother for you, Philippa"—and then he paused abruptly.

"But," she supplied, "you have never thought of making me your wife? Speak to me quite frankly, Norman."

"No, Philippa, I have not."

"As matters stand between us, they require explanation," she said; and he saw her lips grow pale. "It is not pleasant for me to have to mention it, but I must do it. Norman, do you quite forget what we were taught to believe when we were children—that our lives were to be passed together?"

"My dearest Philippa, pray spare yourself and me. I did not know that you even remembered that childish nonsense."

She raised her dark eyes to his face, and there was something in them before which he shrank as one who feels pain.

"One word, Norman—only one word. That past which has been so much to me—that past in which I have lived, even more than in the present or the future—am I to look upon it as what you call nonsense?"

He took her hand in his.

"My dear Philippa," he said, "I hate myself for what I have to say—it makes me detest even the sound of my own voice. Yet you are right—there is nothing for us but perfect frankness; anything else would be foolish. Neither your mother nor mine had any right to bind us. Such things never answer, never prosper. I cannot myself imagine how they, usually so sensible, came in this instance to disregard all dictates of common sense. I have always looked upon the arrangement as mere nonsense, and I hope you have done the same. You are free as air—and so am I."

She made no answer, but, after a few minutes, when she had regained her self-possession, she said:

"The sun is warm on the water—I think we had better return;" and, as they went back, she spoke to him carelessly about the new rage for garden-parties.

"Does she care or not?" thought Lord Arleigh to himself. "Is she pleased or not? I cannot tell; the ways of women are inscrutable. Yet a strange idea haunts me—an uncomfortable suspicion."

As he watched her, there seemed to him no trace of anything but light-hearted mirth and happiness about her. She laughed and talked; she was the centre of attraction, the life of the *fête*. When he spoke to her, she had a careless jest, a laughing word for him; yet he could not divest himself of the idea that there was something behind all this. Was it his fancy, or did the dark eyes wear every now and then an expression of anguish? Was it his fancy, or did it really happen that when she believed herself unobserved, the light died out of her face?

He was uncomfortable, without knowing why—haunted by a vague, miserable suspicion he could not explain, by a presentiment he could not understand—compelled against his will to watch her, yet unable to detect anything in her words and manner that justified his doing so. It had been arranged that after the *fête* he should return to Verdun House with Lady Peters and Philippa. He had half promised to dine and spend the evening there, but now he wondered if that arrangement would be agreeable to Philippa. He felt that some degree of restraint had arisen between them.

He was thinking what excuse he could frame, when Philippa sent for him. He looked into the fresh, young face; there was no cloud on it.

"Norman," she said, "I find that Lady Peters has asked Miss Byrton to join us at dinner—will you come now? It has been a charming day, but I must own that the warmth of the sun has tired me."

Her tone of voice was so calm, so unruffled, he could have laughed at himself for his suspicions, his fears.

"I am quite ready," he replied. "If you would like the carriage ordered, we will go at once."

THE SISTERS.

He noticed her going home more particularly than he had ever done before. She was a trifle paler, and there was a languid expression in her dark eyes which might arise from fatigue; but she talked lightly as usual. If anything, she was even kinder to him than usual, never evincing the least consciousness of what had happened. Could it have been a dream? Never was man so puzzled as Lord Arleigh.

They talked after dinner about a grand fancy ball that

Miss Byrton intended giving at her mansion in Grosvenor Square. She was one of those who believed implicitly in the engagement between Lord Arleigh and Miss L'Estrange.

"I have a Waverley quadrille already formed," said Miss Byrton—"that is *de rigueur.* There could not be a fancy ball without a Waverley quadrille. How I should like two Shakespearean ones! I thought of having one from 'As You Like It' and another from 'Romeo and Juliet'; and, Miss L'Estrange, I wish you would come as *Juliet.* It seems rude even to suggest a character to any one with such perfect taste as yours—still I should like a beautiful *Juliet—Juliet* in white satin and glimmer of pearls."

"I am quite willing," returned Philippa. "*Juliet* is one of my favorite heroines. How many *Romeos* will you have?"

"Only one, if I can so manage it," returned Miss Byrton—"and that will be Lord Arleigh."

She looked at him as she spoke; he shook his head laughingly.

"No—I yield to no one in reverence for the creations of the great poet," he said; "but, to tell the truth, I do not remember that the character of *Romeo* ever had any great charm for me."

"Why not?" asked Miss Byrton.

"I cannot tell you; I am very much afraid that I prefer *Othello*—the noble Moor. Perhaps it is because sentiment has not any great attraction for me. I do not think I could ever kill myself for love. I should make a sorry *Romeo,* Miss Byrton."

With a puzzled face, she looked from him to Miss L'Estrange.

"You surprise me," she said, quietly. "I should have thought *Romeo* a character above all others to please you."

Philippa had listened with a smile—nothing had escaped her. Looking up, she said, with a bright laugh:

"I cannot compliment you on being a good judge of character, Miss Byrton. It may be, perhaps, that you have not known Lord Arleigh well enough. But he is the last person in the world to make a good *Romeo.* I know but one character in Shakespeare's plays that would suit him."

"And that?" interrogated Lord Arleigh.

"That," replied Philippa, "is *Petruchio;*" and amidst a general laugh the conversation ended.

Miss Byrton was the first to take her departure. Lord Arleigh lingered for some little time—he was still unconvinced. The wretched, half-formed suspicion that there was something hidden beneath Philippa's manner still pursued him; he wanted to see if she was the same to him. There was indeed no perceptible difference. She leaned back in her favorite chair with an air of relief, as though she were tired of visitors.

"Now let us talk about the *fête,* Norman," she said. "You are the only one I care to talk with about my neighbors."

So for half an hour they discussed the *fête,* the dresses, the music, the different flirtations—Philippa, in her usual bright, laughing, half-sarcastic fashion, with the keen sense of humor that was peculiar to her. Lord Arleigh could not see that there was any effort in her conversation; he could not see the least shadow on her brightness; at heart, he was thankful.

When he was going away, she asked him about riding on the morrow, just as usual. He could not see the slightest difference in her manner. That unpleasant little conversation on the lake might never have taken place, for all the remembrance of it that seemed to trouble her. Then, when he rose to take his leave, she held out her hand with a bright, amused expression.

"Good night, Petruchio," she said. "I am pleased at the name I have found for you."

"I am not so sure that it is appropriate," he rejoined. "I think, on the whole, I would rather love a *Juliet* than tame a shrew."

"It may be in the book of fate that you will do both," she observed; and they parted, laughing at the idea.

To the last the light shone in her eyes, and the scarlet lips were wreathed in smiles; but when the door had closed behind him and she was alone, the haggard, terrible change that fell over the young face was painful to see. The light, the youth, the beauty, seemed all to fade from it; it grew white, stricken, as though the pains of death were upon her. She clasped her hands as one who had lost all hope.

"How am I to bear it?" she cried. "What am I to do?"

She looked round her with the bewildered air of one who had lost her way—with the dazed appearance of one from beneath whose feet the plank of safety had been withdrawn. It was all over—life was all over; the love that had been her life was suddenly taken from her. Her hope was dead—the past in which she had lived was all a blank—he did not love her.

She said the words over and over again to herself. He did not love her, this man to whom she had given the passionate love of her whole heart and soul—he did not love her, and never intended to ask her to be his wife.

Why, she had lived for this! This love, lying now in ruins around her, had been her existence. Standing there, in the first full pain of her despair, she realized what that love had been—her life, her hope, her world. She had lived in it; she had known no other wish, no other desire. It had been her all; and now it was less than nothing.

"How am I to live and bear it?" she asked herself again; and the only answer that came to her was the dull echo of her own despair.

That night, while the sweet flowers slept under the light of the stars, and the little birds rested in the deep shade of the trees—while the night-wind whispered low, and the moon sailed through the sky—Philippa L'Estrange, the belle of the season, one of the most beautiful women in London, one of the wealthiest heiresses in England, wept through the long hours—wept for the overthrow of her hope and her love, wept for the life that lay in ruins around her.

She was of dauntless courage—she knew no fear; but she did tremble and quail before the future stretching out before her—the future that was to have no love, and was to be spent without him.

How was she to bear it? She had known no other hope in life, no other dream. What had been childish nonsense to him, had been to her a serious and exquisite reality. He had either forgotten it or had thought of it only with annoyance; she had made it the very corner-stone of her life.

It was not only a blow of the keenest and cruelest kind to her affections, but it was the cruelest blow her vanity could have possibly received. To think that she, who had more admirers at her feet than any other woman in London, should have tried so hard to win this one, and have failed—that her beauty, her grace, her wit, her talent, should all have been lavished upon him, and lavished in vain!

Why had she failed so completely? Why had she not won his love? It was given to no other—at least she had the consolation of knowing that. He had talked about his ideal, but he had not found it; he had his own ideal of womanhood, but he had not met with it.

"Are other women fairer, more lovable than I am?" she asked herself. "Why should another win where I have failed?"

So, through the long hours of the starlit night, she lamented the love and the wreck of her life, she mourned for the hope that could never live again, while her name was on the lips of men who praised her as the queen of beauty, and fair women envied her as one who had but to will and to win.

She would have given her whole fortune to win his love—not once, but a hundred times over.

It seemed to her a cruel mockery of fate that she, who had everything the world could give—beauty, health, wealth, fortune—should ask but this one gift, and that it should be refused her.

She watched the stars until they faded from the skies, and then she buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was when the sun, shining into her room, reached her, that an idea occurred to Philippa which was like the up-springing of new life to her. All was not yet lost. He did not love her—he had not thought of making her his wife; but it did not follow that he would never do so. What had not patience and perseverance accomplished before now? What had not love won?

He had acknowledged that she was beautiful; he had owned to her often how much he admired her. So much granted, was it impossible that he should learn to love her? She told herself that she would take courage—that she would persevere—that her great love must in time prevail, and that she would devote her life unweariedly to it.

She would carefully hide all traces of pique or annoyance. She would never let him find her dull or unhappy. Men liked to be amused. She would do her best to entertain him; he should never have a moment's vacancy in her society. She would find sparkling anecdotes, repartees, witty, humorous stories, to amuse him. He liked her singing; she would cultivate it more and more. She would study him, dress for him, live for him, and him alone; she would have no other end, aim, thought, or desire. She would herself be the source of all his amusements, so that he should look for the every-day pleasures of his life to her—and, such being the case, she would win him; she felt sure of it. Why had she been so hopeless, so despairing? There was no real cause for it. Perhaps, after all, he had looked upon the whole affair, not as a solemn engagement, but as a childish farce. Perhaps he had never really thought of her as his wife; but there would be an end to that thoughtlessness now. What had passed on the previous day would arouse his attention; he could never know the same indifference again.

So she rose with renewed hope. She shrank from the look of her face in the glass. "Cold water and fresh air," she said to herself, with a smile, "will soon remedy such paleness." And thus on that very day began for her the new life—the life in which, no longer sure of his love, she was to try to win it.

He would have loved her had he been able; but his own words were true—"Love is fate."

There was nothing in common between them—no sympathy—none of those mystical chords that, once touched, set two human hearts throbbing, and never rest until they are one. He could not have been fonder of her than he was, in a brotherly sense; but, as for lover's love, from the first day he had seen her, a beautiful, dark-eyed child, until the last, he had never felt the least semblance of it.

It was a story of failure. She strove as perhaps woman never before had striven, and she succeeded in winning his truest admiration, his warmest friendship; he felt more at home with her than with any one else in the wide world. But there it ended—she won no more.

It was not his fault; it was simply because the electric spark called love had never been and never could be elicited between his soul and hers. He would have done anything for her—he was her truest, best friend; but he was not her lover.

She hoped against hope. Each day she counted the kind words he had said to her; she noted every glance, every look, every expression. But she could not find that she made any progress—nothing that indicated any change from brotherly friendship to love. Still, she hoped against hope; and, but for this living fountain of hope, the chances are that she would have died of a broken heart.

Then the season ended. She went back to Verdun Royal with Lady Peters, and Lord Arleigh went to Beechgrove. They wrote to each other at Christmas, and met at Calverley, the seat of Lord Rineham. She contrived, even when away from him, to fill his life. She was always consulting him on matters of interest to her; she sought his advice continually, and about everything, from the renewal of a lease to the making of a new acquaintance. "I cannot do wrong," she would say to him, "if I follow your advice." He was pleased and happy to be able to help the daughter of his mother's dearest friend.

Her manner completely deceived him. If she had evinced the least pique or discontent—if she had, by word or look, shown the least resentment—he would have suspected that she cared for him, and would have been on his guard. As it was, he would not have believed any one who had told him she loved him.

The explanation had been made; there was no longer even a shadow between them; they both understood that the weak, nonsensical tie was broken. That they were the dearest of friends, and quite happy, would have been Lord Arleigh's notion of matters. Philippa L'Estrange might have told a different story.

The proposed party at Beechgrove did not come off. There were some repairs needed in the eastern wing, and Lord Arleigh himself had so many engagements that no time could be found for it; but when the season came round Philippa and he met again.

By this time some of Miss L'Estrange's admirers had come to the conclusion that there was no truth in the report of the engagement between herself and Lord Arleigh. Amongst these was his Grace the Duke of Hazlewood. He loved the beautiful, queenly girl, who had so disdainfully refused his coronet—the very refusal had made him care more than ever for her. He was worldly-wise enough to know that there were few women in London who would have refused him; and he said to himself that, if she would not marry him, he would go unmarried to his grave. He was one of the first to feel sure that there was no truth in the rumor that had grieved him so the previous year. Miss L'Estrange and Lord Arleigh were by force of circumstances great friends—nothing more; and this season he determined to make a friend of the man whom he had detested as a rival.

When the Duke of Hazlewood made up his mind, he generally accomplished his desire; he sought Lord Arleigh with such assiduity, he made himself so pleasant and agreeable to him, that the master of Beechgrove soon showed him his most cordial and sincere liking. Then they became warm friends. The duke confided in Lord Arleigh—he told him the whole story of his love for Miss L'Estrange.

"I know," he said, "that no one has so much influence over her as you. I do not believe in the absurd stories told about an engagement between you, but I see plainly that she is your friend, and that you are hers; and I want you to use your influence with her in my favor."

Lord Arleigh promised to do so—and he intended to keep his promise; they were on such intimate and friendly terms that he could venture upon saying anything of that kind to her. She would not be displeased—on the contrary, she would like his advice; it might even be that before now she had wished to ask for it, but had not liked to do so—so completely did these two play at cross-purposes and misunderstand each other.

It was easier to say to himself that he would speak to her as the duke wished than to do it. He saw that any allusion to her lovers or admirers made her ill at ease—she did not like it; even his laughing comments on the homage paid to her did not please her.

"I do not like lovers," she said to him one day, "and I am tired of admirers—I prefer friends."

"But," he opposed, laughingly, "if all that wise men and philosophers tell us is correct, there are no true friends."

He never forgot the light that shone in her face as she raised it to his.

"I do not believe that," she returned; "there are true friends—you are one to me."

The tenderness of her manner struck him forcibly. Something kinder and softer stirred in his heart than had ever stirred before for her; he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"You are right, Philippa," he said. "If ever a woman had a true, stanch friend, I am and will be one to you."

From her heart to her lips rose the words, "Shall you never be more?" Perhaps even her eyes asked the question more eloquently than her lips could have done, for his face flushed, and she turned away with some slight embarrassment.

"I shall try to keep your friendship," she said; "but that will be easily done, Norman."

"Yes," he replied; "one of the traditions of our house is 'truth in friendship, trust in love, honor in war.' To be a true friend and a noble foe is characteristic of the Arleighs."

"I hope you will never be a foe of mine," she rejoined, laughingly.

And that evening, thinking over the events of the day, she flattered herself that she had made some little progress after all.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE opportunity that Lord Arleigh looked for came at last. Philippa had some reason to doubt the honesty of a man whom she had been employing as agent. She was kind of heart, and did not wish to punish him, yet she felt sure that he had not done his duty by her. To speak to her solicitors about it would be, she felt, injurious to him, whether innocent or guilty. If innocent, it would create a prejudice against him; if guilty, they would wish to punish him. She resolved upon laying the matter before Lord Arleigh, and seeing what he thought of it.

He listened very patiently, examined the affair, and then told her that he believed she had been robbed.

"What shall I do?" she asked, looking at him earnestly.

"I know what you ought to do, Philippa. You ought to punish him."

"But he has a wife, Norman, and innocent little children; in exposing him I shall punish them, and they are innocent."

"That is one of the strangest of all universal laws to me," said Lord Arleigh—"why the innocent always do, and always must, suffer for the guilty; it is one of the mysteries I shall never understand. Common sense tells me that you ought to expose this man—that he ought to be punished for what he has done. Yet, if you do, his wife and children will be dragged down into an abyss of misery. Suppose you make a compromise of matters, and lecture him well."

He was half smiling as he spoke, but she took every word in serious earnest.

"Philippa," he continued, "why do you not marry? A husband would save you all this trouble; he would attend to your affairs, and shield you from annoyances of this kind."

"The answer to your question, 'Why do I not marry?' would form a long story," she replied, and then she turned the conversation.

But he was determined to keep his word, and plead with her for the duke. Another opportunity came that evening. It was Lady Peters's birthday, and Philippa had invited some of her most intimate friends, not young people, but those with whom she thought her *chaperon* would enjoy herself best. The result was a very pleasant dinner-party, followed by a very pleasant evening. Lord Arleigh could not be absent, for it was, in some measure, a family *fête*.

The guests did not remain very late, but Lady Peters, professing herself tired with the exertion she had made, lay down on a couch, and was soon asleep. Philippa stood by the window, with the rose-silk hangings drawn.

"Come out on the balcony," she said to Lord Arleigh—"the room is very warm."

It was night, but the darkness was silver-gray, not black. The sky above was bright with the gleam of a thousand stars, the moon was shining behind some silvery clouds, the great masses of foliage in the park were just stirred with the whisper of the night, and sweetest odors came from heliotrope and mignonette; the brooding silence of the Summer night lay over the land.

Philippa sat down, and Lord Arleigh stood by her side.

The moonlight, falling on her beautiful face, softened it into wondrous loveliness—it was pale, refined, with depths of passion in the dark eyes, and tender, tremulous smiles on the scarlet lips. She wore some material of white and gold. A thin scarf was thrown carelessly over her white shoulders. When the wind stirred, it blew the scarf against her face.

She might have been the very goddess of love, she looked so fair, out in the starlight. If there had been one particle of love in Lord Arleigh's heart, that hour and scene must have called it into life. For a time they sat in perfect silence. Her head was thrown back against a pillar, round which red roses clustered and clung, and the light of the stars fell full upon her face; the dark eyes were full of radiance.

"How beautiful it is, Norman!" she said, suddenly. "What music has ever equaled the whispers of the night-wind? It seems a sad pity, after all, that we are obliged to lead such conventional lives, and spend the greater part of them in warm, close rooms."

"You have a great love for out-of-door freedom," he remarked, laughingly.

"Yes, I love the fresh air. I think, if any one asked me what I loved best on earth, I should say the wind. I love it in all its moods—rough, caressing, tender, impetuous, calm, stormy. It is always beautiful. Listen to it now, just sighing in the branches of those tall trees. Could any music be sweeter or softer?"

"No," he replied; and then added. "The time and the scene embolden me, Philippa; there is something that I wish to say to you—something that I have long wished to say. Will you hear it now?"

A tremor like that of the leaves in the wind seemed to pass over her. There was a startled expression in her dark eyes, a quiver of the crimson lips. Was it coming at last—this for which she had longed all her life? She controlled all outward signs of emotion, and turned to him quite calmly.

"I am always ready to listen to you, Norman, and to hear what you have to say."

"You see, Philippa, the starlight makes me bold. If we were in that brilliantly lighted drawing-room of yours, I should probably hesitate long before speaking plainly, as I am going to do now."

He saw her clasp her hands tightly, but he had no key to what was passing in her mind. He drew nearer to her.

"You know, Philippa," he began, "that I have always been fond of you. I have always taken the same interest in you that I should have taken in a dearly loved sister of my own, if Heaven had given me one."

She murmured some few words which he did not hear.

"I am going to speak to you now," he continued, "just as though you were my own sister; have I your permission to do so, Philippa?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And you promise not to be angry about anything I may say?"

"I could never be angry with you, Norman," she answered.

"Then I want you to tell me why you will not marry the Duke of Hazlewood. You have treated me as your brother and your friend. The question might seem impertinent from another; from me it will not appear impertinent, nor curious—simply true and kindly interest. Why will you not marry him, Philippa?"

A quick, sharp spasm of pain passed over her face. She was silent for a minute before she answered him, and then she said:

"The reason is very simple, Norman—because I do not love him."

"That is certainly a strong reason; but, Philippa, let me ask you now another question. Why do you not love him?"

She could have retorted, "Why do you not love me?" but prudence forbade it.

"I cannot tell you. I have heard you say love is fate. I should imagine it must be because the Duke of Hazlewood is not my fate."

He did not know what answer to make to that, it was so entirely his own way of thinking.

"But, Philippa," he resumed, after a pause, "do you not think that you might love him if you tried?"

"I have never thought about it," was the quiet reply.

Lord Arleigh continued:

"In my idea, he is one of the most charming men in England; I have never seen a more perfect type of what an Englishman should be—he is noble, generous, brave, chivalrous. What fault do you find with him, Philippa?"

"I?" she asked, looking up at him in wonder. "My dear Norman, I have never found fault with the duke in my life."

"Then why can you not love him?"

"That is a very different thing. I find no fault with him; on the contrary, I agree with you that he is one of the noblest of men; yet, I have never thought of marrying him."

"But, Philippa"—and with kindly impressiveness he laid one hand on her shoulder—"why do you not think of marrying him? Between you and myself there can be no compliments, no flattery. I tell you that of all the women in England you are the one most fitted to be Duchess of Hazlewood—and you would be a beautiful duchess, too. Think of the position you would occupy—second only to royalty. I should like to see you in such a position—you would fill it grandly. Think of the power, the influence, the enormous amount of good you could do. Think of it all, Philippa."

He did not see the sudden, sharp quiver of pain that passed over the beautiful face, nor how pale it grew in the starlight.

"I am thinking," she answered, quietly—"I am listening attentively to all that you say."

She drew the light scarf more closely around her shoulders, and shuddered as though a chill breeze had passed over her.

"Are you cold, dear?" he asked, kindly.

"Cold! How could I be, on this warm, starlit night? Go on, Norman; let me hear all that you have to say."

"I am trying to persuade you to accept what seems to me one of the happiest lots ever offered to woman. I want to see you the Duke of Hazlewood's wife. I cannot imagine any man more calculated to win a woman's love, or to please her fancy, than he is. He is young, handsome, noble in face and figure as he is in heart and soul; and he is clever and gifted."

"Yes," she allowed, slowly; "he is all that, Norman."

"And he loves you so well, Philippa; I have never seen a man more devoted. How many years has he loved you now—two or three? And he tells me that he shall go unmarried to his grave, unless you consent to be his wife."

"Did he tell you that? He must indeed be attached to me," she observed. "Norman, did he ask you to say all this to me?"

"He asked me to plead his cause," replied Lord Arleigh.

"Why did he ask you to do so?"

"Because—believing us to be what we really are, Philippa, tried and true friends—he thought I should have some influence with you."

"Clever duke!" she said. "Norman, are you well versed in modern poetry?"

He looked up in blank surprise at the question—it was so totally unexpected.

"In modern poetry?' he repeated. "Yes, I think I am. Why, Philippa?"

"I will tell you why," she said, turning her beautiful face to him. "If you will be patient, I will tell you why."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then Lord Arleigh said:

"I am patient enough, Philippa; will you tell me why?"

The dark eyes raised to his had in them a strange light—a strange depth of passion.

"I want to know if you remember the beautiful story of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," she said, in a tremulous voice; "Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth?"

"You mean the story of Miles Standish," he corrected. "Yes, I remember it, Philippa."

"That which a Puritan maiden could do, and all posterity sing her praises for it, surely I—a woman of the world—may do without blame. Do you remember, Norman, when John Alden goes to her to do the wooing which the stanch soldier does not do for himself—do you remember her answer? Let me give you the verse:

'But, as he warmed and glowed in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The sweet, musical voice died away in the starlight, the wind stirred the crimson roses—silence, solemn and deep, fell over Lord Arleigh and his companion. Philippa broke it.

"Surely you, in common with all of us, admire the Puritan maiden, Norman?"

"Yes, I do admire her," he answered; "she is one of my favorite heroines."

"So she is of mine; and I love her the more for the womanly outburst of honest truth that triumphed over all conventionality. Norman, what she, 'the loveliest maiden in Plymouth,' the beloved of Miles Standish, said to John Alden, I say to you—'Why don't you speak for yourself?'"

There was infinite tenderness in his face as he bent over her—infinite pain in his voice as he spoke to her.

"John Alden loved Priscilla," he said, slowly—"she was the one woman in all the world for him—his ideal—his fate, but I—oh, Philippa, how I hate myself because I cannot answer you differently! You are my friend, my sister, but not the woman I must love as my wife."

"When you urged me a few minutes since to marry your friend, you asked me why I could not love him, seeing that he had all lovable qualities. Norman, why can you not love me?"

"I can answer you only in the same words—I do not know. I love you with as true an affection as ever man gave to woman; but I have not for you a lover's love. I cannot tell why, for you are one of the fairest of fair women."

"Fair, but not your 'ideal woman,'" she said, gently.

"No, not my 'ideal woman,'" he returned—"my sister, my friend—not my love."

"I am to blame," she said, proudly; "but again I must plead that I am like Priscilla. While you are pleading the case of another, the truth comes uppermost; you must forgive me for speaking so forcibly—as the poem says:

'There are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotions,
That if, by chance, it be shaken, or into its depths, like a pebble,
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.'"

"My dearest Philippa, you have not been to blame," he said; "you judge yourself too hardly always."

"It is the fate of a woman to be silent," she said again. "Still, I am glad that I have spoken. Norman, will you tell me what your ideal woman is like, that I may know her when I see her."

"Nay," he objected, gently, "let us talk of something else."

But she persisted.

"Tell me," she urged, "that I may know in what she differs from me."

"I do not know that I can tell you," he replied. "I have not thought much of the matter."

"But, if any one asked you to describe your ideal of what a woman should be, you could do it," she pursued.

"Perhaps so, but at best it would be but an imperfect sketch. She must be young, fair, gentle, pure, tender of heart, noble in soul, with a kind of shy, sweet grace; frank, yet not outspoken; free from all affectation, yet with nothing unwomanly; a mixture of child and woman. If I love an ideal, it is something like that."

"And she must be fair, like all the Ladies Arleigh, with eyes like the hyacinth and hair tinged with gold, I suppose, Norman?"

"Yes; I saw a picture once in Rome that realized my notion of true womanly loveliness. It was a very fair face, with something of the innocent wonder of a child mixed with the dawning love and passion of noblest womanhood."

"You admire an *ingénue*. We have both our tastes; mine, if I were a man, would incline more to the brilliant and handsome."

She would have added more, but at that moment Lady Peters drew aside the silk hangings.

"My dear children," she said, "I should ill play my part of *chaperon* if I did not remind you of the hour. We have been celebrating my birthday, but my birthday is past and gone—it is after midnight."

Lord Arleigh looked up in wonder.

"After midnight? Impossible! Yet I declare my watch proves that it is. It is all the fault of the starlight, Lady Peters; you must blame that."

Lady Peters went out to them.

"I do not wonder at your lingering here," she said. "How calm and sweet the night is! It reminds me of the night in "Romeo and Juliet." It was such a night Jessica——"

Philippa held up her hands in horror.

"No more poetry to-night, dear Lady Peters; we have had more than enough."

"Is that true, Lord Arleigh? Have you really had more than enough?"

"I have not found it so," he replied. "However, I must go. I wish time would sometimes stand still; all pleasant hours end so soon. Good-night, Lady Peters."

But that most discreet of *chaperons* had already re-entered the drawing-room—it was no part of her business to be present when the two friends said good-night.

"Good-night, Philippa, my sister—my friend," he said.

Even by the faint starlight he saw a change pass over her face.

"Good-night," she responded. "I have more to say to you, but Lady Peters will be horrified if you remain any longer. You will call to-morrow, and then I can finish my conversation?"

"I will come," he replied, gravely.

He waited a moment to see if she would pass into the drawing-room before him, but she turned away and leaned her arms on the stone balustrade.

It was nearly half an hour afterward when Lady Peters once more drew aside the hangings.

"Philippa," she said, gently, "you will take cold out there."

She wondered why the girl paused some few moments before answering; then Miss L'Estrange said, in a low, calm voice: "Do not wait for me, Lady Peters; I am thinking, and do not wish to be interrupted."

But Lady Peters did not seem quite satisfied.

"I do not like to leave you sitting there," she said; "the servants will think it strange."

"Their thoughts do not concern me," she returned, haughtily. "Good-night, Lady Peters; do not interrupt me again, if you please." And the good-tempered *chaperon* went away, thinking to herself that perhaps she had done wrong in interrupting the *tête-à-tête*.

"Still, I did it for the best," she said to herself; "and servants will talk."

Philippa L'Estrange did not move. Lady Peters thought she spoke in a calm, proud voice. She would have been surprised could she have seen the beautiful face all wet with tears; for Philippa had laid her head on the cold stone, and was weeping such tears as women weep but once in life. She sat there, not striving to subdue the tempest of emotion that shook her, giving full vent to her passion of grief, stretching out her hands and crying to her lost love.

It was all over now. She had stepped down from the proud height of her glorious womanhood to ask for his love, and he had told her that he had none to give her. She had thrown aside her pride, her delicacy. She had let him read the guarded secret of her heart, only to hear his reply—that she was not his ideal of womanhood. She had asked for bread—he had given her a stone. She had lavished her love at his feet—he had coolly stepped aside. She had lowered her pride, humiliated herself, all in vain.

"No woman," she said to herself, "would ever pardon such a slight or forgive such a wrong."

At first she wept as though her heart would break—tears fell like rain from her eyes, tears that seemed to burn as they fell; then, after a time, pride rose and gained the ascendancy. She, the courted, beautiful woman, to be so humiliated, so slighted! She, for whose smile the noblest in the land asked in vain, to have her almost offered love so coldly refused! She, the very queen of love and beauty, to be so spurned!

When the passion of grief had subsided, when the hot, angry glow of wounded pride had died away, she raised her face to the night-skies.

"I swear," she said, "that I will be revenged—that I will take such vengeance on him as will bring his pride down far lower than he has brought mine. I will never forgive him. I have loved him with a devotion passing the love of woman. I will hate more than I have loved him. I would have given my life to make him happy. I now consecrate it to vengeance. I swear to take such revenge on him as shall bring the name of Arleigh low indeed."

And that vow she intended to keep.

"If ever I forget what has passed here," she said to herself, "may Heaven forget me!"

To her servants she had never seemed colder or haughtier than on this night, when she kept them waiting while she registered her vow.

What shape was her vengeance to take?

"I shall find out," she thought. "It will all come in time."

(To be continued.)

DUTCH PATIENCE.

There is no field of human enterprise in which their success has not been, at one time or another, notable. At the bottom of it all—apparently at the bottom of the character on which their success has been founded—we find their traditional jealousy of every acre of water which covers good land. Neglecting the poorer lands, they have dived into the fertile deposits lying under water and peat, and sought there a wealth that no other soil can equal. Seeking this, they have become patient, long-enduring, sturdy, hardy, and resolute. If a lake is to be drained, they sit quietly down and count the cost, the time, and the interest that time will add to the cost, and then devise the means for the most effectual performance of the work; this done, the undertaking proceeds with the regularity and persistence of the work of ants. If obstacles cannot be made auxiliaries they are overcome. The clamors of dissatisfied people are idle, not as the wind—for the wind is not idle in Holland—but they pass unheeded, and steadily, day by day, the toiling goes on until the end is gained, and a new territory has been added to the earth's domain.

A Milan newspaper states that some thieves, who had concealed themselves in the Duomo, carried off a part of the jewels with which the statue of the Virgin was ornamented. But the robbers were taken in, as the stones were false.

TO A WILD DEER;

In the Forest of Dalness, Glen-etive, Argyleshire.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison, inclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled, with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!
How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild bee is busy, a musical elf
Then starts from his labor, unwearied and gay,
And circling his antlers, booms far, far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note;
The mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from the loftier climate replies.
With wide-spreading antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild creature, e'en stately in rest!
'Mid the grandeur of Nature, composed and serene
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven;
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

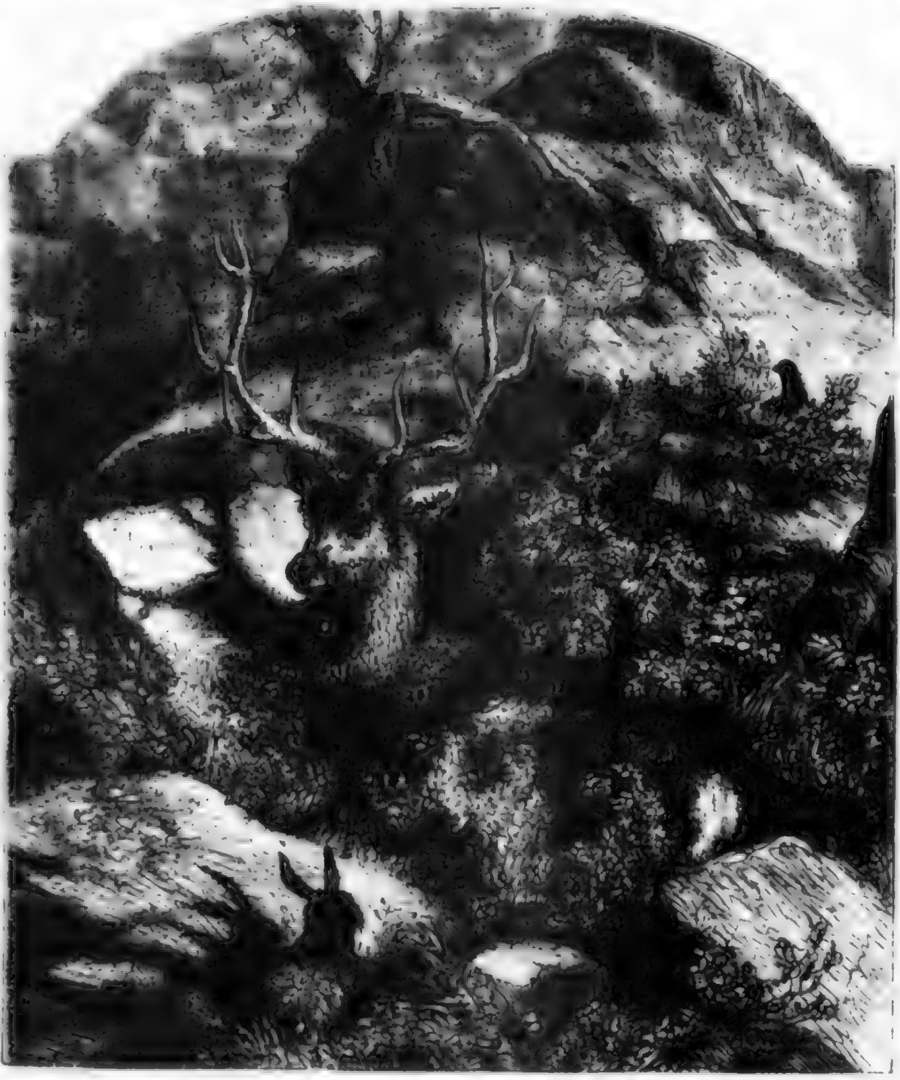
Yes! fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in repose-
In the depths of thy desert, regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death-
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar
In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more -
Thy trust, 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day;
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

CHINAMANIA.

The now moribund "season" of 1875 will be remembered as having been distinguished, among other fashionable frivolities, by the persistent continuance of the acute Chinamania which afflicted its immediate predecessors. The malady, indeed, seems rather to increase than to diminish in its intensity; and it is as well to watch the progress of the disease, for the reason that, if any faith is to be placed in such historical precedents as the Dutch tulip madness, the South Sea and Mississippi frenzies, and the Roxburghe Club book craze, a crisis in the distemper is imminent. Then will come collapse, and after that we may hope for reaction, and the setting in of a healthier state of mind.

The most recent and overt spasm of ceramic *amentia* was at the Hooton Hall sale, near Chester; and although the attendance of buyers was limited, and those buyers were mainly "in the trade," the biddings were, it is said, "on the whole satisfactory." A punch-bowl in old Derby was sold for £42—forty years ago it would probably have fetched as many shillings. Four candlesticks of Capo di Monte—a by no means artistic and very *rococo* ware—were knocked down for £84; had they been of sterling silver they would have been dear at the price. For a Battersea enameled casket, adorned with landscape, cattle, and figures, 118 guineas was bid. A pair of pugs fetched 31 guineas; a centre vase and cover realized 161 guineas. For a circular Gubbio dish of majolica, twelve inches in diameter, 226 guineas was paid. A collector, wise in his generation, secured a parcel-gilt cup and cover, attributable to Benvenuto Cellini, for 270 guineas; and we congratulate him on his purchase. He has got value, and probably more.

As for the ceramic craze, it has spread, we are sorry to say, from country manor-house sales and West-end auctions from St. James's and Oxford Street and Holborn—into the once sequestered regions of Gray's Inn-lane and the Brompton Road, where *bric-à-brac* hunters of moderate means were once enabled to pick up really artistic bits of rare old china at very moderate prices. The smaller dealers, all over London, are now quite as well aware as the large ones of the prevalence of "moody madness laughing wild amidst severest woe," and are demanding woful prices for Dresden and majolica, the genuineness of which is sometimes open to more than a doubt. A slight *planche de salut* is afforded to the unhappy collector when the pawnbrokers choose to put any good porcelain in their windows; for the landlords of the "Lombard Arms" are, above all things, anxious to realize, and are generally open to a fair offer for unredeemed pledges.



A WILD DEER IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, SCOTLAND.—SEE PAGE 463.

NEEDLEWORK IN FRENCH CONVENTS.

France, as every one well knows, is pre-eminently the land of fine linen. From a child's pinafore to a cardinal's surplice, every article of wearing apparel that linen can be turned into is the object of the greatest care and elaboration; and few English women quit French territory without providing themselves with choice specimens of French *lingerie*.

To understand, however, the enormous labor bestowed upon that portion of female dress, it is necessary to see a *trousseau* in hand, and to see this it is necessary to enter a convent. We enter, then, a large, airy, whitewashed room, with a crucifix over the mantelpiece and religious mottoes painted on the walls. It has large windows on each side, and seldom any kind of curtain to keep off the dazzling light of midday Summer. Sitting on high benches without backs are twenty, thirty, fifty girls, as the case may be, of all ages, from four and a half to twenty-one, busy plying their needles. At each end of the room presides a sister, and her quaint nun's garb is the only break in the prevailing monotony—a large, bare, over-lighted room, rows of little children and young girls in white caps, blue checked dresses, and white aprons, who stitch away silently, almost automatically, while the bright Summer hours pass away. As we enter they rise, and remain standing while we inspect the work. The sister takes us from one little needlewoman to another, proudly exhibiting the stitches or folds of embroidery she has in hand. Their garments are produced, and we gaze in wonder, first at the elaborate piece of needle-work, and then at the feeble-looking workers who had produced it. In one instance a visitor and his little girl were of the party, when the comic and the pathetic were combined, the sister, with ingenious simplicity, offering for his inspection articles of female apparel generally supposed mysterious to the other sex; while it was touching to see the wistful look of those orphan children—children, did we say?—of those living machines—at the happy little girl who had for five minutes quitted the world of sport and sunshine and flowers for this dreary prison. These orphans are waifs and strays collected from Paris and the neighboring country, and, inspecting them narrowly, it was easy to see by their weak eyes, narrow chests, and stooping shoulders how much their unnatural life was telling upon a physique already but too predisposed to sickness and debility.

Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

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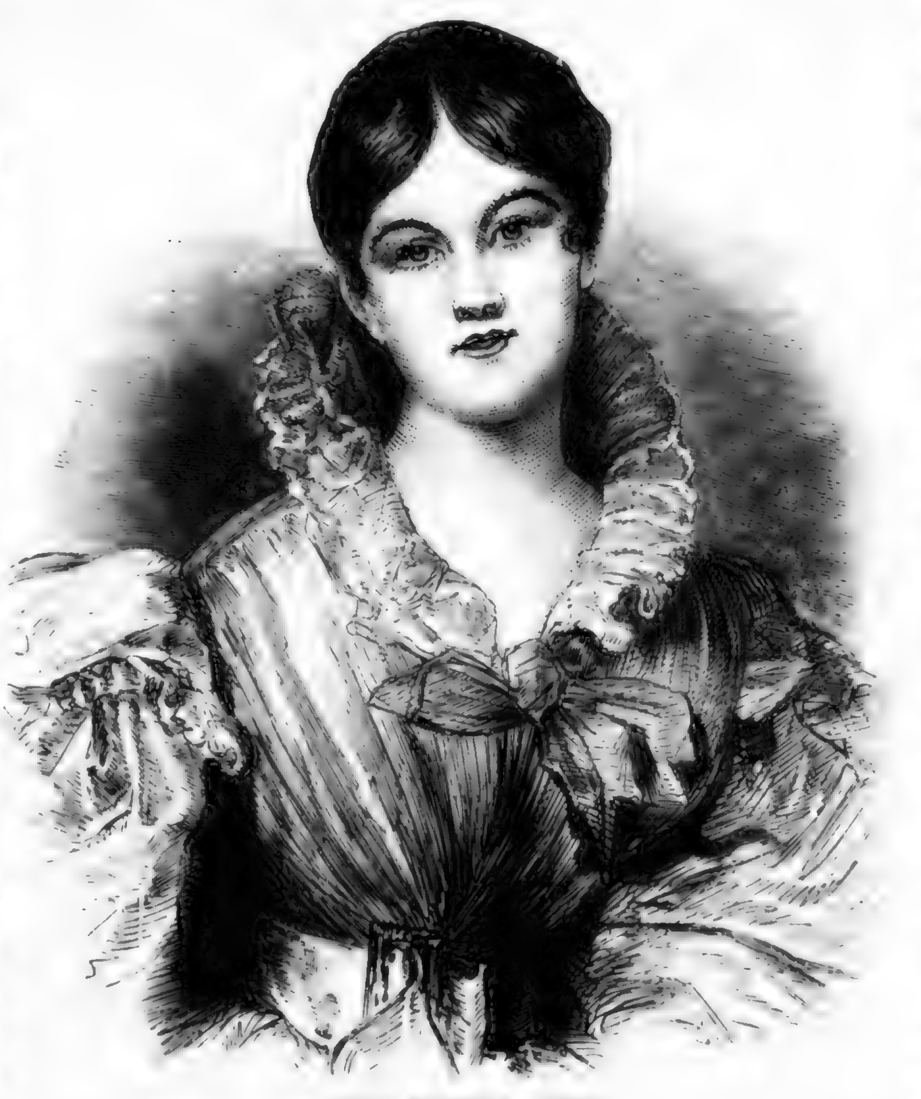

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Her father was an army agent, and resided at Brompton, where he had for a neighbor Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. She submitted some of her poetical effusions to that gentleman, who published them in his journal, in 1820. These first efforts were soon followed by others in the same paper, and were received with a considerable amount of attention. Her father dying soon after, and leaving his family in reduced circumstances, Miss Landon devoted herself to literature, as a means of support for herself and assistance to her relatives.

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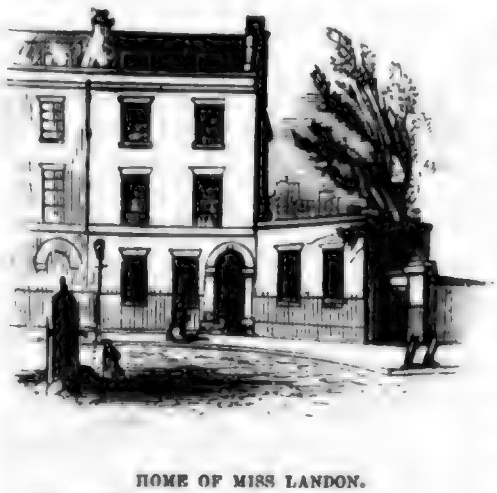

HOME OF MISS LANDON.

She left England with her husband, and in little more than a year, was found lying on the floor of her apartment, dead. In her hand was a small phial that had contained prussic acid.

At the inquest, the jury discovered no cause for suspicion in her death, neither could it be thought that her end had been due to her own intentional act; for she had been in the habit of taking, according to her physician's advice, small doses of prussic acid, and she had, moreover, written to some female friends in London expressing herself perfectly happy and contented.

The editor of the memoirs of L. E. L. records two or three circumstances which give a general interest to Hans Place, Brompton. Here it was that Miss Landon was born, on the 14th of August, 1802, in the house now No. 25; and "it is remarkable that the greater portion of L. E. L.'s existence was passed on the spot where she was born. From Hans Place and its neighborhood she was seldom absent, and then not for any great length of time. Until within a year or two of her death, she had there found her home, not indeed in the house of her birth, but close by. Taken occasionally, during the early years of her childhood, into the country, it was to Hans Place she returned. Here some of her school-time was passed. When her parents removed, she yet clung to the old spot, and, as her own mistress, chose the same scene for her residence. When one series of inmates quitted it, she still resided there with their successors, returning continually, after every wandering, like a blackbird to its nest."

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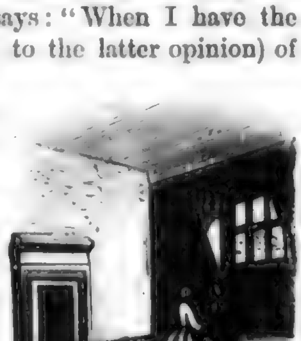

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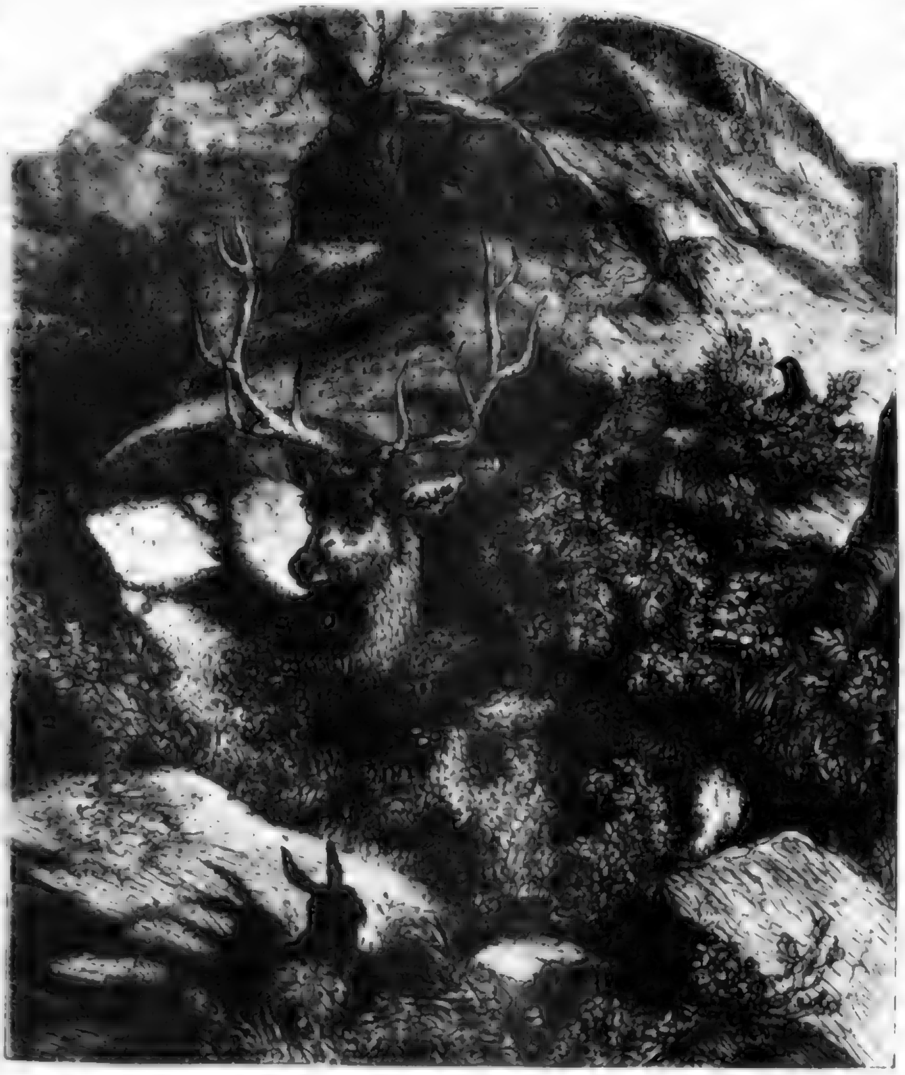

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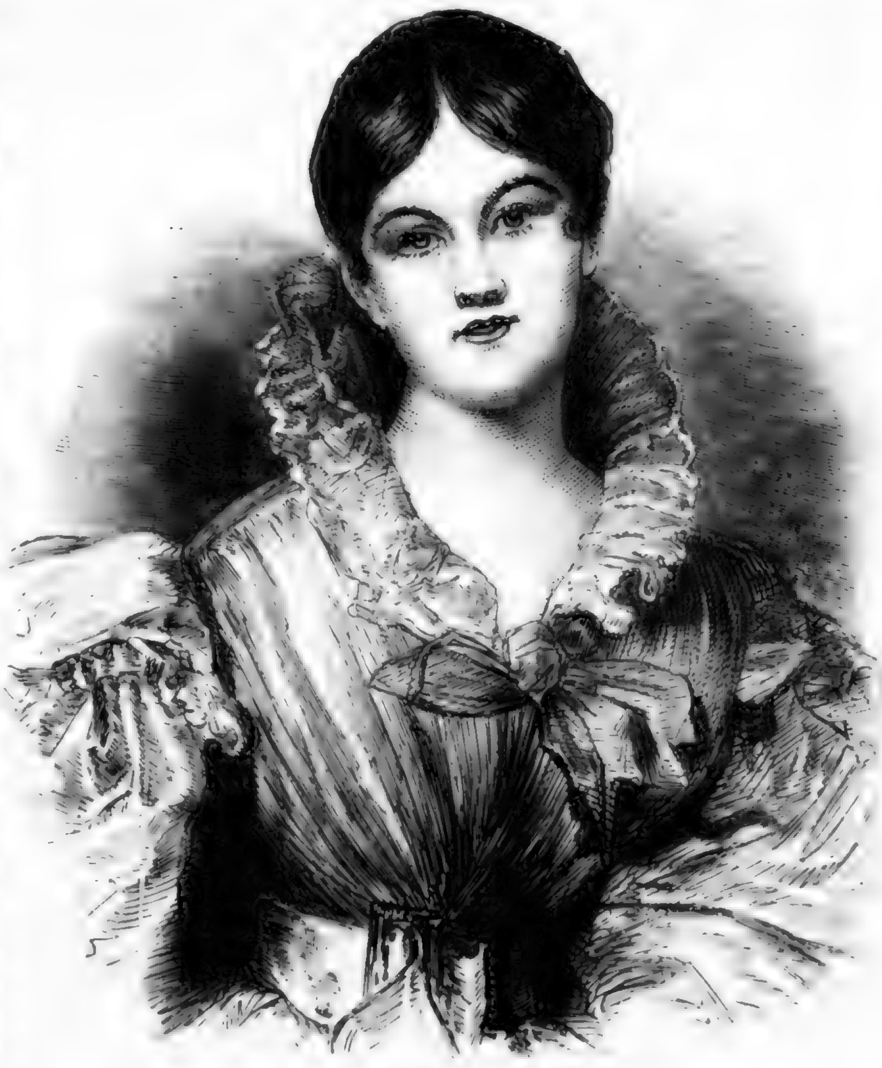

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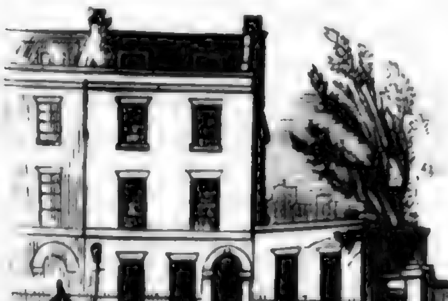

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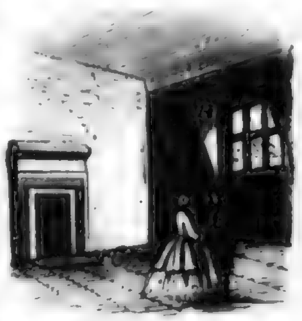

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the Countess St. Quentin, and died some years ago in the neighborhood of Paris.

In this house, where she had been educated, Miss Landon afterward resided for many years, as a boarder, with the Misses Lance, who conducted a ladies' school. "It seems," observes the biographer of L. E. L., "to have been appropriated to such purposes from the time it was built, nor was L. E. L. the first who drank at the 'well of English' within its walls. Miss Mitford, we believe, was educated there, and Lady Caroline Lamb was an inmate for a time."

It is the remark of Miss Landon herself, that "a history of the how and where works of imagination have been produced would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves." "Her own case," observes a female friend, "is, in some degree, an illustration of perfect independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L., of whom so many nonsensical things have been said, as that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing, a dilettante of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-colored and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fancy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom. I see it now: that homely-looking, almost uncomfortable, room, fronting the street, and barely furnished with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common, worn writing-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught beside the desk; a little, high-backed, cane chair, which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort. A few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia."

In this attic did the muse of L. E. L. dream of and describe music, moonlight, and roses, and "apostrophize loves, memories, hopes, and fears," with how much ultimate appetite for invention or sympathy may be judged from her declaration, that "there is one conclusion at which I have arrived, that a horse in a mill has an easier life than an author. I am fairly fagged out of my life."

GYPSY AND THE CHICKENS.

THE following interesting fact is narrated by an English lady:

"One of our fowls made a nest behind the haystack, and laid fifteen or sixteen eggs; two only out of this number were hatched, which the farm servant took to the cook, requesting her to keep them warm, and endeavor to rear them, the weather being extremely cold at the time (7th of March, 1865).

"To keep the chickens out of danger, she, for a few days, kept them in a basket on the mantelpiece, but soon afterward they were allowed to run about the kitchen, when Gypsy, our little dog, took a great fancy to them, and laid herself down upon the hearth, drew them toward her with her paws, licked them, and, as it were, nursed them for hours together. This the little dog repeated from day to day, until cook found it necessary to shut the pets up, as Gypsy licked the feathers from off their bodies as fast as they came.

"But Gypsy soon discovered their place of concealment, and contrived to get them out again, one by one, and took them to the hearth, and fondled them as before. The cook, however, fearing mischief to the chicks, again took possession of them, and this time placed a heavy weight upon the basket, thinking this would prove an effectual barrier; but Gypsy, nothing daunted, went coolly the next day to the basket, and, after several vain attempts, at last succeeded in rescuing her young friends, and then took them, as before, to the hearth.

"Milder weather soon came, and the chickens were turned into the farm-yard. They were inseparable, and much fonder of the kitchen than of any other place. Gypsy was sometimes guilty of racing the other fowls, but she never molested her two foster-children."

BETRAYED BY A BUCKLE.

IT was a bitter disappointment, after years of poverty, to find the fortune which I had thought my own suddenly wrested from me by a stranger. I was my uncle's legal heir, for he died childless, as all the world believed, and on hearing of the old man's death, I forgave him his long neglect, and waited eagerly to receive the welcome news of my good fortune. To my dismay, the lawyers wrote me that a daughter had appeared, whose claim could neither be doubted nor set aside; the property was rightfully hers, and I was a poor artist still.

Years ago I had heard of my uncle's marriage, and the birth and death of a little child; he himself died suddenly and left no will, but his last words were:

"Be just—give all to Cecil," and those about him believed that he meant me till this beautiful girl appeared, claiming to be his child, and proving that her name was Cecelia, which gave a new meaning to those last words, uttered with great earnestness and evident distress of mind.

The girl made out her case and won it, for I was too poor to fight against such odds, and all was settled before I could earn enough to leave Italy for home. I resolved to see this unknown cousin before I relinquished all hope, however, for a hint dropped by my old lawyer suggested the possibility of yet winning a share at least of my uncle's handsome fortune.

I was young, comely, accomplished, and the possessor of a good name, to which my talent had already added some honor. Why not woo this bonny cousin, and still be master of the wealth I had been taught to think my own?

The romance of the thing pleased me, and as soon as my engagements permitted I was in England. Desiring to judge for myself, after hearing the dry facts from the lawyers, I went down to the Hall, unannounced, meaning to play the unknown artist till satisfied that it was wise to confess the truth.

Armed with a note of introduction from a friend of my uncle's, I presented myself as one desirous of copying a certain fine Titian in the gallery. Miss Stanhope was out, but I was permitted to examine the pictures while awaiting her return. Among the old family portraits was a half-finished one, evidently the young mistress, and I examined it with eagerness.

A very lovely face, yet something marred its beauty. At first I thought it was my own prejudice; but setting aside any natural bitterness of feeling, and regarding it as a work of art alone, I could not escape from the odd fancy that those imperious eyes could flash with a baleful light, that smiling, red mouth might betray with a kiss, and that dimpled hand lead a man to perdition. The warm brown of the luxuriant hair, the smooth curves of the uncovered neck and arms, and the soft, rich coloring of the dress gave a sumptuous and seductive grace to the well-painted picture, the charm of which I felt in spite of myself.

Quite forgetting the Titian, I leaned back in the depths of a luxurious couch, with my eyes fixed on the likeness of my future wife, as I already called my cousin, in the reverie to which I surrendered myself.

A low laugh startled me to my feet, and made me stare in dumb surprise at the apparition before me. The picture seemed to have stepped from its frame, for there, in the arched doorway, against a background of soft gloom was Miss Stanhope. The same imperious eyes fixed full upon me; the red lips smiling archly; the floating hair, half golden in the streak of light that fell athwart her head and touched the white shoulder; the same dimpled hands, lightly folded; and the same rosy muslins blowing in the wind, that revealed glimpses of the same delicate foot just outlined in the picture.

I was so startled by her abrupt appearance, her strange laughter, and my own contending emotions, that all my wonted composure forsook me, and not one of the smooth speeches prepared for the interview came to my lips.

Bowing silently, I stood like an awkward lout till she completed my confusion by advancing with outstretched hand, saying, in a deliciously cordial tone:

"Welcome, cousin; your little plot was well laid; but a woman is hard to deceive, especially when such a tell-tale face as yours tries to put on a mask."

As she spoke she pointed to a mirror which reflected both my own figure and that of a gay and gallant ancestor, whose handsome face showed the most marked features of our race. I saw the likeness at once, for my mustache, curling hair, and velvet paletôt added to the effect most strikingly.

Something in the compliment, as well as her own frank air, restored my self-possession, and, eager to remove all recollection of my *gaucherie*, I joined in her laughter, saying, gayly, as I kissed her hand with the Italian devotion that women like:

"A thousand pardons for attempting to deceive these bright eyes; but the banished prince longed to see the new queen, and so ventured home in disguise."

"I forgive the *ruse*, because you say *home* in a tone that betrays in you the same solitude that I feel. It is a large, lonely house. There is room enough for both, and as we are the last of our race, why not cease to be strangers and both come home?"

Nothing could have been more sweet and simple than look, voice, and manner as she said this. It touched me, and yet the vague feeling of distrust born of my scrutiny of both the painted and living face still lingered in my mind, and robbed my answer of the warmth it should have possessed.

"Miss Stanhope forgets that I have lost my right to take shelter here. But since I have seen her my disappointment is much softened, because for a woman young and beautiful it would be far harder to work for bread than for a man whose bosom friends for years have been poverty and solitude."

She looked at me with a sudden dew in those proud eyes of hers, and for a moment stood silent, with the color varying in her cheeks; then, as if obeying a generous impulse, she smiled, and, looking up at me, said, in a tone whose persuasive gentleness was irresistible:

"Cousin Cecil, promise to stay one week, and learn to know me better. I ask it as a favor; and since you possess the Stanhope pride, you shall make me your debtor by finishing this picture. The artist who began it will not return; for his own sake I forbade it."

A disdainful little gesture told the story of the cause of this banishment as plainly as words, and was, perhaps, a warning hint to me. I smiled at it, even while I felt as the fisher might have done when the Lorelie first began to charm him.

"I will stay," I briefly said, and then she asked me about my life in Italy, so pleasantly beguiling confidence after confidence from me, that if I had possessed a secret it would inevitably have passed into her keeping.

I staid, and day after day we sat in the long gallery, surrounded by beauty of all kinds, talking with ever-increasing frankness, while I painted this lovely cousin, who bewildered my senses without touching my heart.

The old lady who played duenna left us free, and little company disturbed the charming solitude that never lost its delight to me.

A whim had seized Cecelia to change the costume in the portrait from modern to ancient, and as the dress of a beautiful ancestress was still preserved, she put it on, enhancing her beauty fourfold by the rich brocades, the antique jewels, and priceless laces of past days.

"This little shoe must have a buckle if it is to be visible, as I beg it may be," I said, as she came rustling in one morning like a *grande dame* of the olden time.

"Bring the steel-bound casket, Adele; we may find something there that will suit this masquerade," said Cecelia to the maid who held her train.

Slipping off the coquettish shoe of white silk with a scarlet heel, she let me amuse myself with trying which of many ornaments would suit it best, while she absently clasped and unclasped the bracelets on her round arm.

"This is in perfect taste, and a picture in itself," I presently exclaimed, holding up the little shoe ornamented with a great buckle of chased silver, set here and there with a diamond, and a true-lover knot formed of a double S in the middle.

"That is one of the very buckles our gallant ancestor wore. You can see them in the picture yonder, and the story goes that they were given him by his lady-love," answered Cecelia, pointing to the portrait of Sir Sidney Stanhope hanging behind us.

This little fact led me to examine the trinket with interest, and having put it into the silken shoe, I fell to painting it, while my lovely sitter amused me with old legends of our family.

The week had lengthened to three, and I still lingered, for it was evident that my cousin, with a woman's generosity, was willing to make the only reparation in her power. I felt sure that the idea came to her that first day, when, after the long pause, she bade me stay, with varying color and wet eyes betraying pity, interest, and the dawning affection of a lonely heart, quick to feel the ties of family. I tried to love her, and grew feverish in my efforts to discover why, in spite of the fascination of her presence, I could not yield my heart wholly to her power. What cause had I to distrust this beautiful and generous girl? None; and yet I did, so much so that I found myself watching her with a curious persistence, as if some subtle instinct warned me to beware.

This habit, and the restlessness which possessed me, led me to roam about the house and grounds by night when all was quiet. My out-of-door life in Italy made this freedom necessary to me, and I indulged my whim so skillfully that no one but the watchdogs suspected it—they knew me, and kept my secret.

One evening twilight overtook me at my easel, and the summons to dinner left Cecelia no time to change her dress. Laughing at the strange contrast between our costumes, I led her to the table, and as I watched the brilliant figure opposite me, I resolved to know my fate that night, and if I had deceived myself, to break away at once from the spell that was increasing daily.

As soon as we were alone again, I led her out along the

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terrace, and as we paced there, arm-in-arm, I told her my hope and waited for her reply. A strange expression of relief dawned in her face as she looked up at me with eyes full of a tender melancholy.

"I hoped you would tell me this. Do not think it unmaidenly, but believe that I saw no other way of sharing this good fortune with you," she said in a voice curiously calm for such confessions.

"But, dear, I will have no sacrifice for me. If you love me, I accept the rest; otherwise not a penny will I touch," I said, decidedly, for her manner disturbed me.

"*If* I love you!" she cried; "how could I help it when you are all I have in the wide world to keep me from ——"

There she caught back some word that trembled on her lips, and threw herself into my arms, weeping passionately.

GYPSY AND THE CHICKENS.—SEE PAGE 466.

Annoyed, yet touched, I soothed her, hoping to receive some explanation of this sudden outburst, which seemed more like remorseful grief than happy love. But quickly recovering herself, she murmured, brokenly:

"I have been so alone all my life—exiled from home, I knew not why—kept in ignorance of parents and friends till all were gone—my youth has been so sad that happiness overcomes me."

Here her little maid came to deliver a note; Cecelia stepped into the stream of light which lay across the terrace from the long, open window of the drawing-room, read a few lines that seemed scrawled on a rough bit of paper, told Adele to say she would come to-morrow, and tearing the note to atoms, she rejoined me, saying, carelessly:

"A message from Elspeth, my old nurse, who is ill, and sends for me."

I thought nothing of the note, but why did her heart beat so fast as I drew her to me again? Why were her eyes so absent, her face so full of mingled anger, fear, and contempt? and why did she shiver as if, to her, the sultry Summer night had suddenly grown cold? But when I asked what troubled her, she shyly said she was agitated by happiness alone; then led me in and sang delightfully till bedtime. As we parted for the night she fixed her eyes on me with a strangely tragic look, and whispered in her sweetest tone:

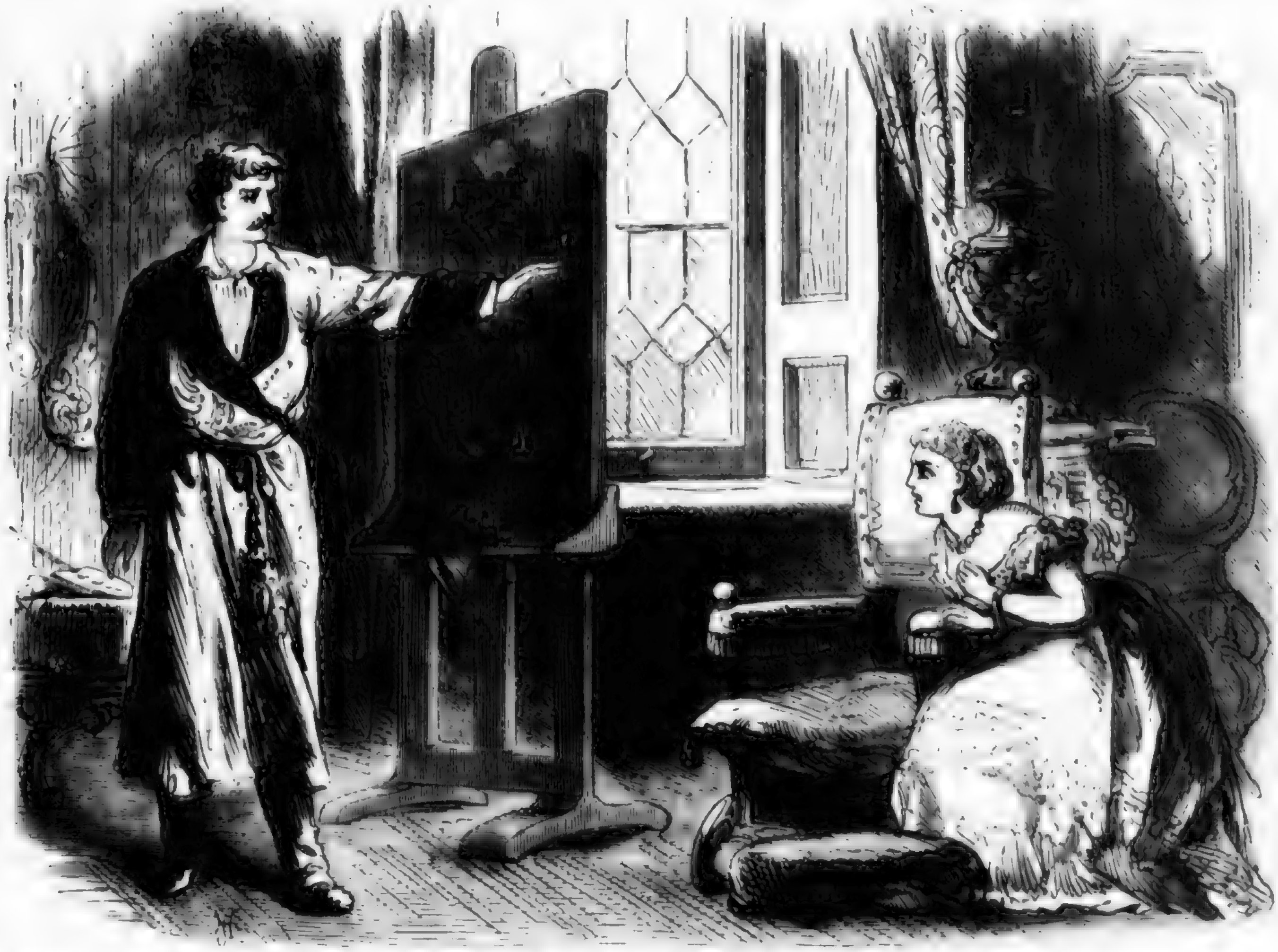
"Sleep well, Cecil, and be sure I love you."

I went to my room, but did not sleep at all, for my thoughts worried me, and as soon as the house was still I stepped out of my window and roamed away into the park. A storm was gathering, and black clouds swept across the moon, making fitful light and shade; a hot wind blew strongly, and flashes of lightning darted from the gloomy west. The unquiet night suited my mood, and I wandered on, lost in my own thoughts, till a peal of thunder roused me. Looking about for shelter, as I was now a long way from the Hall, I saw a steady gleam not far distant, and making my way to the bottom of a wild glen, I found a little hovel, half hidden among the trees.

Peering in at the low window before I asked admittance, I saw, by the dim light of one candle, an old crone sitting on the hearth, her withered face turned attentively toward another figure which stood nearer the door—a woman, evidently, though so shrouded in a cloak that age or sex was hard to guess. Her back was turned toward me, her voice fierce and low, her attitude one of command, and the words she uttered so peculiar that they arrested my attention at once.

"If you dare to speak or show yourself till I give you leave, I will silence you in the surest way. I fear nothing, and having played the perilous game so far, I will not be robbed of success when it is dearest, by the threats of a helpless old woman."

"Not so helpless as you think, ungrateful girl; feeble, old, and forgotten as I am, I can undo what I have done by a word, and I will, I swear, if you are not kinder," cried the old woman, in a shrill, angry voice. "You promised I should stay with you, should have every care and comfort, and receive a generous share of all you got; but now you keep me here in this unwholesome place, with no one to speak to but half-witted Kate; you never come till I scare you into obedience, and you give me nothing but a paltry pound now and then. You know I'm too lame to escape, and you threaten me if I complain; but hark you, my lady, I set you up, and I can pull you down, whether you murder me or not; for it's all on paper, safe hidden from you, but sure to come to light if anything goes wrong with me."



BETRAYED BY A BUCKLE.—"I HAD RISEN, AND LOOKED DOWN AT HER WITH AN UNCONTROLLABLE PITY SOFTENING MY STERN FACE.' SEE PAGE 466.

As the old woman paused, breathless with her wrath and exultation, the younger stamped her foot with uncontrollable impatience, and clinched her slender, white hand that was visible, but her next words were kinder, though bitter contempt lurked in her tone.

"You may trust me, grandmother; I'll not harm you unless you rouse the mad temper which I cannot controll. You know why I do not take you home till my own place is secure. You are old, you forget, and babble of things safer untold. Here, it can make no trouble for either of us; but with me, surrounded by curious servants, mischief would come to both. Can you not wait a little longer, and remember that in undoing me you as surely ruin yourself, since you are the greater criminal."

"It would go hard with both of us, but my age would serve me better than your beauty, for I can be humble, but you have the pride of a devil, and death itself could not bend it. I'll wait, but I must have money, my fair share; I like to see and touch it, to make sure of it; for you may deceive me as you do the world, and slip away, leaving me to pay the penalty while you enjoy the pleasure."

"You shall have it as soon as I can get it without exciting suspicion by the demand. An opportunity will soon come, and I will not forget you."

"You mean this marriage?"

"Yes."

"Then you will really do it?"

"I will, for I love him."

"Good! that makes all safe. Now go, child, before the storm breaks, but come often, or I will send for you; and if there is any sign of false play, my story goes to this man, and I'll buy my own safety by betraying you."

"Agreed. Good-night," and the shrouded figure was gone like a shadow.

I meant to follow it, led by an uncontrollable impulse, but as I paused to let her gain a safe distance, the movements of the old woman arrested me. Nodding and mumbling with weird intelligence, she lifted one of the flat hearthstones and drew out a packet of papers, over which she seemed to gloat, muttering, as she peered at the scrawled pages:

"I'm old, but I'm wary, and not to be shaken off till I get my share of plunder. She thinks to scare me, but Kate knows where to find my secret if anything goes wrong with me. I've tutored her, and my lady will be outwitted at the last."

Chuckling, the old crone put her treasure back, and, raking up the fire, hobbled away to bed. I waited till her light was out, resolving to secure those papers; for I could not divest myself of the conviction that this secret concerned me. I had not caught a glimpse of the younger woman's face, the voice was unknown, the figure hidden, and the white hand might have belonged to any lady; yet I felt a strong suspicion that this mysterious woman was Cecelia, and this evil-minded beldame was old Elspeth.

The storm broke, but I did not heed it, for my new purpose absorbed me. As soon as all was still I gently forced the low lattice, stepped in, and, groping my way to the hearth, stirred the smoldering embers till a little blaze shot up, showing me the flat stone, and glittering also on an object that brought confirmation to my dark suspicions, for there, where the unknown girl had stood, lay the silver buckle. I caught it up, examined it by the dim light, and could not doubt my own eyes; it was Sir Sidney's antique ornament, and that impatient gesture of Cecelia's foot had left it here to betray her. I could readily understand how, in her eagerness to slip away, she had hastily changed the brocades for a simpler dress, forgetting to remove the shoes.

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Now I was sure of my right to seize the papers, and having done so, stole noiselessly away.

Till dawn the storm raged furiously, and till dawn I sat in my room reading, thinking, and resolving, for those badly-written pages showed me that the future I had pictured to myself never could be mine. The charm was broken, the warning instinct justified, and an impassable gulf opened between my cousin and myself. As the sun rose my plan was laid, and making a careful toilet, I tried to remove from my face, also, all trace of that night's experience, but did not entirely succeed; for the glass showed me a pale cheek, eyes full of a gloomy fire, and lips sternly set.

I often breakfasted alone, for Cecelia kept luxurious hours, and we seldom met till noon. That day I waited impatiently in the gallery where we had agreed to have a last sitting. My impatience did me good service, however, for when at last she came, my paleness was replaced by a feverish warmth, and the stern lips had been trained to meet her with a smile.

"Good-morning, Cecil," she said, with an enchanting glance and a conscious blush as she gave me her hand.

I did not kiss it as usual, but holding it loosely, I examined the soft little fingers outstretched in my palm, wondering as I did so, if they could be the same I last night saw so fiercely clinched.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up at me with playful wonder in the eyes now grown so soft.

"Perhaps I was thinking of the ring that should be here," I answered, feeling a curious desire to test the love of this unhappy girl.

"I never thought I should consent to wear even so small a fetter as a wedding-ring, I love my liberty so well; but if you put it on it will not burden me, for you will be a tender and a generous master, Cecil," she answered, turning toward her accustomed seat to hide the emotion she was too proud to show me.

"I have the faults of my race—an unbending will, an unforgiving spirit, and 'the pride of a devil'; so beware, cousin."

She started as I quoted the old woman's phrase, and shot a quick glance at me, but I was tranquilly preparing my palette, and she sat down with a relieved, yet weary air.

"Could you be as unmerciful as old Sir Guy, who cursed his only child for deceiving him?" she asked, lifting her eyes to the portrait of a stern-faced cavalier hanging next *debonnair* Sir Sidney.

"I could, for treachery turns my heart to stone."

I saw a slight shiver pass over her, and leaning her head on her hand, she sat silent while I touched up a jewel here, a silken fold there, or added a brighter gold to the beautiful hair. She looked fair, young, and tender, but, as I had said, treachery turned my heart to stone, and I did not spare her.

"You are *triste* to-day, sweetheart; let me amuse you as you have often done me, by a legend of our family. I lately found it in an old manuscript which I will show you by-and-by."

"Thanks; I like old stories, if they are strong and tragic," she answered, with a smile, as she lay back in the great chair in an attitude of luxurious indolence.

"Why, you have forgotten the little shoe; I meant to touch up the brilliant buckle and add a deeper scarlet to the coquettish heel. Shall I bid Adele bring it?" I asked, looking from the black satin slipper to the tranquil face lying on the purple cushion.

"No, it hurt my foot, and I threw it away in a pet," she answered, with a little frown.

"Not buckle and all, I hope; that is an heirloom."

"I have it safe, but the painted one is so well done I will not have it touched. Let my eyes outshine my jewels, as you gallantly averred they did, and tell your tale while you paint, for I am sadly indolent to-day."

As she added falsehood to falsehood, my heart beat indignantly against the traitorous ornament safely hidden in my breast, but my face did not betray me, and I obeyed her, glancing up from time to time to mark the effect of my words, not that of my work, for I painted with a colorless brush.

"Sir Marmaduke, for whom our uncle was named, I fancy, was a stern man who married late, and treated his wife so ill that she left him, taking with her their little child, for, being a girl, the old man had no love for it. Both the poor things died in a foreign land, and Sidney, yonder, the comely nephew, was the lawful heir to the estate. The last words of the old man seemed to express his wish that it should be so, and the nephew was about to claim his own, when the daughter reappeared and proved her right to the fortune. You are pale, love—does my dull story weary you?"

"No, it is only the heat. Go on, I listen," and half hiding the tell-tale cheek with her hand, she sat with downcast eyes, and a face that slowly grew a colorless mask with the effort to subdue emotion.

"The old manuscript is not very clear on this point; but I gather that the neglected girl's reported death was only a *ruse* to shield her from her cruel father. Her claim was accepted, and poor Sidney left to poverty again. Now comes the romance of the tale. He went to see this new-found cousin; she was beautiful and gracious, seemed eager to share her prize, and generously offered the young man a home. This touched and won him. She soon evidently loved him, and in spite of an inward distrust, he *fancied* he returned the passion."

As I slightly emphasized a word here and there in that last sentence, a fiery glow spread over that white face, from neck to brow, the haughty eyes flashed full upon me, and the red lips trembled as if passionate words were with difficulty restrained. I saw that my shaft told, and with resentful coolness I went on, still preserving the gay, light tone that made the truth doubly bitter and taunting.

"Take the fan that lies in your lap, dearest; this heat oppresses you. Yes, it was very curious to read how this lover was fascinated in spite of himself, and how he fought against his doubts till he tried to put an end to them by asking the hand extended to him."

The dimpled hand lying on the arm of the chair was clinched suddenly, and I saw again the hand of the cloaked woman in the wood, and, smiling to myself at this new confirmation, I continued:

"But here begins the tragedy which you like so well. The cousins were betrothed, and that very night Sidney, who was given to late wanderings, went out to dream lover's dreams, in spite of a gathering storm which drove him for shelter to a little cottage in the wood. Here he overheard a strange conversation between an old creature and a mysterious woman whose face he could not see." (How her eyes glittered as she listened! and what a long breath of relief escaped her at those last words!) "This lively gossip excited Sidney's curiosity, and when the lady vanished, leaving this traitor behind her" (here I produced the buckle), "this bold young man, guided by the mutterings of the crone, found and secured a strange confession of the treachery of both."

Here Cecelia rose erect in her chair, and from that moment her eyes never left my face as she listened, still and colorless as the statue behind her. I think any sign of weakness or remorse would have touched me even then; but she showed none, and her indomitable pride roused mine, making me pitiless. Brush and palette lay idle now, and, looking straight at the fair, false face before me, I rapidly ended the story which I had begun in the disguise of an ancient legend.

"It seems that the old woman had been the confidential servant of Sir Marmaduke's wife, and had a grudge of her own against her master. When my lady and the child died, for die they did, as reported, this woman bided her time, artfully securing letters, tokens, and other proofs, to use when the hour came. At Sir Marmaduke's death she put forward her grandchild, the natural daughter of the old man, inheriting both the beauty and the spirit of her race. This girl played her part well; the plot succeeded, and if the sordid nature of the granddame had not irritated the heiress and kept her in danger of discovery, all would have worked admirably. Half justice, under the guise of generosity, soothed whatever pangs of remorse the girl felt, and as she loved Sidney, she believed that she could expiate the wrong she did him by keeping him happily blind to the treachery of a wife he trusted. A terrible mistake, for when he discovered this deceit, the old distrust turned to contempt, gratitude to wrath, and love to loathing."

"What did he do?" she whispered, with white lips, as an agony of shame, despair, and love looked at me from the tragic eyes.

"Possessing something of the chivalry of his race, he disdained to crush her even by one reproach; but, though forced to decline the proposed alliance, he freely offered her safety and a maintenance, never forgetting that, in spite of deceit, and sin, and shame, she was a woman, and his cousin."

"Did he think she would accept?" she cried, lifting the head that had sunk lower and lower as I spoke till all the warm-hued hair swept to her feet.

I had risen and looked down at her with an uncontrollable pity softening my stern face. I answered briefly:

"Yes, for where else could she find help but at the hands of her kinsman?"

She sprang up, as if my compassion was more bitter to bear than my contempt, the fiery spirit rebelled against me, and love itself yielded to the pride that ruled her.

"Not even the offer of a favor will I accept from you, for I have a kinder friend to fly to. Take your rightful place, and enjoy it if you can, haunted as it must be by the memory of the stain I have brought upon the name you are so proud of."

She hurried, as if to leave me, but pausing at the easel, cast a sudden look at the smiling image of herself, and, as if anxious to leave no trace behind, she caught up my palette-knife, scored the canvas up and down till it hung in strips; then, with a laugh which echoed long in my ears, she swept slowly down the long gallery, passed through the wide window at the further end to the balcony that overhung the court below, and standing there with the sunshine streaming over her, she looked back at me with an expression which fixed that moment in my memory forever.

Like a brilliant picture, she stood there, with the light full on her shining hair, jeweled arms, rich robes, and stately form, all contrasting sharply with the wild and woeful face looking backward with a mute farewell.

On that instant a terrible foreboding of her purpose flashed over me, and I rushed forward to restrain her; but too late, for with a wave of the white hand she was gone.

Death was the kinder friend to whom she had flown, and when I found her in the courtyard, shattered by that cruel fall, she smiled the old, proud smile, and put away the hand that would have lifted her so tenderly.

"Let me die here; I have no other home," she whispered, faintly; then her face softened as she looked up at my pallid face, and feebly trying to fold her hands, she murmured, tenderly:

"Forgive me, for I loved you."

Those were her last words, and as they passed her lips, I saw nothing but a beautiful, dead woman lying at my feet, and Sir Sidney's diamond buckle glittering in the sun, as it fell from my breast to receive a bloody stain which lingers still on that relic of my unhappy cousin.

MISPRONUNCIATIONS.

It is possible that some one who reads this title may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce *ci* like *sh* in shun. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "eti*quette*" on the first instead of the last syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised when I mildly suggested to him that "*aspirant*" should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me, the other day, by pronouncing "*finale*" in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the "*subsidences*" of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened, the other day, to my friend, the President of the Reform Society, who spoke of the "*vagaries*" of certain people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that he would deliver an "*address*" that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says he left school at "*recess*," accenting the first syllable; and he was loath to believe that, whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the President of the Debating Club, who is a great student of "Cushing's Manual," tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the "*precedence*" by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a "*cupelow*." She should consult a dictionary for *that* word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents "*coadjutor*" on the second instead of the third, where it rightfully belongs.

GLASS AS A DRESS FABRIC.

The suggestion that ladies' dresses may be made of the newly-discovered unbreakable and elastic glass, has thrown the fashion editors into a state of profound agitation. Infrangible glass dresses! What a grand innovation! When the new invention shall have been fully applied to ladies' costumes, the dear creatures may dress as warmly in the Winter as the laws of health require, and yet not be forced, as they are now, to secure with mufflings the fairest portions of their persons. Pull-back dresses will be abolished, for the necessity of pulling them back will not exist when even a greater display will be secured without it. The principle of refraction might be introduced in the manufacture of these glass dresses, supplying the shortcomings of nature and modifying its exaggerations. Thus, an unduly developed foot might be dressed in a refracting glass shoe, which would give it the requisite diminution. Scraggy shoulders could be made full and round by means of a magnifying envelope of some sort. Mistakes of nature throughout the full extent of the feminine exterior could be corrected in this simple and effective manner. Dainty feet would glimmer through transparent slippers, and where now naught appears but unseemly wads and wrinkles of dress, graceful curves and rounded outlines will everywhere come into view.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draft of human pity that will not forsake us.

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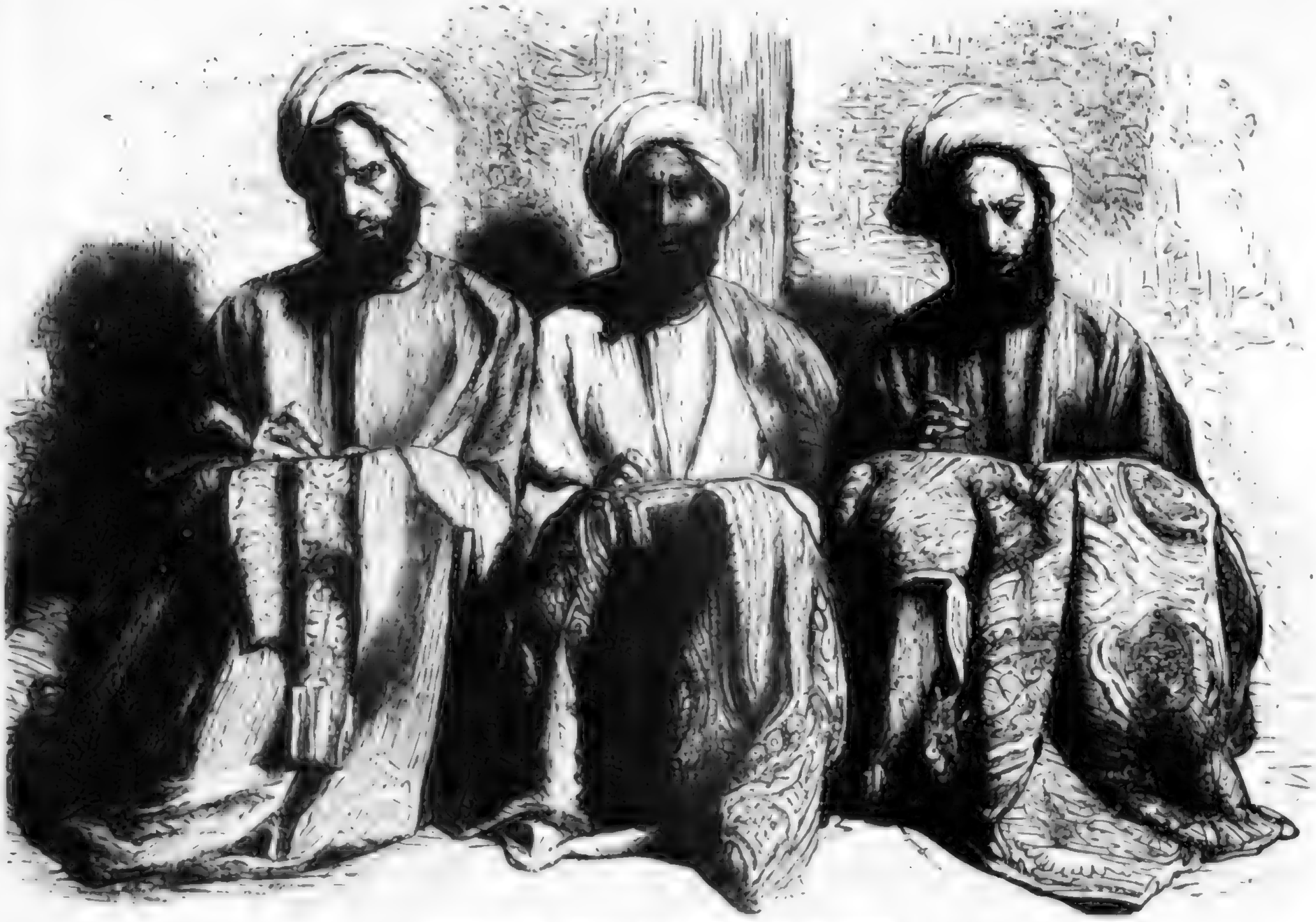
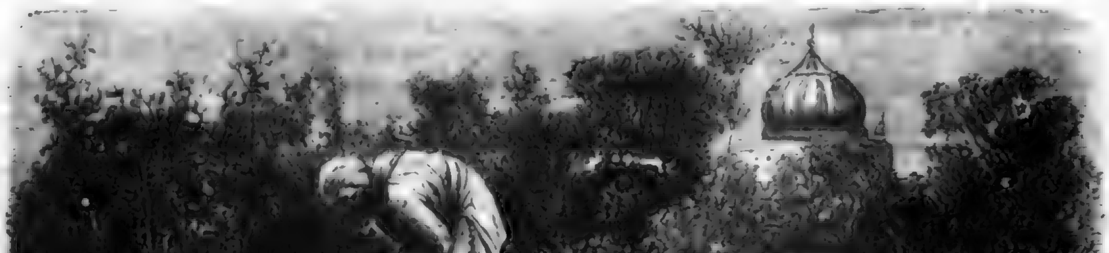


CASHMERE SHAWLS—SEWING THE PIECES TOGETHER.

THE MANUFACTURE OF INDIAN SHAWLS.

The exact date of the origin of the manufacture of Indian shawls is not known. With their political independence the Indian races have lost, also, all records of their industry. Nothing certain is known, either, of the place where these manufactures commenced; but it is generally believed that they originated in the vicinity of Cashmere, from which the shawls take their name—a very mountainous region, difficult of access, and situated to the northwest of the Himalayas. An important fact corroborates this opinion, namely, that the material of which the shawls are made is a wool called "touz," procured from a goat of a particular species, frequenting the valley of Cashmere and the neighboring mountains of Thibet, where they freely roam.

The fur of this goat is of two sorts: the touz, which is a soft, woolly under-coat of grayish hair; and an outer-coat of long, silken hairs, which protects the touz from the effects of Winter. To make a shawl a yard and a half square requires the touz of ten goats.

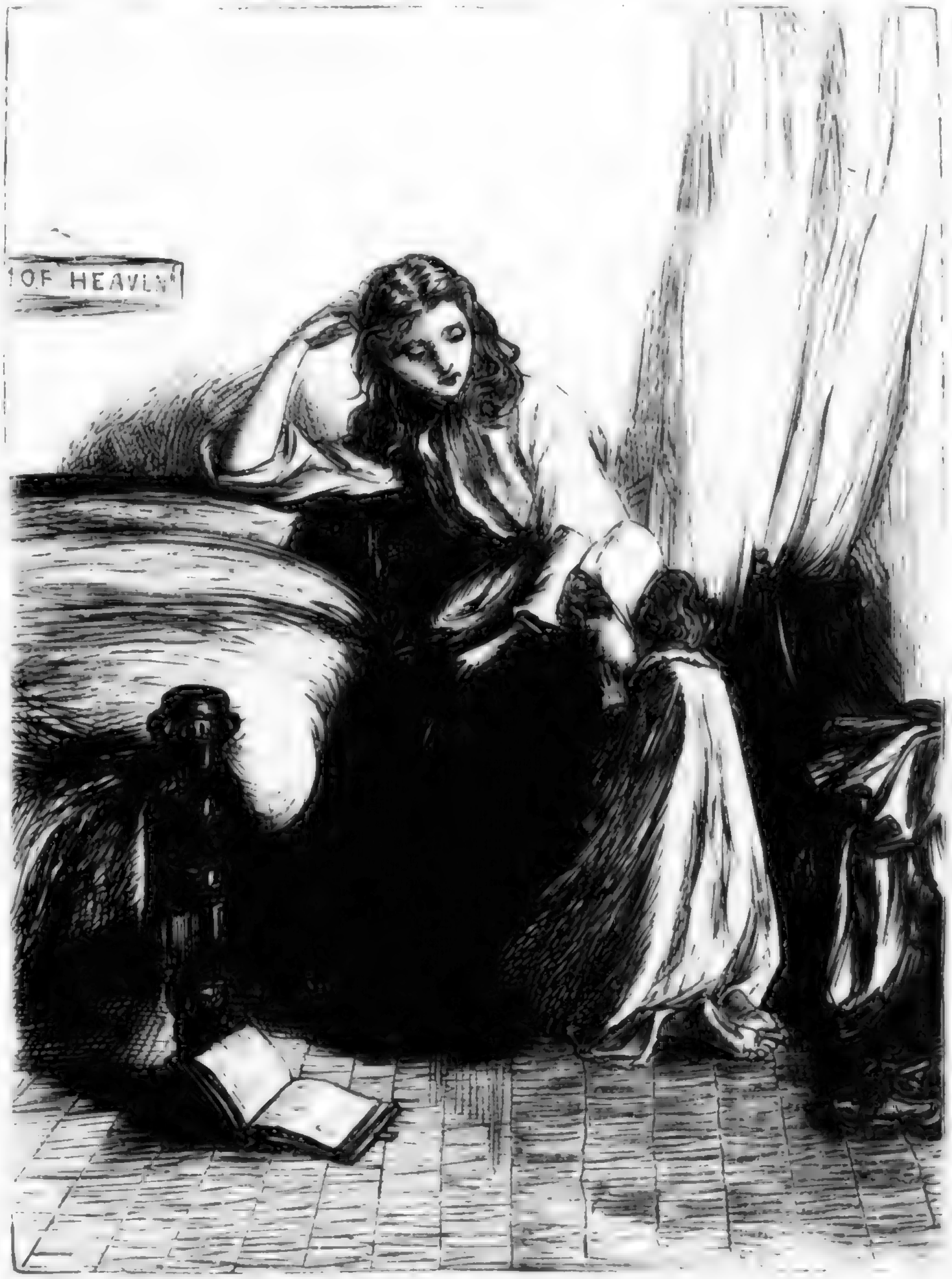


PACKING THE SHAWLS.

The Hindoos have no large factories. The shawls are made by peasants, who divide their time between the field and the workshop. There is nothing simpler than the abode of the manufacturer of these magnificent productions. He rents a small plot of ground, puts four sticks into it, fastens them with cross-beams, constructs walls of wicker-work, and forms the roof with leaves of palm-trees; he then installs himself in his hut with his family and tools, the latter of which are few and of the simplest description.

The Hindoo knows nothing of the mechanical contrivances to aid him in his work. He first winds his thread on a distaff, erects an oblong frame, and then commences his work, with a large wooden needle, very much in the same manner as the workmen in the famous French manufactory of the Gobelins, so well known to all continental travelers. His manner of working, as may be imagined, is extremely slow; but it is owing to it that the Indian shawls are so much superior to those manufactured in Europe, where machinery is employed instead of the hand.

The Hindoo weaver requires eighteen months to make a long shawl, and eight months to weave a square one. To accelerate the work, not unfrequently several men, often five, work at the same shawl. The different parts of it are afterward sewn together with great skill. When busily engaged, the artisan can earn at the utmost four anas, or eight cents of our money, per day; but there are few workmen who can make so much. Under the burning Indian sun these men, who never eat animal food, are patient, but also extremely lazy.



OUR DARLING'S EVENING PRAYER.

As soon as they have received their wages they buy a sack of rice and then cook an enormous quantity of it, as much as six or eight Europeans could eat at a single repast. The cooked rice is then arranged on a plate in the form of a pyramid and covered artistically with pimento (allspice), and with the flowers and fruit of Indian saffron and ginger; the native then places himself on the ground before this great dish, and begins eating slowly and methodically. He uses neither spoon nor fork, not even a stick, after the manner of the Chinese, but employs his fingers alone. However, the left hand, which is considered impure, must not touch his food; with the five fingers of the right hand alone, and passing his hand from the base to the top of the pyramid, he secures a quantity of rice, which he forms into a ball, and then swallows it. This process is repeated until the great pyramid of rice has disappeared. During its consumption he only drinks water, or, perhaps, a few mouthfuls of palm-wine—a strong and intoxicating liquor—not relished, however, by Europeans. Some artisans do not return to their work until all the rice is consumed and the last ana gone.

The contracts between the workmen and the shawl merchants are made in the following manner: The dealers, on the day when they give an order to a native, make him sign a written agreement to deliver his work within a given time, and then advance him a certain sum of money, usually one-fourth of the stipulated amount. But it commonly happens, a short time after, that the artisan asks from the dealer a second installment, and often even a third; both of which he generally obtains without much difficulty. It is only when he comes for his last sum that the state of affairs changes.

When the day for the delivery of the goods has arrived, and the shawl is not forthcoming, the merchant takes the agreement to a magistrate, who sends a policeman to the delinquent Hindoo. The lazy artisan is then compelled to continue, without intermission, his work, until the shawl is finished. He has, besides, to pay the policeman a certain sum for every day he remains with him. The enormous taxes imposed on the work at every stage amount to about one thousand per cent., and cause the immense price of those beautiful articles of lady's dress.

THE two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

AT THE STILE.

SET deep in the hawthorn hedgerow, stands the old, rustic stile;
Beyond it, the breezy uplands lie, stretching many a mile;
Above it, the pale, wild roses, spread their fairy hands to meet;
Below it, the scarlet poppy flaunts, with the daisies at its feet;
Beside it, the bright brown river stirs the lilies amid the sedges,
And sings to the blue forget-me-nots that nestle on willow ledges.

Over the hill, where the heather glowed to a purple flush,
And the gorses flashed their lavish gold, 'mid the pink of the bilberry bush,
Tracing the meadow pathway where the scented hay was sweet,
Through waves of the bearded barley, and the soft, cool green of wheat,
Graceful, and gay, and gallant, with the lover's eager smile,
He strode through the July sunshine, to keep his tryst at the stile.

Amid the fir boles glancing, her robes' white folding showed,
The bluebell rang its prophet chime, by the winding way she trode:
The skylark poised above her, shook out his joyous song,
Butterflies, white, and blue, and gold, heralded her along;
On her cheek a wavering color, on her lips a fluttering smile,
She stood in the July sunshine, keeping her tryst at the stile.

Flower and bird will fade and die, and Summer to Winter change,
Many a heavy doom may lie in the future's mystical range;
Many a glitter and glory the coming years may bring,
Many a wild and varying note from the great life-harp may ring;
But oh, those two young lovers, let fortune frown or smile,
Will scarce know an hour more purely sweet, than the tryst they kept at the stile!

THAT PETWORTH.

MODEST as I am, I must firmly assert and maintain that there is something striking—very striking—in my personal appearance; otherwise, how can I account for the fact that once seen I am never forgotten. If I go into a shop to buy anything, the man who waits on me remembers me forever afterward. This, it is true, is nothing to particularly complain of; but I *do* hold it hard that persons of this description — the merest strangers — should feel it their duty to dignify their recognition of me by a bow.

Some time last Summer—a dreadfully warm day it was—I was thoughtless enough to go into a public-house and have a glass of ale. The proprietor of the place, keeping me in his eye, was good enough to mention that the heat of the weather was intolerable, to which I assented. Little did I dream that I had become his well-known, not to say his intimate, acquaintance from that instant; and that when I passed his door on the following Sunday, Miss Milly Lynes by my side, he—puffed, frowsy, red-nosed, and generally disreputable—would put his finger to his hat, and wave me a familiar, off-hand bow.

To get rid of him, I changed my usual route to the office, and chose a back street. Here I prospered, and felt at comparative ease for nearly a week; but this happiness did not last. One morning Pifkins, the baker, was taking down his shutters just as I passed. He was fat and awkward, and suddenly missed his footing, and tumbled down his cellar-steps. It was common humanity to go to his assistance, and so I did. He thanked me warmly—too warmly, in fact; for a crowd had collected, and I was made an object of much comment and observation. I managed to escape at last, and went away, hoping the matter had entirely ended. Pifkins was invisible for several days, probably confined to his room. Imagine, then, my mortification, in the afternoon of the fourth day, when I was again passing the bakery in company with Uncle Broadwood, who is wealthy, and immensely aristocratic, to see Pifkins suddenly rush out of his shop, seize me by the hands, fall on my neck, overcome, and falter:

"My *dear* friend! my preserver!"

Uncle Broadwood has had a low opinion of me ever since, scarcely disguising it, and if I get enough in his will to buy a pair of mourning-gloves, it will be more than I expect.

But long before all this, I was haunted by that demon Petworth. The story of my persecution, written in full, would fill a volume. I can only give a comparatively brief epitome here. Petworth first appeared one morning at the florist's, where I was daily in the habit of purchasing a few flowers for my button-hole. He seemed to take a mental photograph of my countenance at the moment I entered the door. I bought three roses—crimson, pink, and white; and *he* bought three roses—crimson, pink, and white. As I was leaving, I said to the florist, "By-by, Tottle"; but no sooner had I uttered the words than Petworth said, "By-by, Tottle," and left likewise.

Every day for a week after that I met him at the same hour in the same place. Finally, I asked Tottle who he was.

"That's Bob Petworth; and you have put to me the same question about him that he has just put about you." Petworth was at the other end of the room while we were speaking. Tottle continued: "He is a capital fellow; would you like to know him?"

I grew red with indignation at the very thought.

"Certainly not. Don't dare to introduce me."

Petworth came persistently, in spite of every attempt to dodge him. I got up at half-past six, breakfasted at seven, and was on my way to the office at a quarter after. I went into Tottle's, as usual, fully satisfied that I should avoid my tormentor this once, at any rate; but I had not crossed the threshold before I discovered, entering the shop from the conservatory the hateful form of Petworth. Next day I delayed the purchase of my little bouquet till ten o'clock. I hastily pinned it to my coat, and was rushing out, when who should I knock against but Petworth! It was maddening. There was only the one course before me—to quit buying of Tottle altogether.

I spent an hour that afternoon seeking another florist; for to my flowers I was much attached, and I should have been miserable to have gone any day without them. I found the establishment sought, and felt happy. A few blissful days—I know not how many—passed, and Petworth troubled me no more.

So convinced was I that I was free from his hateful dominion for ever, that I even began to view the whole romance in the light of a joke. I recalled, with a smile, Petworth's appearance—his brown hair, his dark eyes, his silky mustache, his neat dress, and inevitable bunch of roses and forget-me-nots. On the whole, I considered him handsome—quite so; and, doubtless, he was very clever. But I must add that I was not at all sorry to be rid of him.

All went well, I say, and I was lulled into a sense of perfect security. Nothing annoyed me, except the fact that, to escape the people who bowed to me, whose numbers constantly increased, I was compelled to choose the most circuitous routes to the office, selecting a new one nearly every other day; but this I had become used to, and I held it that chief ill in life, which, in one form or another, everybody is compelled to endure.

You may, perhaps, form some slight notion of my state of mind on beholding, when I next had occasion to enter my florists' (Cobham & Bro.), Petworth again, and fresher than ever. At the moment he saw me, he nodded and smiled. In my trepidation, I had not time to weigh the consequences, so I did not resent this familiarity with a cold stare of surprise, but I nodded in return. It was fatal. He approached and spoke to me.

"I've given up Tottle," he said, "in imitation of your very judicious example. He began to impose on me—raise his prices, and that sort of thing. I am fond of my matutinal bunch of flowers; but I certainly don't intend to throw myself into a condition of bankruptcy to procure them. How does our friend treat you?" he asked, lightly, indicating with his eyebrows the elder Mr. Cobham.

"He is no friend of mine," I returned, in a quiet tone, but with meaning. "He is liberal as could be expected at this time of the year. The season is almost gone, you know."

"True. Shall you wear your roses in Winter—your crimson, pink, and white?"

"I shall decidedly not wear my crimson, pink, and white in Winter."

"Very well, then," he hastened to answer, much to my disgust; "*I* shall not, either. I was unable to make up my mind about it; but now I am resolved."

Why did he not make up his mind the other way? A sudden thought struck me; perhaps he intended not only to haunt me again, but to copy my dress, my habits, everything, in short, about me.

"Are you fond of society?" he demanded.

Here was my chance to crush him.

"Not at all. To say the truth, I hate it. I never go anywhere, and never make any fresh acquaintance when I can help it."

But this seemed to please him more than ever.

"Quite my own rule," he said. "It's odd that our peculiarities should coincide to such a degree, isn't it?"

I saw nothing odd about it; but, after a second's reflection, I concluded not to say so. There was no need to get into a row with him; I had best resume my former habit of avoiding all places he would be likely to frequent, and thus nip the friendship he wished to force upon me in the bud.

"Well," I said, pretending to look at my watch, "I must be off. Good-morning."

Cobham had lost *my* future custom, that was certain. Should I go back to Tottle? No; the Summer was over, flowers would be an unnecessary and foolish luxury; and possibly by the following Spring, Petworth would be dead, or gone to a foreign land.

About this time, having a great deal of leisure on my hands, I enlisted in the service of my fair cousin, Miss Milly Lynes. The fact is, I had no choice about the matter, for she had come up from the country to stop with us, and there was nobody to take her anywhere she desired to go but me. To some people she might not have been agreeable, on account of her peculiarities, and her especial peculiarity of hating marriage. But the latter circumstance seemed to me reasonable, since, if she ever married, a certain annuity left by a maiden aunt would go from her possession into mine.

Except that I held this grievance in my heart against her (how could I help it?—I am human), we agreed very well. I nearly run my legs off showing her, day after day and night after night, the various lions; and it was while escorting her to the exhibition of the Academy of Art that I at last met my affinity—my fate.

I think I had prowled through the rooms, gaping at pictures about whose merit I cared and knew nothing, at least twenty times, and was tired to death, when before the face of a "Hagar" I saw another face—but a beautiful face of flesh and blood.

You have heard, possibly, of love at first sight; I had heard of it somewhat frequently, but never believed in it. I was converted at that instant. Imagine a dazzling creature (angel, I at first thought), tall, graceful, handsome—indescribable. She was with an old lady, to whom she talked in a voice that penetrated my soul. So firmly rooted was I to the spot, that Milly was actually obliged to drag me away. I went home in silence and low spirits.

How I came to be so madly in love with a person I did not know, and had never seen but once, I cannot explain; but from that fatal day my happiness fled. As is sometimes the case, I expended my passion in exercise. I took Milly about more than ever, and was always so miserable and cross that she began to exhibit signs of declining my society altogether. When she would not go, I went to places by myself; and thus, when not at the office, I was to be found, like an uneasy ghost, haunting the streets. Frequently I passed whole days strolling up and down Broadway, in the hope of catching a glimpse of my divinity once more; and at last I was rewarded with success.

One afternoon I saw her get out of a carriage, and enter a perfumer's. I immediately went in after her, and, taking up position by her side, began to price scented soap. I think she purchased some bottles of that dainty fragrance they call "Ess. Bouquet"; as for me, I recklessly bought soap. The man who served me must have supposed I was about to set up a small retail business, such a quantity of saponaceous compounds did I pile away in a paper bag. Finally my unknown charmer left the store, and, hastily paying for my parcel, I picked it up, and bolted after her. She got into the carriage again, and, to my speechless agony, rolled away.

After the vision, which I followed with my eyes as long as I could, was out of sight, I threw my soap away, and went home. Milly met me at the door.

"Here you are, at last," she said. "Have you forgotten the Blowziers' ball to-night?"

I had, indeed. The Blowziers were very nice girls—very nice, and numerous; but with me, a little of the Blowziers went a great way. Just now I secretly wished that all of the Blowziers would go a great way—to some other world, for example—and stay there.

"I suppose I shall have to go," I answered, moodily, "though I feel as if I had been working at the treadmill. But I shan't dance."

"I can find plenty of people to dance with—don't be alarmed," was Milly's reply, made satirically.

I managed to dress, and to the Blowziers we went. It was late, and when we arrived the room was full. Almost the first face I saw upon entering was *hers*—my divinity's! A change came over me in an instant. I felt refreshed, buoyant, gay, and ready for any amount of polkas, schottisches, waltzes, and quadrilles that might be demanded. I rushed to Charlie Blowzier, and frantically grasped his hand.

"Who is that adorable woman?" I asked, pointing her out.

"That? Oh, that's Miss Ettie Malbrook. Shall I take you over to her? I needn't ask any permission of her; she knows me well."

"Instantly, Charles."

He guided me across, and presently I stood—hot, moist, and my head swimming round—before her.

We were introduced, and I tremulously gasped out a wish to see her card.

I pretended to be examining it attentively; but, the truth is, for a while I couldn't see a thing. She brought me to my senses, partly, by saying, with a smile:

"Can't you select?"

As she uttered the words, my eye fell upon a name—the

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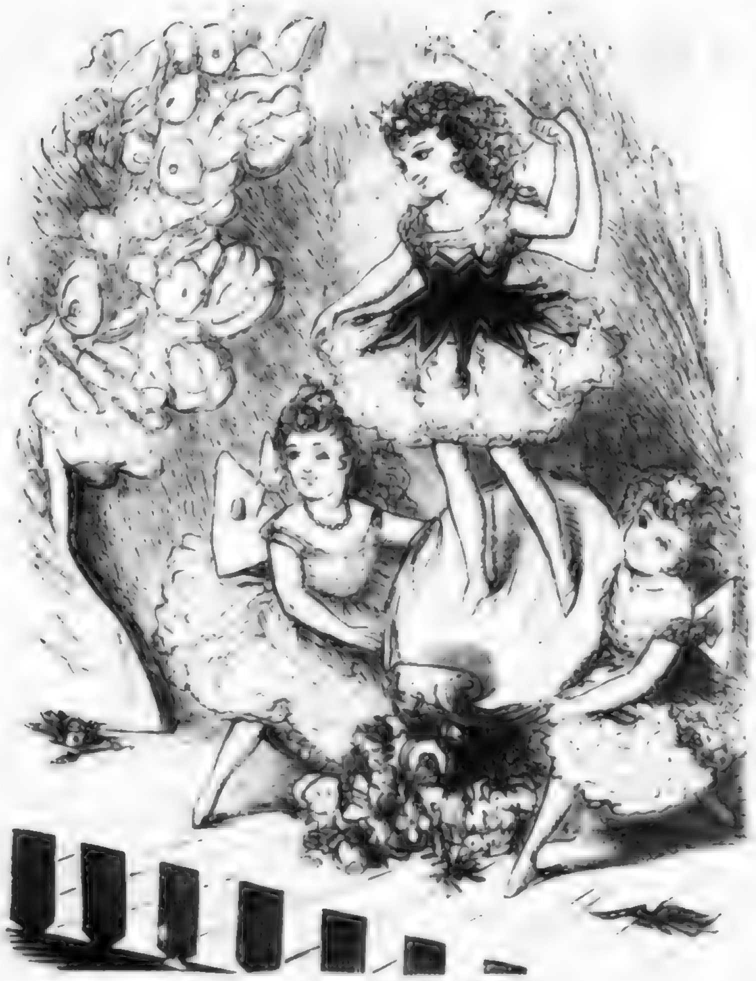


The rosy realms of boundless bliss.

name of Petworth! So, here was Petworth again, and about to dance with *her!* I looked once more. For the "Polonaise" it was Petworth; for the "Gallopade," Petworth; for the "Damenwalzer," Petworth; for the "Mazourka," Petworth—in short, every other dance, down to the final "Pot-pourri," was in the possession of that infamous Petworth. I don't know precisely what "boiling with rage" means; but if it is a possible thing, I must have boiled with rage then. However, I managed to spy out an unoccupied "Lanciers"—the third down—and I immediately clutched at that, and wrote my name after it, in letters that should defy Petworth to the death.

Then I turned round to look for him. Hardly had I done so before I felt a terrific slap in the middle of the back, that nearly bent me double, and I heard a familiar voice say:

"Halloa, my bunch of roses! you here, too!" It was Petworth, of course. "Ettie," he continued, "this is my floricultural friend, whom I used to tell you about."

It is impossible for me to analyze here the variety of emotions which agitated me in this little while. First of all, think of his gross familiarity in calling me, a comparative stranger to him, his "bunch of roses"—a low designation, certain to make me appear undignified, and, perhaps trifling, in the eyes of her whom I wished to particularly impress; think of his additional familiarity in calling her "Ettie"; reflect upon his after-remark, in which I was termed his "floricultural friend," and by which he confessed he had been talking of me. What could a creature of his tastes and unrefined feelings have to tell of me that was not to my discredit? Doubtless he had been making a joke of me, or had caused me to seem to her as a lunatic—mad on the subject of flowers in my button-hole.

"Good-evening," I sad, icily; and then, taking no further notice of the wretch, I turned to Miss Malbrook.

But some people are not born with a flow of language, and this was my lot. I could not think of anything to say, for the life of me. A recollection of Lord Dundreary's resource under the same circumstances came over me; but I feared that if I asked her, in imitation, "If she could wag her left ear?" she might not consider it funny, but impertinent.

While I was nervously thinking of all this, hotter and more uncomfortable than ever, Petworth poked me with his elbow in the side.

"Why don't you say something?"

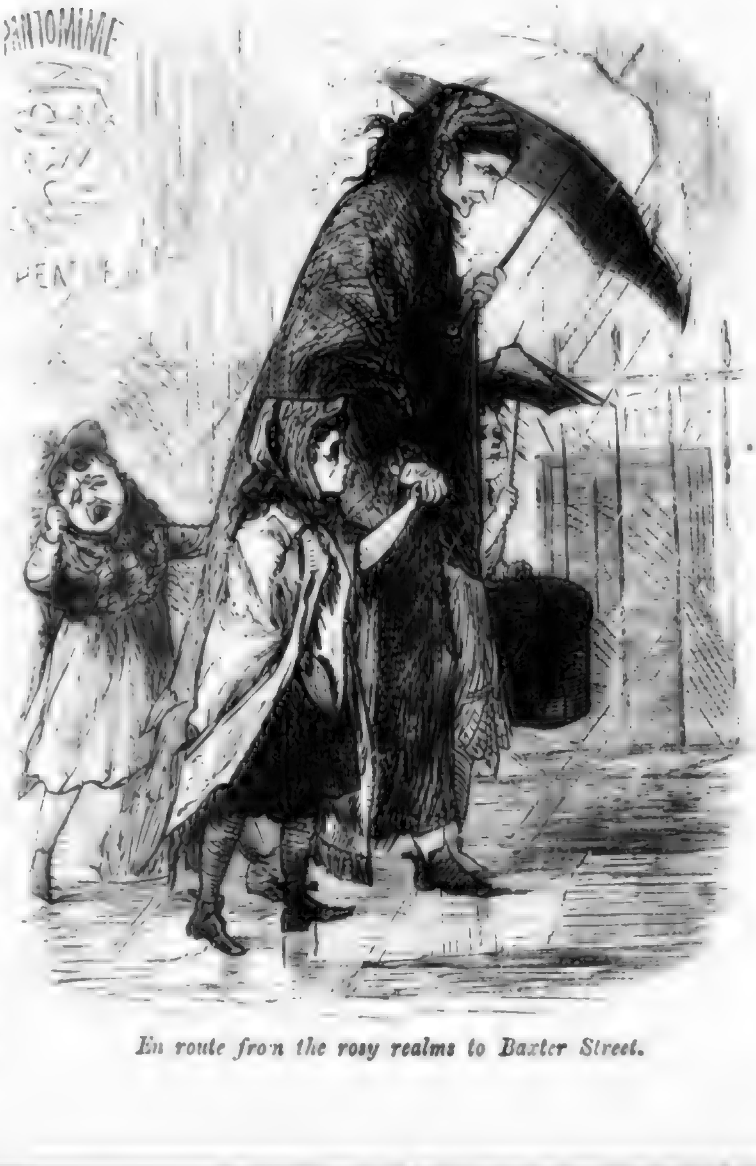
I simpered rather feebly, and trifled with my gloves, and looked in a helpless manner around; but the presence of the demon at my side rendered my faculties utterly useless. He, not comprehending my embarrassment, became serious, and took my pulse.

"You seem to be ill," he said, with much concern.

Miss Malbrook began to smile. He then, obtuse fool! appeared at last to detect the cause of my peculiar conduct. But, far from attempting to gracefully relieve me, he burst into coarse laughter, and actually had the effrontery to punch me in the abdomen.

"Courage, my boy!" he said, in his vulgar manner. "Ettie won't eat you. What a preciously red face you have! You look like a boiled lobster!"

A lobster! To compare me to a boiled lobster—and



En route from the rosy realms to Baxter Street.

before her! It was too much, and I made haste to escape.

"Miss Malbrook!" I gasped and spluttered, "the Lul-l-lanciers!" And with these incoherent words I fled.

I went into the corridor to cool off. Just as the music struck up, here came that miserable man—that Petworth—to seek me. Should I then and there punch his head, and have the whole thing out? No; I should be turned out of the house by old Blowzier, and forever disgraced in the eyes of her whom I now worshiped more wildly than ever. I restrained my anger once more, and merely greeted my enemy with a savage glare.

"I say, old fellow, what's the matter?" he asked. "Miss Malbrook has sent me to find out if you are offended with her; and, confound it! I'm losing my 'Polonaise.'"

"Not in the least offended with *her*," I returned, emphatically. "Be good enough to thank her for her kind inquiries, and say I am anxiously looking forward to our 'Lanciers.'"

"I'll do so. By-the-way, let's get some champagne. I know where the wine-room is. The Blowziers don't mind *me*."

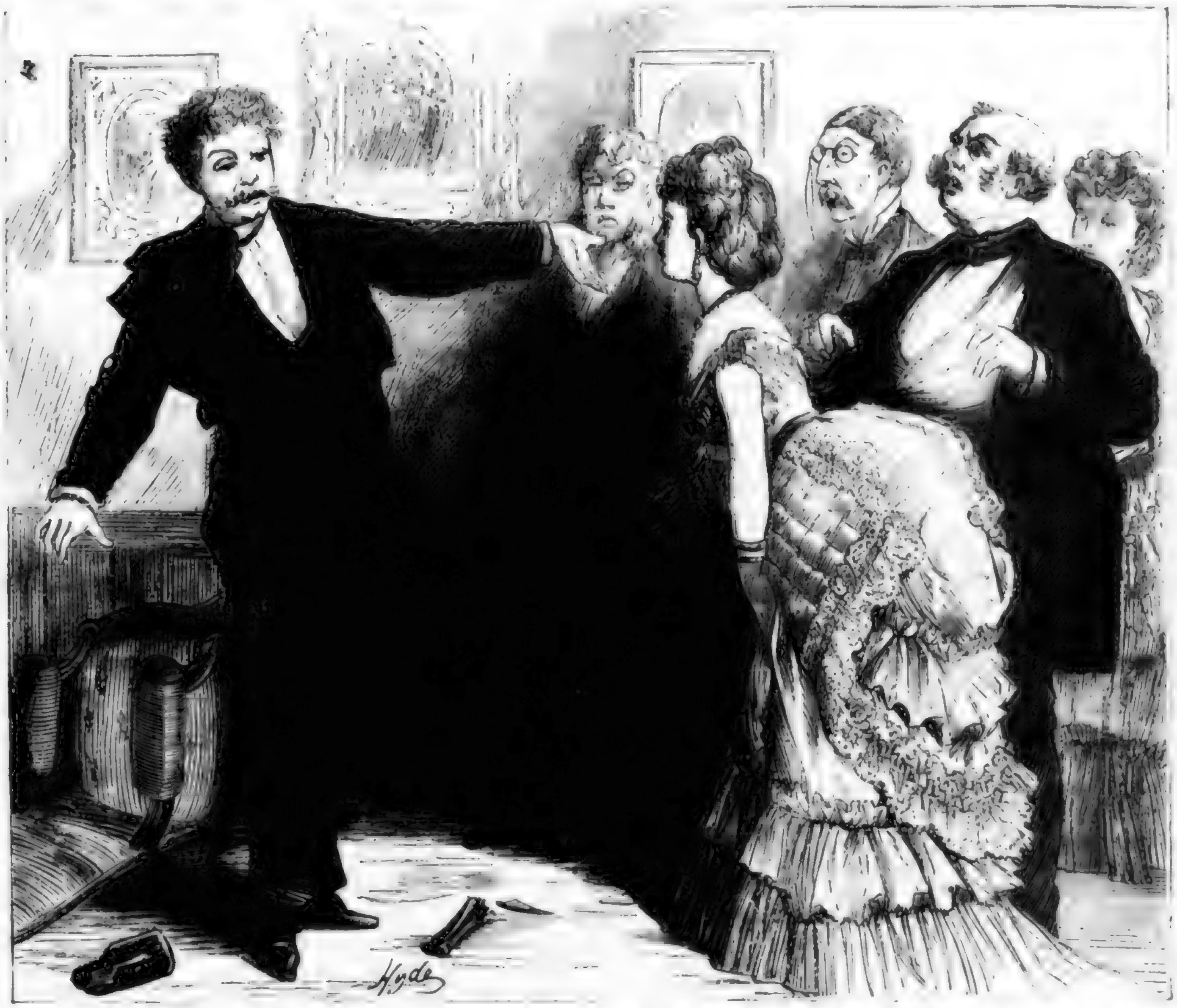
Nobody seemed to mind *him*, in his own view; and no wonder was it, if he forced his acquaintance upon other people as he did upon me. He even called Miss Malbrook "Ettie"; that was one thing I really could *not* forgive. But a horrid thought struck me—perhaps he had the right thus to address her familiarly—perhaps he was her affianced husband! A dizzy sensation suddenly affected my brain. He led me away, my mind still too much confused for me to distinguish what route I was taking, or where I was, until I found myself near a table, on which stood a great many bottles and glasses. He opened some champagne, and gave me an enormous gobletful. The draught pulled me up in an instant.

"You feel better, don't you?" he demanded, ready to repeat the dose.

"Decidedly; thanks."

"I thought you would. I say now, Buffington (Tottle told me your name was Buffington), call on me. I shall be delighted to see you, for I don't mind mentioning in confidence"—here he helped himself to the same quantity of refreshment he had given me—"I don't mind saying that I like you, and am very anxious to become your bosom friend. By bosom friend, I mean a fellow I can stick to from morning till night, be always with, tell my secrets to, borrow money from, and all that kind of thing. Call on me, Buffington — No. 33 Cormorant Place, opposite St. Hercules Chapel."

I promised hastily; but it is needless to say that I had no idea of going. I merely pretended such an intention, to get rid of him for the present, and to return to the ballroom. We finished the wine, and I felt in a glow. As for courage, I had plenty of it; I could have faced anything. And in



THAT PETWORTH.—"THE DOOR OPENED AND A CROWD ENTERED. 'WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT IN MY HOUSE?' OLD BLOZIER ASKED. SOMEHOW, I SWAYED FROM SIDE TO SIDE, AND A CURIOUS TANGLING HAD GOT INTO MY TONGUE. 'SHALL HE,' SAID I, POINTING HYSTERICALLY TO PETWORTH—'SHALL HE COME BETWEEN US?'"—SEE PAGE 474.

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this pleasant frame of mind, I returned to the parlor. The "Lanciers" was now about to begin; I crossed the floor to my goddess, smiled confidently, offered her my arm, and led her to our place. But no sooner had I done so than, with fiendish persistency, here came that Petworth once more. This time he was apparently puzzling over his card.

"I think you have made a mistake," he said to Miss Malbrook, and partly to me. "This 'Lanciers' belongs to me."

"You are in error," I returned, gruffly. "My name is written distinctly after the dance on Miss Malbrook's card."

She began to search her pockets, her red sash, the bosom of her dress, everything, in short; but the important piece of pasteboard was not to be found.

"Oh, dear, I've lost it!" she said, in alarm and regret.

"No matter," returned Petworth, with supreme indifference. "I recollect perfectly that I selected the 'Lanciers,' because I am fond of my 'Lanciers' as you are, Buffington; and if I don't dance it with Ettie, I shall not be able to dance it at all, since all the other ladies are engaged."

"I claim Miss Malbrook's hand for this dance, sir," said I, firmly.

"You can't have it, Buffington," he rejoined; "it is unreasonable for you to expect it, Buffington. But, at any rate, don't lose your temper, Buffington. Your face is frightfully distorted now."

"I shall maintain my position under all circumstances, sir," said I, feeling the effect of the champagne, "until the lady orders me to yield."

"No," said Miss Malbrook; "you must yield, Bob. I am resolved to have Mr. Buffington for my partner."

Petworth scowled, but I gave him his scowl back with interest. Then shaking his head and muttering, he went away. About five minutes afterward I saw him in the quadrille, by the side of Milly Lynes, whom he had plucked from the wall, kicking his legs about wildly, and plunging through the figures in the maddest manner imaginable.

Quite relieved when he had gone, I turned to Miss Malbrook, and asked her how she was enjoying herself.

"Oh! very much, indeed; but the real fun hasn't come yet. At twelve o'clock the auction takes place."

"Auction?"

"Didn't you know there was to be an auction?" she asked, surprised. "The Blowziers, as you must have heard, are very charitable people, and they get up all sorts of ingenious methods of combining good deeds and pleasure. Old Mr. Blowzier has presented the 'Widow's Mite Society' with a beautifully bound copy of 'Tennyson,' illustrated by Doré. This is to be sold at public sale this evening, to the highest bidder among the gentlemen, and he who takes the prize will—ahem!—no doubt present it to some lady-friend present. The affair will be very exciting and amusing, I expect."

"Surely, surely!" I returned.

I made up my mind in that instant—the copy of Tennyson should be mine, and then *she* should have it. No bid should overreach me. I danced with the greatest freedom and enjoyment, and when the quadrille was over, conducted the fair creature who had charmed me to her seat. Then I craved more champagne, to keep my spirits upon their ecstatic level, and found my way once more to the wine-room. Hang me, if there wasn't that Petworth *again!* He seemed to be swallowing the choice vintage by the pailful. We were enemies now, and neither sought to disguise the fact. A demoniac scowl rested upon his countenance, a diabolical grin of contempt upon mine. Perhaps he imagined I could not stand as much wine as he; let him observe! I destroyed his error by pouring down nearly a quart at a draught.

Somehow, there is a dimness in my recollection of everything that followed this, until the auction came off. But I easily recall the crowded parlor, old Mr. Blowzier in the arm-chair, and the Tennyson on the centre-table. Everybody was anxious, but myself; I was firm—adamant!

Mr. Blowzier made a speech; but he spoke so indistinctly, and bobbed his head about so much, that I could not make out what he said. At last, however, I heard the words, "Gentlemen, start it up!" Somebody cried, "Ten dollars!"

"Twenty!" shouted I.

"Thirty!"

And so it went on, the bids mounting higher and higher. It was the most exciting thing I ever was engaged in. At every addition to the prices offered there was a flutter; but, strange to say, when I spoke, there was a general sensation, and much laughter. At last, we had got the volume up to a hundred dollars.

"A hundred and fifty!" I cried, boldly.

"Two hundred!" said some one else.

"Three hundred dollars!" I exclaimed, at which there were little shrieks of astonishment, and then succeeded a deep silence.

Mr. Blowzier waited some time, and no sound following, he turned toward me.

"Mr. Buffington, the Tennyson is yours, at three hundred dollars."

How I enjoyed my victory! I saw congratulation in the face of every one. I went over to take the volume.

"It's cash, you know," said old Blowzier.

"Eh?"

A creepy sensation came over me. I think I turned a little pale.

"Of course you understood it was to be a cash sale," continued Blowzier, in a tone I considered suspicious. "Money down, Buffington."

There was always something coarse and sordid about old Blowzier, and, try as he might, it *would* come out.

"I really have no money with me," I answered, feeling very miserable; "but you shall have a check to-morrow at ten."

Old Blowzier shook his head.

"Against the rule we all agreed to, Buffington," he returned. "If you have no money, the book goes to the person who offered two hundred."

"Here I am," said a blatant voice; "and the rhino's ready!"

A person stepped forward, holding a handful of notes, and it was that Petworth!

I shall never forget his look of triumph, nor my own rage and mortification. I crept out of the crowd, and waited till I saw them all file away in the direction of the supper-room. My spirits had fallen very low, indeed, and I needed more champagne.

Wine was kept in the library, which was also considered, on the present occasion, as the apartment dedicated to smoking. This I gleaned from a young man who had passed his evening in the corner, pulling on and off his kid gloves. And up to the library I went. Opening the door unsuspectingly, I entered, and, as always, there stood the eternal Petworth!

In front of him lay a prostrate and empty champagne-bottle, and he had evidently been imbibing again. His face was certainly much inflamed, and his eyes sparkled. Perhaps he had suspected I should come, and had placed this bottle before him as a taunt. No sooner did this idea cross my brain than I seized a bottle for myself, opened it, poured it out, and drank it off like water. Then Petworth and I stood glaring at each other.

Again my memory grows dim. I chiefly recollect the hazy state of the atmosphere, the lights dancing up and down, the walls waving to and fro, like flags, and Petworth grown to gigantic size. But I heard an unmistakable laugh. It froze my blood. I went over to my enemy, and grasped him by the collar of his coat. I shook him fiercely.

"Stop!" he shouted. "What are you doing? Are you mad?"

But it was useless to parley now. My long score against this fiend in human shape should be settled. I remembered all my wrongs—I saw his actions in a new light; clearly had everything been a part of his deep-laid scheme. I shook him again.

"If you don't cease, I shall feel compelled to knock you down," he said.

This was too much, and nerving myself, I sprang upon him. We struggled around the room in desperation. Over went the chairs, down came the table and bottles and glasses, with a fearful crash a mirror followed, a row of pictures succeeded that, and all the time we were shouting forth mutual cries of hatred and vengeance.

The door opened, and a crowd entered, at the head of which was old Blowzier.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful conduct in my house?" he asked.

Somehow, I swayed from side to side, and a curious tangling had got into my tongue. I explain these facts upon the ground of my rage, and if slander or envy should account for them otherwise, remember that this is a censorious world.

As Blowzier spoke, I caught sight of Miss Malbrook. I went toward her, and looked into her eyes, involuntary tears starting to my own, and rolling down my cheeks. Was this an exhibition of unmanly weakness? I do not think so.

"Shall he," said I, pointing hysterically to Petworth—"shall he come between us?"

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Buffington," she answered, sweetly. "Has my brother been annoying you?"

"Your brother?" I repeated, not comprehending her meaning. "Let me have an immediate interview with your brother! I long to embrace him! Where is your brother?"

"Bob is my brother, of course," she returned. "You know that as well as I."

"Bob! What Bob?"

"Mr. Petworth, sir. I fear you are very ill, indeed."

It was like a dream—a nightmare. I could scarcely stand, from agitation. But I made an effort, and reached old Blowzier, who was glaring at me through his enormous spectacles, and I seized his hand.

"Blowzier," said I, "on the honor of a fellow-being—on the faith of long friendship, tell me truly whether Petworth is her brother or no."

"Sir," said Blowzier, harshly, "he is her stepbrother, and very affectionate and devoted relatives they are."

There was nothing for me to do but fall upon Petworth's neck, and ask his forgiveness. I can recall no more. Emotion mastered me—the lights faded out—all from that instant was darkness and oblivion.

P. S. I must add, to make this singular narrative complete, that I have never been to Blowzier's house since that memorable night. The fact is, I have never been asked; and in the street, the Blowzier family, with strange unanimity, cut me dead. But I have found Bob Petworth—Ettie's stepbrother, indeed—a capital fellow; and we are not only friends, but likely to become united by a tie nearer, if possible, still. For Bob gave the Tennyson to Milly Lynes, and a day or two ago there was a mysterious ring upon her finger; and, what's a great deal more, I received a note this morning, in a lady's handwriting, which contained but three letters, forming the cabalistic word, "Yes," and was signed by the solitary letter, "E." Make of these hints what you can, and, if you are clever, you will understand that it was not such a misfortune, after all, that I should become acquainted with "That Petworth."

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.

THE *Dublin University Magazine* gives the following amusing instances of cross-examination:

Walter Bourke, Q.C., once had a Scripture reader to cross-examine. He opened thus: "You are a Scripture reader, you just told my learned friend?" The man replied that he was, and that he knew the Bible well.

Mr. Bourke then asked him to tell the names of the twelve Apostles.

The witness, never contemplating such a line of cross-examination, appealed to the judge, who informed him that he must answer the question, and he commenced—"There was Simon Peter, and Paul, and James and John, the two sons of Zebedee, and Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John;" and here the poor fellow, amid much laughter, said his memory did not serve him any further. His knowledge of the names of the twelve tribes of Israel was of the same limited nature, and of course Mr. Bourke, whilst denouncing him in unmeasured language, said that the charity of the Roman Church made ample provision for him, inasmuch as he belonged to that class comprised in the term "invincibly ignorant."

Of a like amusing nature was his cross-examination of a French *avocat*, in a well-known will case, in the course of which Mr. Bourke took occasion to ask if he believed in the account given in the Book of Genesis of the creation of the world, and of man before the fall, etc. The judge in vain sought to restrain him, but counsel, insisting on his right, the *avocat* replied that he did not; and he was then led on to tell his belief in the doctrine of progressive development, as laid down in M. de la Marck's theory. Counsel asked him to tell, in a few words, what that theory meant. The *avocat* then gave it as his belief that matter was eternal; that animal life had no existence for countless millions of years; that its first traces are to be found in the very lowest strata next above the granite rock, of which the flooring of the world is made; that those animals were molluscous creatures—worms, shell-fish, bivalves, and multivalves, such as oysters and lobsters—and that these, after other millions of millions of years, became developed into the spinal or vertebrated animals, such as quadrupeds, horses, *asses*, etc.; that they, too, became developed in long time into the quadrumana, such as monkeys, *apes*, etc., which in turn became further developed into man!

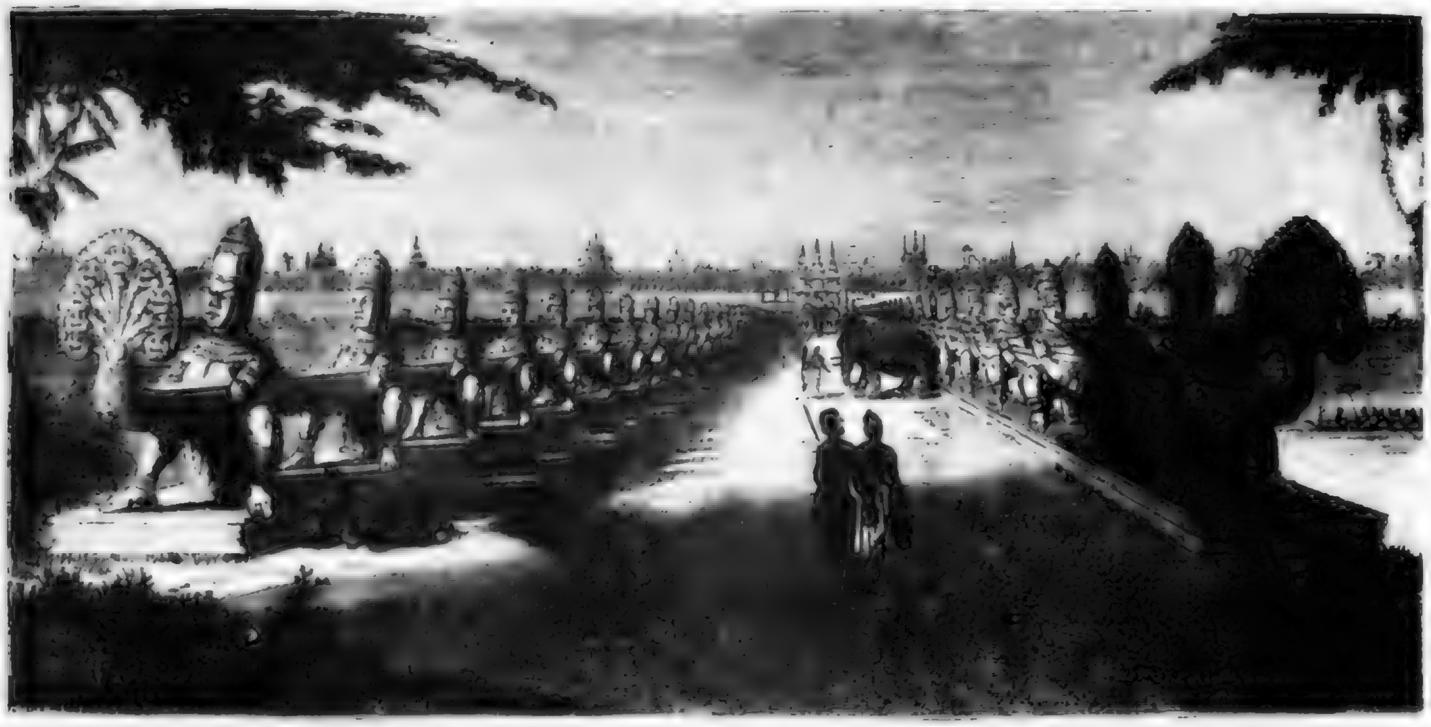
"And, Monsieur, am I to understand," said Mr. Bourke, "that your great ancestor was an *ass*, and your more immediate ancestor was an *ape?*"

Loud laughter followed the question, in which the *avocat* heartily joined.

A MAN may be disposed to save money and lay it by for sickness or other purposes; but he cannot do this unless his wife lets him or helps him. A prudent, frugal, thrifty woman is a crown of glory to her husband. She helps him in all his good resolutions; she may, by quiet and gentle encouragement, bring out his better qualities; and by her example she may implant in him noble principles, which are the seeds of the highest practical virtues.

ONE of the most important rules in the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.

XUM

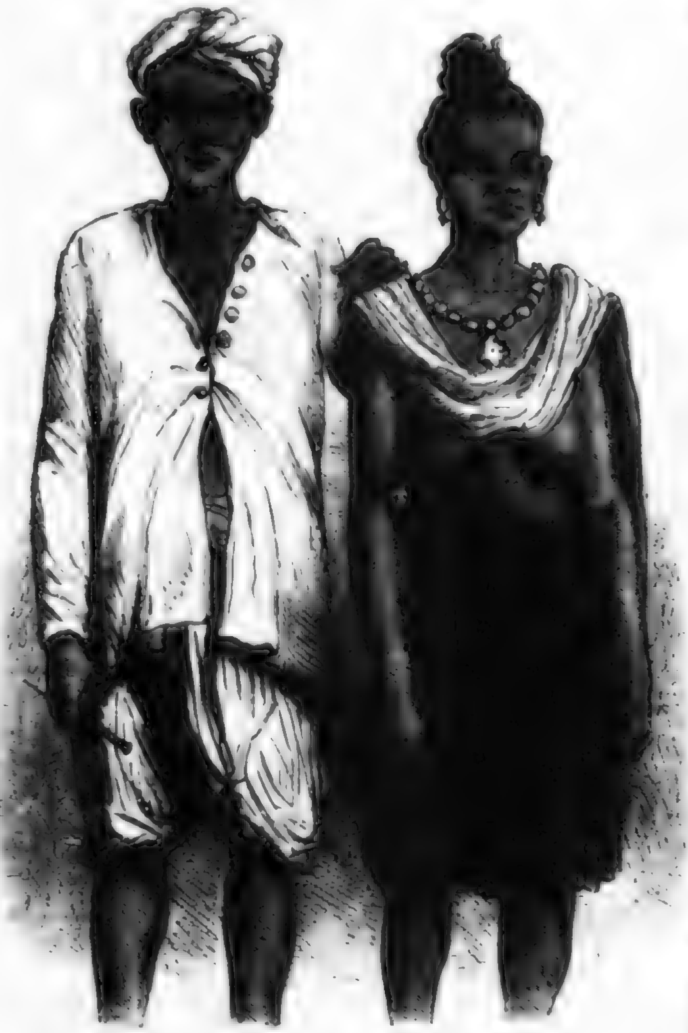


THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY AT ANGCOR TOM, IN CAMBODIA, RESTORED.

THE RUINED CITIES OF CAMBODIA.

From the period when the Portuguese penetrated to the East, there have been, from time to time, vague accounts of vast ruined cities in Cambodia, though little details have been given. In 1601, Ribadeneyra, in his "History of the Isles of the Archipelago," wrote:

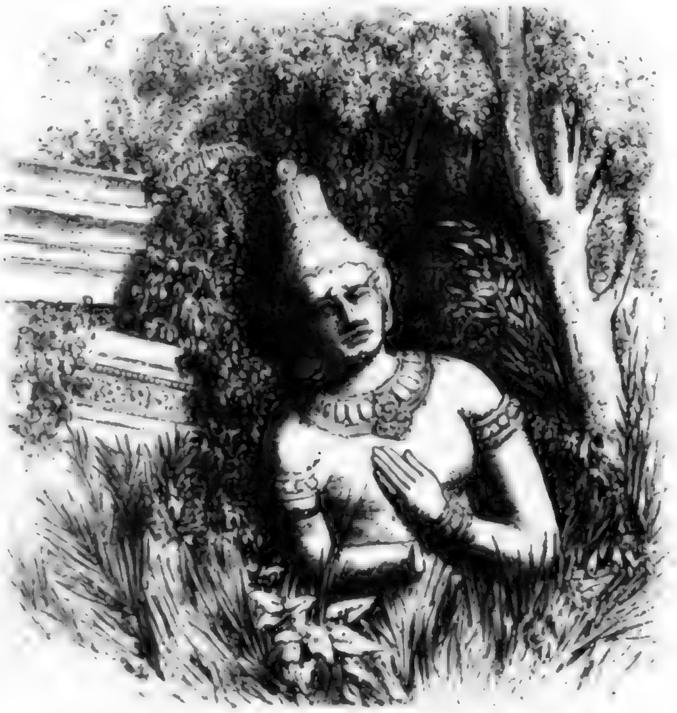
"There is in Cambodia the ruins of an ancient city, which some pretend to have been built by Alexander the Great, or the Romans. It is a wonderful thing that none of the natives can live amid these ruins, which are the haunt of wild beasts. These heathen, by tradition, hold that the city was built by a foreign nation."



CHIEF OF KHONG ISLAND AND WIFE.

A Chinese traveler, toward the close of the thirteenth century, saw this city in its glory, and describes the Causeway, which a French artist, on a recent scientific exploration, has restored in our engraving.

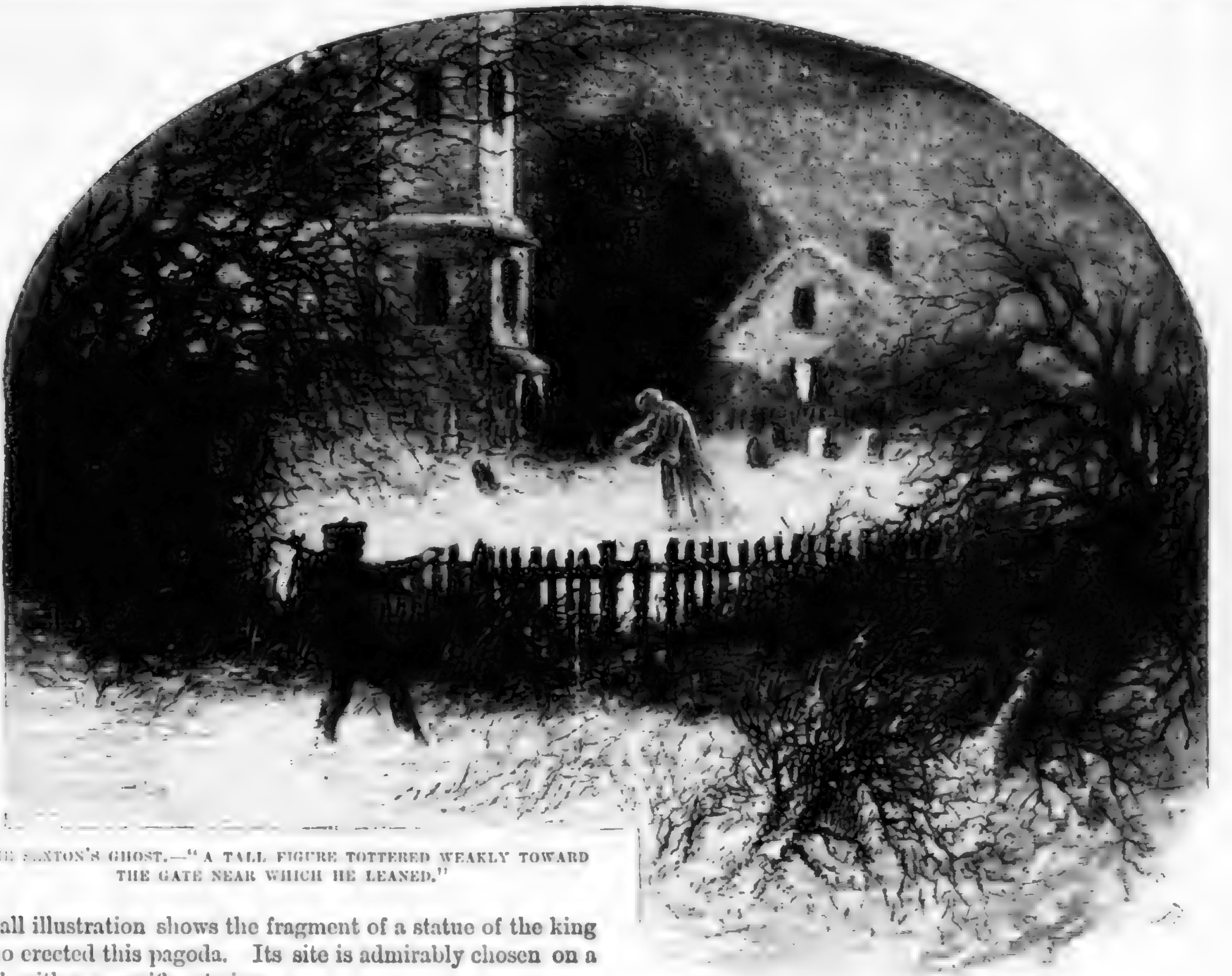
The long Causeway, lined with strange, gigantic figures, with the edifices to which they lead, recall the wonders of the Arabian Nights, and might well excite the amazement of the Chinese traveler, as their ruins excite ours now.



STATUE OF THE KING WHO BUILT WAT-PHOU.

The Cambodians call the builders of these ruins the Khmer: but the history of their grandeur, their rise and fall, is lost in obscurity.

Another Khmer ruin exists near Bassac, and is called by the natives Wat-Phou, or Pagoda of the Mountain. Our



THE SEXTON'S GHOST.—"A TALL FIGURE TOTTERED WEAKLY TOWARD THE GATE NEAR WHICH HE LEANED."

small illustration shows the fragment of a statue of the king who erected this pagoda. Its site is admirably chosen on a hill, with a magnificent view.

The present race are far inferior to the men who reared, amid the tropical forests, these strange and curious specimens of architecture, as our readers may judge by the pictures we give of the Chief of Khong Island, in Cambodia, and his wife. They enable us to judge of the advance in culture and civilization of their subjects.

THE SEXTON'S GHOST.

Simon Grayberry, the old sexton of Bushport, was dying. Bushport was a respectable little fishing-village, perched on a saucy-looking bluff right over the ocean; at its foot was a snug little cove, running up in sandy beach to the very base of the rock, where the fishing-craft lay cozily at anchor, when they were not scudding over the waves miles away, or rocking idly to the music of the fish-lines and the dancing of the porpoises.

Bushport had one church (Methodist) and one graveyard, where Simon Grayberry had, for years too many to remember, supervised the departure from earth to earth of the sires and grandsires of the hardy young fishermen who were now growing up around him. Simon had grown gray in the service of the dead, among whom, ten years before, he had deposited the last remains of his faithful wife; and now the gathering shadows of the final summons told him that he, too, must prepare to join those silent ones in their last resting-place.

Three years before, Simon had parted with his only son, a hardy sailor, who had gone on a whaling-voyage. Six months later news had come that the ship had sunk in the northern seas, and all on board had perished. All in the village mourned the stout-hearted Tom Grayberry, who had grown up, man and boy, among them; but chiefly had mourned a little, fair-haired creature just in her teens, to whom Tom had been more than to any other.

Alice Scott, so had grief matured her, had grown into womanhood in those thirty months, and she it was who, taking upon herself the duties of a daughter to him who had none, had devoted herself to him ever since, until the old man had learned to regard her as such, and to grieve for his lost son chiefly that his sad fate had prevented the possibility of her ever becoming so in very truth. She it was who now sat beside Simon's wasted form, held his hand, and watched the last spark of life as it flickered low before the final darkness.

Simon had been respected in his day and generation, and all the village waited sadly for news of his departure. A few of the older men, rough, hard-featured fishermen, stood at his bedside, while one or two of their wives, rough too, but kindly disposed, ministered to his few remaining necessities. The doctor stood near him, and held his hand; the tallow-candle on the table flickered, as a draft of wind burst in under the door and rattled the casement; storm-gusts held high carnival outside; for it was in the last days of November, and the snow-clouds were sailing on, heavily freighted. Suddenly the doctor raised his hand warningly; Alice rose and leaned over the bed, while the rest drew closer together, and then the head and shoulders raised painfully in the bed, the dull eyes lighted up, and, with one skinny forefinger pointing to the door, while his gray locks and matted beard trembled with a convulsive motion, the old sexton spoke:

"One, two, three, four, five! Five rings, one bracelet, two pins! Who shall have them? Tom shall have them! Who says it's robbery?"

The old man turned his head from one side to the other,

XUM

and glanced at the startled and horror-stricken ones around him; and then he said, slowly and in a whisper:

"I buried—them—under—the——"

The chin fell heavily on his breast, and he sank down into the bed in a confused mass.

There was much talk the next day about the last words of old Simon, and, though sundry wise heads were shaken, and some shrewd doubts were expressed, they were generally set down as the last, incoherent exclamations of a brain which had ceased to act lucidly, and were passed over.

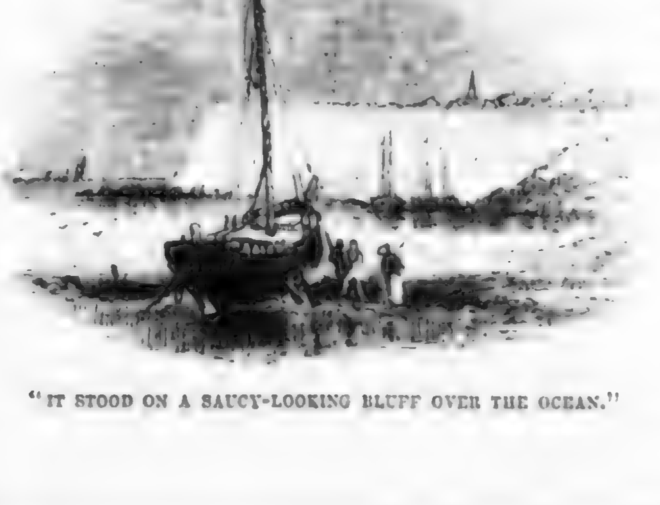
The body was properly laid out; watchers came forward to sit up with it; and the next day following was appointed for the funeral services.

Old Simon's cottage was near the graveyard; his body lay on the bed where he had slept for forty years; and the little sitting-room next to it was occupied on the watch-night by two old crones, who had volunteered for the purpose.

A bright fire blazed on the hearth; the table, with two lighted candles, stood beside it; the tea-kettle sang noisily on the hob; and these two, sitting comfortably in their Boston rockers, were inclined to take the night easily, and chatted over the merits and peculiarities of the dead, the strange occurrence of his last moments, and anything that turned up in the way of village gossip, as those will who accustom themselves to such duties. Meanwhile, the snow-storm that had been promising a visit had all day been busy, and now was drifting into white masses through the street, and whirling in blinding clouds through the air, while not a single being in the whole village was out of doors, and in the houses warm fires and hot drinks did their best to make things cozy and comfortable. So the hours wore away, and, as the evening grew late, the two old crones, grown tired of gossip, had nodded their frowsy old heads at one another until both had gone off into a profound and noisy sleep.

Now, down the street, a short distance from Simon Grayberry's cottage, there was a tavern, and in the barroom, where a huge wood-fire was crackling and hissing up the wide-mouthed chimney, there were congregated, as usually congregated there on Winter nights, a dozen or so of the inhabitants of the village, who met thus nightly to enjoy their punch and their pipes in social communion. This night, in particular, punch and pipes were in extraordinary demand. The season had been so open and free from storms that this was really the first occasion that had offered for such a gathering, and it had been taken advantage of by more than the usual quota of jolly, weatherbeaten tars, who sat and canvassed, sententiously, such subjects as came before them. Among these, naturally enough, the question of Sexton Grayberry's remarkable utterances at his off-going was brought prominently forward.

"Blarst my hyes!" said "English Bob," as he was called, a burly, good-natured-looking fellow, who leaned back against the mantel, and talked in a husky voice, through a cloud of "the essence of old Virginia," "I've a hidea the ole chap's been a priggin' summat as laid 'eavy on 'is conshuns."



"IT STOOD ON A SAUCY-LOOKING BLUFF OVER THE OCEAN."

"Nonsense!" answered the landlord, seeing no one else was likely to take it up; "old Simon was as honest as they make 'em; and, besides, where on earth could he find anything to 'prig' in this consumed poor place?"

This was unanswerable, and the vilifier of the dead was silenced for a moment.

Presently a long, lean, slab-sided, lantern-jawed Yankee peddler, who had come in belated and put up for the night, put in his word. He was dressed in a faded, seedy-looking suit of black, and presented anything but an inviting appearance. He had been silent thus far, had heard the story of the deathbed scene told and retold, and now, as he sat with his legs crossed, and his chair tilted back, he drawled out:

"Waal, I'm a stranger here, and hain't got no call to meddle with things that don't consarn me, but if it was so as I hed any interest in these parts, I should be kinder lookin' around arter the family jewelry, and if the *live* people's plunder was all right, I should—well, I should hev my suspicions!"

Everybody started at that, and the landlord, who felt bound to support the credit of his deceased friend, had already opened his mouth to call the vituperative vender of small wares to order, when the door opened, and his wife called him, with such evident earnestness, that he turned at once, abandoned his intention, and followed her out of the room.

Every effort was now made to bring the peddler to book, and induce him to explain his meaning; but nothing more could be got out of him than:

"Waal, I ain't a-goin' to consarn myself in what ain't none of my bus'ness, but I only say, if it was my case, I should be suspicious!"

Sundry growls and sour looks were beginning to show that this indefinite advice was not palatable, and might be resented; and matters, in fact, were beginning to assume a squally appearance, when the landlord re-entered.

"Boys," said he, "my wife and I ain't nowise satisfied about the Boston coach not coming in; she's more than three hours late, and, though it is a rough night, she ought to have been here before this; and, in my humble opinion, she's a darned sight more importance than that darned purveyor of pins and needles' *suspicions* about what he don't know nothing consarnin."

Here he jerked his thumb in the direction of the peddler, who shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

Now, the village of Bushport was situated just twenty-one miles north-and-by-east of the good city of Boston; from which place there came, three times a week, a coach bearing the mail, leaving Boston at four o'clock in the afternoon, and performing the journey in about four hours, if nothing interrupted of a nature calculated to prevent safe and moderately rapid driving.

This was a "coach-day," and, punctually at four, the aforesaid vehicle, painted blue, and appropriately named the "Bluebird," started valiantly forth, out of the stable-yard in a narrow street in the suburbs of Boston, and, with three passengers inside for way-stations, and one passenger outside for Bushport, took its way along the high-road, in a direction north-and-by-eastward, through what was already a respectable snow-storm, hoping to accomplish the journey before the roads became so blocked up as to utterly preclude wheeling; for the snow-storm had come on suddenly, and the Bluebird's runners were at Bushport.

The first ten miles were made in two hours and a half, and there the last "inside" left the coach, rejoicing.

Eleven miles to go, the snow drifting heavily, and a blinding wind driving in the faces of the driver and the one "outside," who said he was a sailor, and laughed to scorn the idea of "going below on account of a blarsted little snow-squall."

Seven miles further on, the Bluebird stopped to change horses, and driver and "outside" went into the little tavern to get supper.

A fine, stalwart, sailor-looking fellow was the "outside"; tall and handsome, with chestnut curls all over his head and down on his white forehead; laughing blue eyes shining through the drops of wet that hung on his eyelashes; rosy cheeks, that glistened after the pelting they had received. Driver and "outside" were both urged to put up for the night; but the driver was plucky, and would not be bluffed off bringing his mail in, and the "outside" swore, with a very salt oath, that he would get to Bushport that night if he had to walk there.

So the supper was eaten, two hot toddies swallowed, and, with two lighted pipes in mouth, driver and "outside" mounted on the box, and the whip cracked, and away they went again into the driving wind, and through the drifting snow.

It was now past nine, and, though the coach pressed gallantly forward, it made but little headway, the smoking horses having desperate hard work to keep on at a fast walk.

Two of the four miles had been passed over when, as the coach made a sharp turn round a bend in the road which the wind had blown dry, the off fore-wheel struck a tree, which an unlucky blast had blown across the road, and, with a jolt and a heave, over went the Bluebird, and away flew driver and "outside" into a drift, where they disappeared to crawl out again, shake themselves, and stare lugubriously at the downfallen vehicle. Fortunately, they were near a farmhouse, and thither both betook themselves, and, obtaining assistance, the horses were soon housed in a comfortable barn. The driver then announced his intention of accepting the cordial invitation they both received to remain all night, but the "outside," game to the last, resisted every solicitation, and, after warming himself, outwardly by the fire, and inwardly with a glass of "summat hot," swung a bundle which he carried over his shoulder, and, with a stout stick in his hand, plunged resolutely into the snow again.

The farm-house door closed behind him, and, as he gained the road, marked only by the long white line between the fields and woods on either side, he almost felt inclined to give it up; but he was a courageous fellow, this sailor, and stifling the momentary weakness, he trudged on. It was past eleven when the lights of the village appeared, and, with a sigh of relief, he stepped more lightly, thinking of the warm reception which was to repay him for this night's inconvenience, and many other nights' peril and adversity.

As he moved on, his thoughts took shape in two forms of expression:

"I wonder if the old man lives!" and "I wonder if she has forgotten me!"

The straggling houses of the village were passed; the old church loomed up in the darkness; a cottage near by was lighted up in one room, and he leaned for a moment on the railing of the graveyard, and hesitated.

Suddenly, as his eyes glanced over the well-remembered stones, he saw something move. A chill, more piercing than the cold blast he had been under for so many hours, almost froze his blood, for the sailor-mind is proverbially superstitious. But he stood still, gazed, and waited.

It was a tall figure; white—of course, everything was white—and it tottered weakly toward the gate near which he leaned. Presently it reached him, opened the gate, and as he stood with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and his hair bristling with fear, he knew who it was—it was Simon Grayberry, the Sexton of Bushport.

Springing forward, he caught the old man in his arms, while he shouted to him:

"Father! father! It is me! Don't you know me? It's Tom—your boy, Tom!"

Then the old sexton stood erect, and, holding up his finger, whispered:

"Hush! don't speak so loud! I've got them, every one! I robbed *them!*" and he pointed to the graves. But, Tom, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! And you won't tell any one."

Tom put the little box which his father gave him carefully in his pocket; a dim idea of the truth possessed him, and, taking the emaciated form in his arms, he stepped with his burden to the door of the tavern, which was nearer than the cottage, and where he saw a light burning; and so, just as the landlord had made the remark concerning the lateness of the Boston coach, it happened that the tavern-door opened, and a stout figure, in a sou'wester, and covered with snow, staggered in, bearing in his arms the body of dead Sexton Grayberry.

"Bear a hand! Boys, it's me, Tom Grayberry, and this is my father. I found the old gentleman wandering in the graveyard in his night-clothes; he must have been out of his head."

Such a start as that crowd of fishermen got may be imagined. They retreated backward into a corner, and looked at Tom and the prostrate form at his feet as though *both* were ghosts. Finally the landlord clapped Tom on the shoulder, and said:

"You're Tom Grayberry, that I'll go bail; but the old man's dead, and we left two women a-watching of him up to the cottage; he died last night."

Tom had risen up, and stood looking at him for a moment; then he stooped down, tore open the long gown that wrapped the old man, and placed his hand over his heart. It had stopped beating.

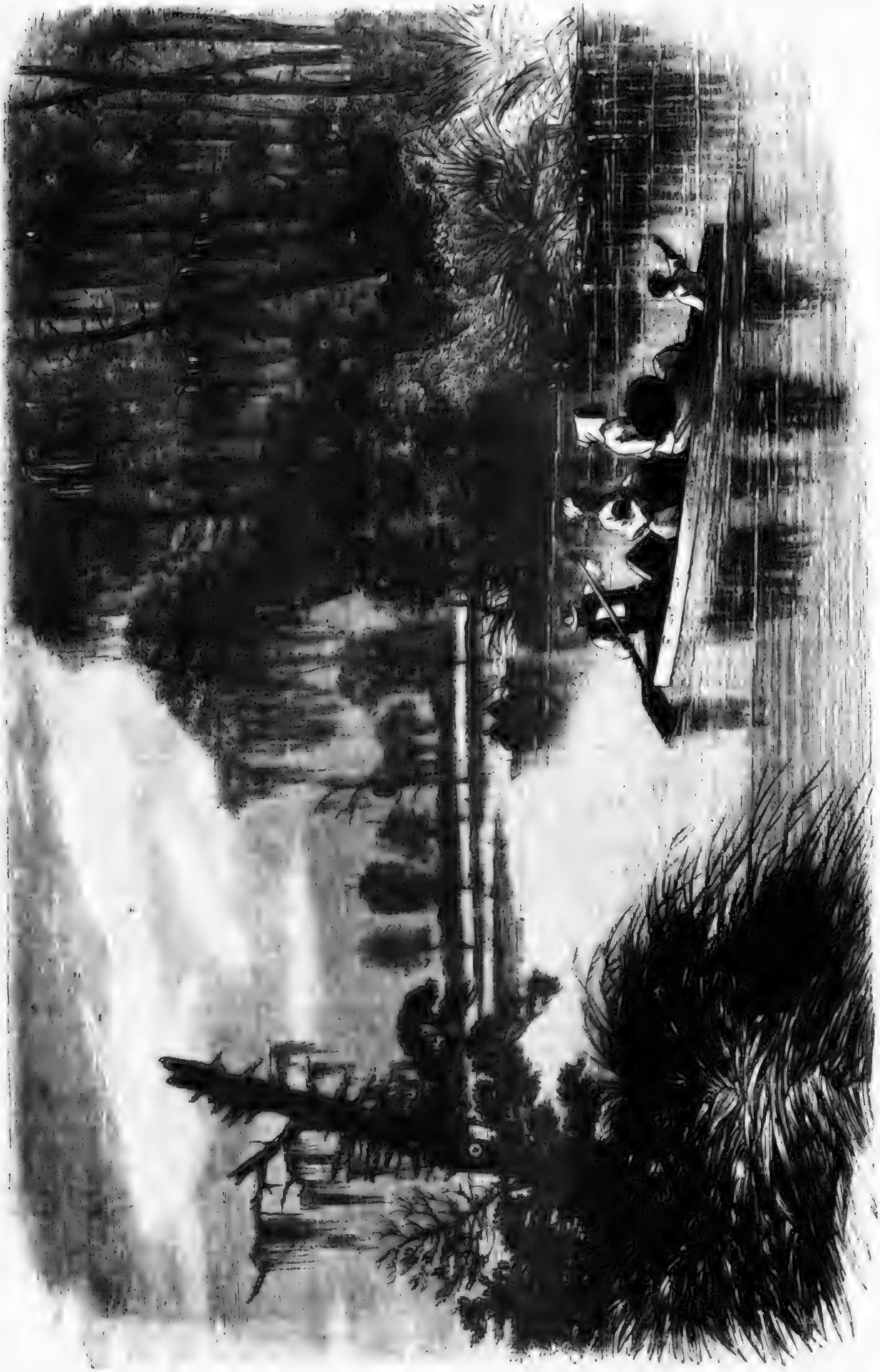
"He is dead now," said Tom. "Come with me, some of you;" and, raising the body tenderly in his arms, he strode through the door, over the way, and straight on to the cottage.

The landlord ran ahead and opened the door, while the crowd followed at a respectful distance. As they entered the sitting-room, the two women rose, screaming, out of their sleep, frightened at this sudden inroad. But nothing recked Tom, as he carried the body straight past them into the bedroom, and laid it on the *empty bed!*

The whole matter was plain now; the window was open, and through it the old sexton, awakened from his swoon, had taken his fearful course. Tom said nothing about the box of jewelry, and two days after the old sexton was quietly buried in the little churchyard.

Tom staid in Bushport many months; and when the Spring opened he and sweet Alice Scott were married in the old church. And the good people of Bushport never knew anything more definite than the Yankee pedler's "suspicions," and their own imaginings, about Simon Grayberry's deathbed speech, or the true story of "The Sexton's Ghost."

Recreation does not mean idleness, and it may mean labor. A wise man will so arrange his labors that each succeeding one shall be so totally different from the last that it shall serve as a recreation for it. Physical exertion may follow mental, and then give place to it again.



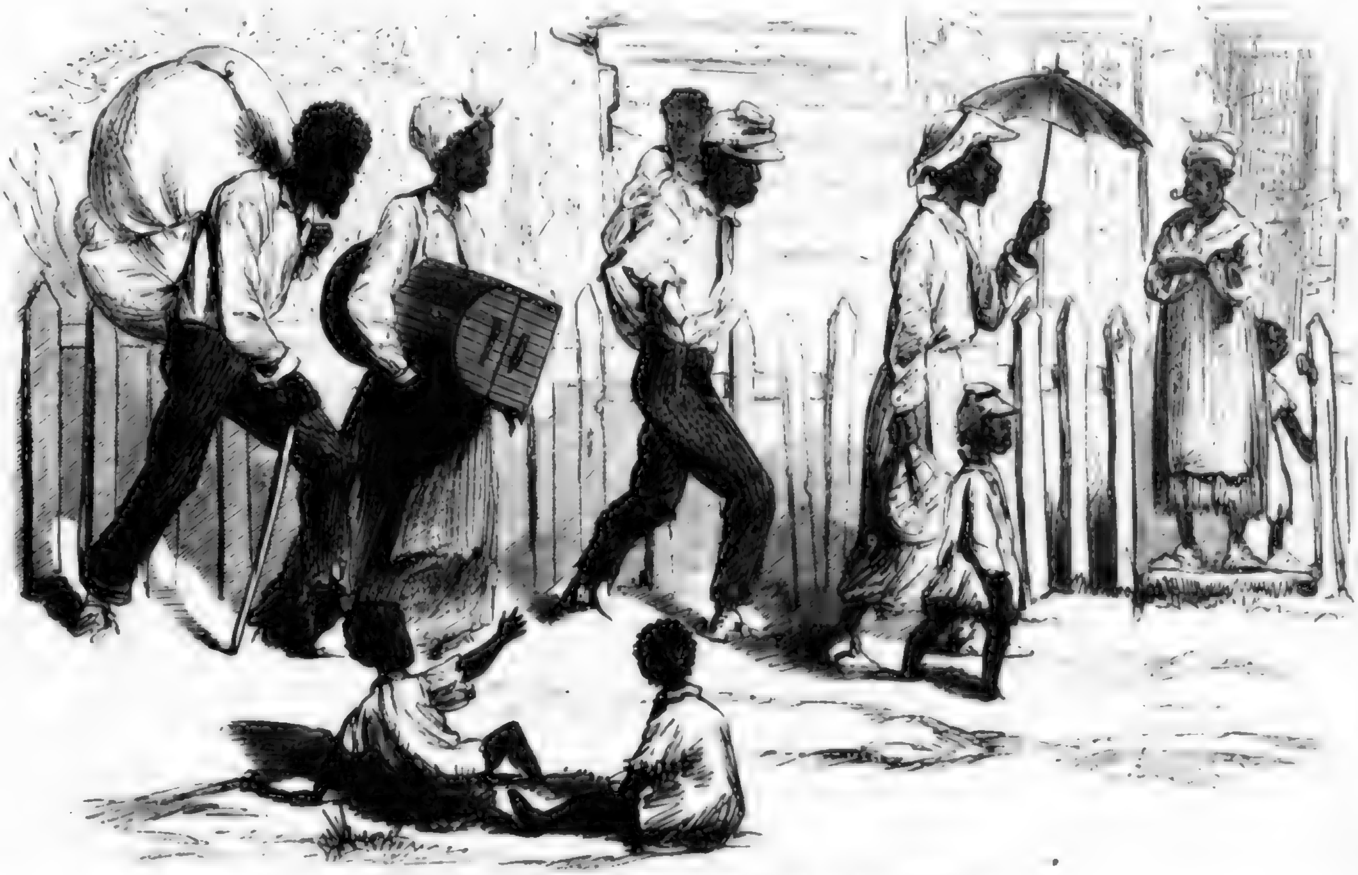
SOUTHERN SCENES.—MOVING BY WATER—A SKETCH ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N.C.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

MOVING BY WATER, A SKETCH ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—MOVING BY LAND, A SCENE IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

IF there is any one thing for which the genuine Southern darkey has an especial predilection, it is for frequently changing his local habitation, and seeking "fresh fields and pastures new." A great deal of nonsense has been written about the strong local attachments of the negroes, but experience shows their supposed possession of that quality to be mainly imaginary. The average colored citizen is not usually incumbered with any very extensive *impedimenta* in the way of furniture, baggage, or clothing; hence, his periodical flittings are easily accomplished, and whether the journey be by land or water, pedestrian, vehicular, or aquatic, there are no serious problems of transportation to solve.

If one of the numerous watercourses that intersect our fair Southern land affords a convenient watery highway to his destined goal, the head of the family loads his possessions into a frail dug-out or dingy—and if not the owner of such a craft he borrows or "conveys" (after the manner recommended by ancient Pistol) one from some friendly neighbor—disposes his family therein, as comfortably as the limited space will allow, and while the mother nurses her pickaninny, and young ebony in the bow keeps a bright lookout for snags, the father steadily paddles along until their destination is reached.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—MOVING BY LAND—A SCENE IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

If the movement is by land, the conditions are still simpler. It is merely a case of picking up the few goods and chattels forming their worldly possessions, and "toting" them, with many rests along the road, to the spot selected for re-erecting the family altar.

This propensity for frequent shifting of quarters is probably an outgrowth of the feeling of freedom from all restraint which followed emancipation. Under the old system of slavery, the negroes were necessarily confined to the plantations on which they belonged, and could go nowhere beyond these limits unless provided with passes from their owners. When freedom came, and with it the power to go and come at will, wherever each individual's fancy might lead him, the long-restrained desire to roam about naturally developed into a leading characteristic of the new-made freeman, and it still remains a distinguishing characteristic of a large portion of the Southern negroes.

The first of our illustrations represents a scene witnessed by our artist on the Cape Fear River, near Wilmington, N. C., and the other was sketched in the streets of that city.

THE FLYING STEP OF THE MAORIS OR NEW ZEALAND INDIANS.

THE Maoris, a tribe which has so long and so manfully resisted the English, challenges curiosity, if not admiration. The Ngatitoatuas, the former inhabitants of Auckland, numbered, a few generations back, twenty or thirty thousand souls, who had transformed the curious extinct craters of the neighborhood into fortresses, whence, as in Europe during the Middle Ages, oppressive nobles—bandits in all but name—domineered over the surrounding country.

These summits were entrenched *pahs*, that is to say, forts, the entrenched villages of the chiefs, and around the foot of the hills lay the homes of the, serfs amid the fields which they were compelled to till for their lords. Ruins of their humble dwellings are still visible.

The reverse of the mountain is, so to say, tattooed like an old New Zealand chief. They are terraced: that is to say, at every ten or fifteen feet of height a place is leveled off. Here rose a double row of palisades, with a deep ditch, covered with reeds and fern. These fortifications are the more astonishing, when we consider that they were constructed with no better tools than stone axes and sea-shells. Within these palisades dwelt the chief with his family, and the nobles of the tribe.

There, while the old men, seated in circles, under their phormium cloaks, related the exploits of their youth and the legends of their forefathers, the young men of the clan exulted in the manly sports which gave strength and suppleness to every muscle of their lithe and active bodies. The girls repeated songs brought by their ancestors from the land of Havaiki, their original country; the boys could be seen flying kites made of light reeds, and while the older ones were diving from some high rock into the glassy sea, the young braves who had been already on the war-path took part in a game still more dangerous, the Flying Step. That known to our youth is on a well leveled ground; but here the central mast was planted on the verge of some fearful precipice, and as they ran around, each in turn was suspended over the abyss, relying solely on the strength of his wrist and the toughness of the cord. Such a scene, as shown by some who witnessed it in other days, is portrayed in our sketch.

SOLD.

THE splendid steamer *Cosmopolitan* was nearing the pier, and the city of New York was gradually becoming visible through the thick fog. The passengers thronged upon deck, most of them looking forward with eager expectation to the completion of a remarkably rough voyage, which rendered the charm of home greater by contrast. Captain Chace was busy attending to a multitude of things necessary to be done, and which he was unwilling to trust to other hands. He was a large, powerfully-built man, with a firm, quick step, a ringing voice, and an honest, hearty laugh—a man to trust and respect, and in whose presence one experienced a delicious sense of security and protection.

Orlando Edsall had been the one thorn in the captain's flesh from the hour they sailed from Liverpool, and only extreme good-nature, and a large stock of patience, enabled him to bear the trial without betraying irritation.

Orlando Edsall was not indebted to his parents for the Christian name by which he was distinguished. His birthplace was a little village among the Green Mountains, and in the old family Bible, preserved with pious care in the humble homestead, was recorded the existence of Obadiah Edsall, and as the worthy farmer and his wife had but one child, it was fair to presume that Orlando had once answered to a name which was Scriptural if not euphonious.

In his youth Obadiah had attended the village school, but being somewhat afflicted with that disease, so apt to assume a chronic form, denominated by unrefined persons laziness, and accepting without question the assertion of King Solomon, that "much study is a weariness to the flesh," his progress in knowledge had not been very rapid, nor was there any danger of his being injured by mental labor.

Obadiah, or Orlando, had conceived a strong desire for traveling, imagining that a change of scene would be beneficial to his health, as well as agreeable to his feelings, and a few weeks after his sudden resolution, he was landed in Liverpool, and for several months pursued his tour through places of note in England and France. A more intimate knowledge of the geography of his own country might possibly have added something to the enjoyment of his trip; but when his stock of information failed, his ingenuity was taxed to conceal the ignorance he did not care to display; and in this undertaking—the only real labor he had ever performed—he succeeded so well, that many considered him quite intelligent and agreeable. He had seen Buckingham Palace through his eyeglass, visited Stratford and London Bridge, and after enjoying the delights of *la belle* France, and being addressed as *Monsieur*, was experiencing the reality of sea-sickness on board the *Cosmopolitan*, homeward bound.

Captain Chace was moved with pity for the miserable young man, and took good care of him during the voyage, though he could not repress an occasional smile at his ludicrous appearance.

"How long before we land, captain?" he asked of that long-suffering individual, for the hundredth time, as he followed him about the steamer.

"Just as long as it takes us to arrive," was the answer; "and it depends somewhat upon the length of time occupied by the vessel in reaching the pier."

Orlando Edsall was not the least disconcerted.

"You do not seem very anxious to get in, captain; though, perhaps, there is no one in New York you care to see."

"Perhaps not."

"Mrs. Gordon has promised to introduce me to a Miss Osborne, a relative of hers, young, pretty, good-dispositioned, and with some money. A Mrs. Orlando Edsall of that description would not be very disagreeable; though I have thought it might be tiresome to be married. Then, like you, captain, I am fitted for something better than being tied to a family. I wonder if I shall dare to try it?" stroking an incipient mustache with a very white hand.

Captain Chace, standing with his arms extended, and his eyes fixed on his companion, resembled a huge Newfoundland dog, preparing to shake an aggravating cur; but, with a lip curling for the pitiable vanity of the young man, he turned from him, saying:

"Of course it will rest with you to decide. No woman would be insane enough to refuse such an offer; and I advise you to improve the opportunity, by all means."

"Would you, captain, really? But you never married yourself."

"No; it would be scarcely convenient to marry myself; and you could hardly expect a woman, especially one pretty, intelligent, and rich, to notice me. We are not *exactly* alike."

"Just so," with a self-satisfied air, and a long look at the captain's hands, which were large and brown, and seldom covered with Alexandre's kids. "We are not exactly alike; still, you're a real good fellow, captain. What's that white building over there?"

"An asylum for idiots and feeble-minded youths, perhaps," was the quiet answer. "They have some cases in this part of the country;" and, leaving Orlando Edsall to the contemplation of the approaching shore, our captain sought another part of the ship, while his passenger retained a sense of pleasure from the fact that the captain had been so unusually social, and appreciated him so fully.

* * * * * * *

Kate Osborne was just twenty-five, quite pretty, finely educated, extremely sensible, and the possessor of a comfortable fortune. Her friends had but one complaint to enter against her. Society unanimously decided that it was high time she was "settled," a general and convenient term for expressing the state of the possessor of a husband and a home. Miss Osborne had not reached the age of twenty-five without listening to more than one profession of attachment; but Mrs. Grundy, none the wiser, still wondered why no one sought her for a wife.

Mrs. Gordon was a distant relative of Miss Osborne, and was considered a match-maker, and manifested not the least dislike to the distinction. She considered it a delicate compliment to her tact and management, and so gave herself to the development of the many matrimonial schemes in which she was interested. Kate Osborne she considered it her duty to dispose of in the shortest possible space of time. Mrs. Gordon's home was on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles from New York, and Miss Osborne, who had called upon her, was listening attentively to an account of the lady's visit to the Old World.

"We had horrid weather coming back, Kate; and our captain was the hatefulest man you ever heard of. Of course, I needed an escort occasionally, being all alone. There was a Mr. Edsall on board—a thousand times more agreeable than Captain Chace."

"Captain Chace!" interrupted Kate. "Then you returned in the *Cosmopolitan?*"

"Why, yes, of course. But do you know Captain Chace?"

"I have seen him, I believe, once or twice."

And Miss Kate, strangely enough, turned away from her hostess, and looked out of the window.

"Well, then, you know what a bear he is," continued Mrs. Gordon. But as I was telling you about this Mr. Edsall——"

"Mr. Edsall pleased you better, then?"

"Oh, yes; he was such a gentleman! You ought to see his hands, Kate; they are as small and white as a lady's, and his foot is——"

Mrs. Gordon stopped, somewhat embarrassed by the smile on Miss Osborne's face, then resumed, a little spitefully:

"But you are the queerest girl, Kate. The captain would have suited you better, perhaps."

"Why, I have no very strong liking for great, rough creatures! Odious people are not my favorites. I was only smiling at your enthusiasm in regard to hands and feet, and hoping your friend had some stronger claim to your liking. But we will not discuss the gentleman any longer, while there are so many interesting subjects which have not been mentioned."

Kate Osborne usually meant what she said; and Mrs. Osborne, in consideration of her pet scheme, prudently changed the conversation, and in a few minutes the two ladies were absorbed in the examination of sundry elegant articles of dress, which had been brought from Paris for the express admiration of Mrs. Gordon's friends. Two days after, Mrs. Gordon said to her husband:

"If I had told Kate, she would not have come an inch; so I shall write to her, and she will not suspect anything;" and the following note was accordingly sent to Miss Osborne:

"A few of the friends who crossed the Atlantic with me are to spend to-morrow evening at our house. We propose a moonlight sail, and want you to come up early and stay over night."

There certainly could be nothing in the note to produce the burst of laughter with which Miss Osborne received it. Could it be she suspected something? It certainly amused her intensely, and she replied within an hour:

"I will not fail to be with you to-morrow evening, but hope that, for my sake, you will have no great, odious creature present. You know I am somewhat peculiar in my tastes."

About a dozen of those who had become pretty well acquainted with each other during the rough days on board the *Cosmopolitan* were assembled in Mrs. Gordon's parlor before Miss Osborne arrived. Orlando Edsall was present, waiting with eager expectation for her coming. Captain Chace, who was a favorite with all his passengers, save the lady whom he had so innocently offended, had been invited by Mr. Gordon, who, greatly to the disgust of his estimable wife, had insisted upon his joining the party.

Mrs. Gordon was surprised to see how gentlemanly he appeared, in spite of his hands. He was extremely polite to his hostess, who took occasion to whisper to Mr. Edsall:

"He is really fine-looking when he is dressed, and not half so rough as he used to be on board the steamer."

"Oh, Kate," said Mrs. Osborne, "I was afraid you wouldn't come. Mr. Gordon invited Captain Chace, in spite of all I could say. I guess, however, we can endure him for one evening. Shall I introduce you?"

"Oh, yes; I supposed from what you said the other day, that he was a brute, and I only mentioned him in my note because you seemed to think I like such people; whereas I never have the least desire to meet them."

"Well, you can judge for yourself when you see him;" and the harmless Mrs. Gordon smiled complacently as she thought of Mr. Orlando Edsall.

Miss Osborne followed Mrs. Gordon to the parlor, and entered the room with the quiet self-possession which was natural to her.

Mr. Edsall gazed fixedly at the handsome woman, upon whom he felt he had already some claim.

"Look, captain, that's the Miss Osborne I told you about. She would satisfy anybody who could make up their mind to marry—don't you think so? I'm about decided."

"Then, it only remains to convince the lady that she cannot do better than to accept you. Of course, there will be no difficulty about that?"

"No, I rather think not; she looks like a sensible girl," and the elegant Mr. Edsall gave a self-satisfied glance at the full-length mirror in which he was reflected.

Introductions followed, and Captain Chace bowed with stately courtesy over the hand extended by Miss Osborne, while Mr. Edsall entertained the listeners with a voluble speech, in regard to the happiness he experienced in making her acquaintance; but, owing to his embarrassment, the words which he had repeated so glibly to himself were not delivered with the impressiveness he had anticipated.

Probably Miss Osborne felt pity for the young man, and Mrs. Gordon was delighted to see that she immediately entered into conversation with him, relieving him of all awkwardness by her easy manner.

Recovering his self-possession, and encouraged to talk by numerous questions, Mr. Edsall grew eloquent on the subject of his travels.

"It's an awful way across the Atlantic. I wanted to see the Gulf Stream, for they said it was a curiosity. You have heard of it, haven't you, Miss Osborne?"

"Oh, yes."

"I inquired of a good many people, and they said they thought the reason we could not see it was because the water was *low*."

"Possibly. We have had an unusually dry Summer."

"So I have heard; but being abroad, I didn't know much about it. Did you ever travel, Miss Osborne?"

"I visited Mississippi a few years ago."

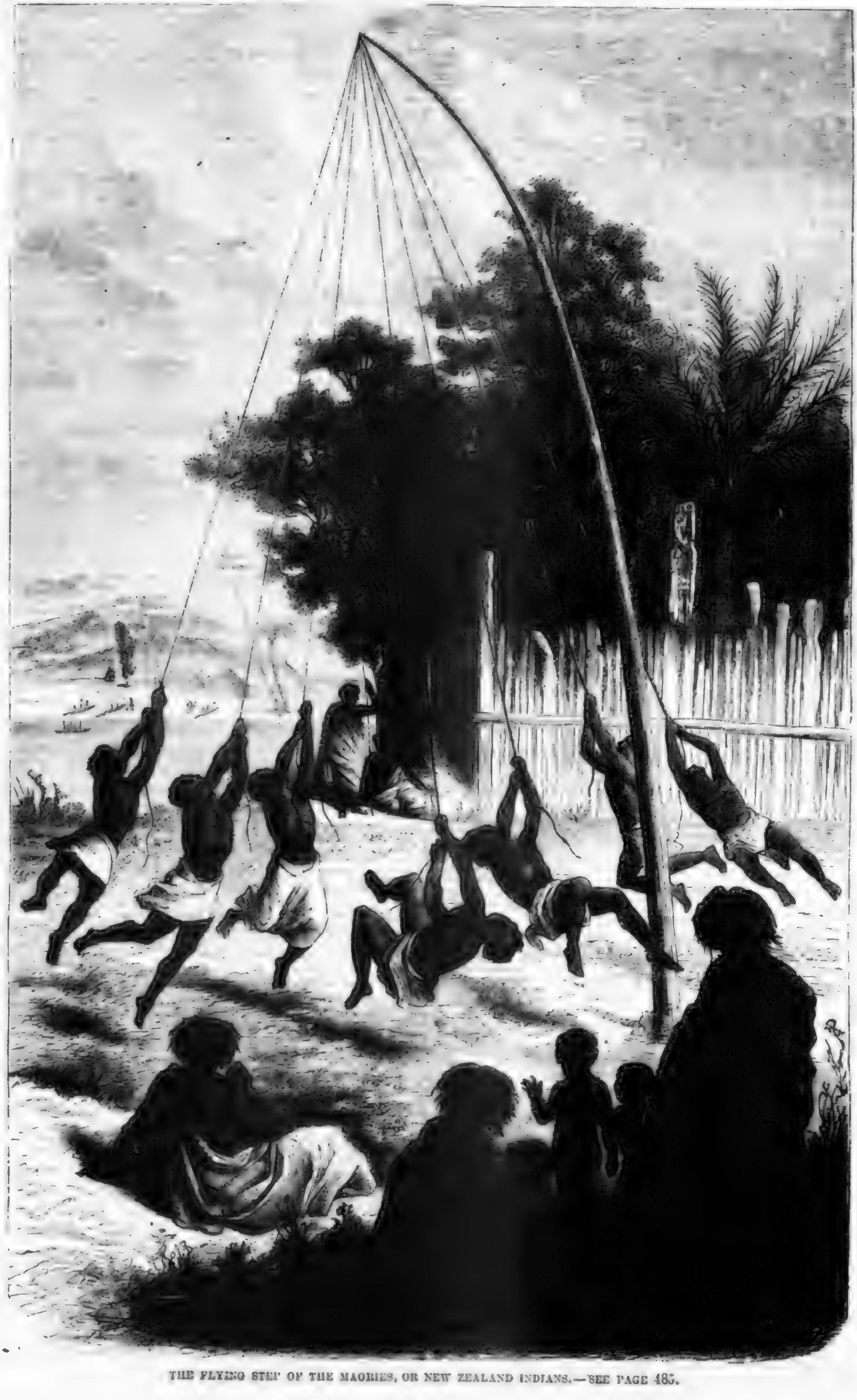
"Where does she live?"

"Live! Oh, about a thousand miles from here."

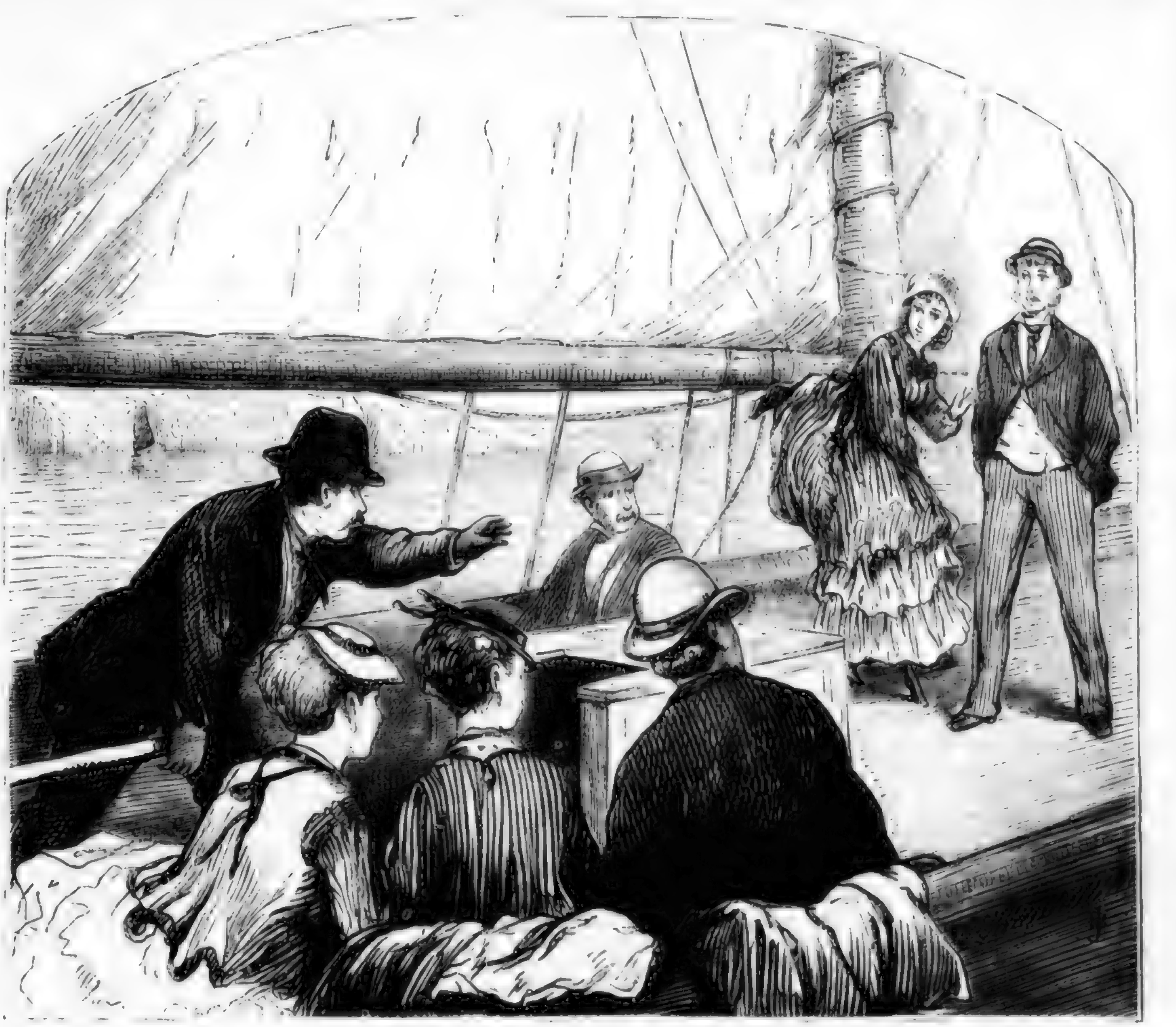
"Was the scenery around her place very fine?"

"Not particularly. I suppose that which you have seen is far superior?"

"Yes, I guess so; and there are lots of old houses that all the people who go to Europe have to visit. We went to one in Stratford, where a Mr. —er—well, I shouldn't wonder if I had forgot the name, it was such a queer one; Mr. —er—er Spillbeer; yes, I guess that's it—I'm sure it was Spill—something; and those Englishmen are such beer-drinkers, I suppose it was a nickname."



THE FLYING STEP OF THE MAORIES, OR NEW ZEALAND INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 485.



SOLD.—"FORGETFUL OF EVERYTHING SAVE THAT A LIFE WAS IN PERIL, THE CAPTAIN FAIRLY YELLED, 'GO ROUND THE MAST, KATE! TO THE LEFT, QUICKLY, OR YOU WILL BE KNOCKED OVERBOARD.'"—SEE PAGE 486.

Miss Osborne bent over her fan, and the delicate ivory sticks snapped asunder in the hand which had clutched it, with a nervous effort to subdue the laugh which would make itself heard at last.

"There, I have broken it," she said, with a burst of merriment. "I am generally successful in the destructive line;" but Mr. Edsall wondered within himself what there could be so marvelously funny in the incident, for the lady laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

He took the fan which she laid down, and busied himself in patching it together, while the by-standers, who had, by a prodigious effort, controlled their countenances during the conversation, dispersed in various directions, smothering the laugh which they could not help.

For once Orlando Edsall had gone too far. Presuming on the fact that Miss Osborne had never traveled as far as the other side of the ocean, and anxious to prolong conversation with her, he had drawn subjects from his personal experience, believing himself on safe ground; little knowing how often his fellow-travelers had amused themselves with the ignorance he could not always wholly conceal, and the blunders they enjoyed too well to correct.

Mrs. Gordon was thoroughly distressed. For the first time she saw him off his guard, and was amazed at the ignorance which she saw displayed, the existence of which was a revelation.

With a very red face, which betrayed her mortification, she passed close to Miss Osborne, with the remark: "How could you, Kate? I never felt worse in my life."

Kate must be excused if she did not manifest much sympathy, or show a proper regard for Mrs. Gordon's wounded feelings.

"How could I what? I have done nothing except to listen with due attention. Anything less would be scarcely civil."

"I would not have believed it of you," was all Mrs. Gordon could reply.

Preparations were made to go out upon the river, and the ladies went to their rooms for shawls and hats. Miss Osborne assisted them to dress, and she, with Mrs. Gordon, remained behind while the others went down-stairs. All the guests were on their way to the river, except Captain Chace, who waited to accompany Mrs. Gordon, and Mr. Edsall, who was convinced that Miss Osborne had so enjoyed the conversation, which he had endeavored to make instructive as well as entertaining, that his escort to the boat would be gladly accepted.

She took the proffered arm, and a few moments more found them out on the glorious Hudson, in as stanch and trim a yacht as ever floated upon the river.

Mr. Edsall had managed so adroitly, that Kate found herself in a corner so situated that she could not conveniently converse with any of the party save her companion. Mrs. Gordon was fast recovering her usual good spirits, and was evidently very much pleased that Edsall had so skilfully manœuvred.

"He may not be quite as learned as a great many," she reflected; "but he is really a very estimable young man, and has a fine property. I don't believe Kate could do better."

"You are fond of boating, Miss Osborne?" remarked Orlando, after an awkward pause.

"Very," was the quiet reply.

"So am I. You like to fish, I suppose?"

"It is a sport I am very fond of."

"So am I, too. It is astonishing how our tastes agree, Miss Osborne."

This was undoubtedly the time for a little sentiment, and Orlando commenced:

"I say it is astonishing, Miss Osborne, because there are so few people in this world who have tastes in common—that is to say, who think alike about anything; who agree—you know, miss, what I mean, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I think I follow you!" And the young lady turned her attention to the water.

"Mrs. Gordon told me a good deal about you, Miss Osborne," continued this piece of pertinacity, "and I felt pretty well acquainted before we met. You and I never can be strangers. I am so rejoiced that we have become acquainted."

"Do look at that glorious sunset, Mr. Edsall!" interrupted Kate, disgusted with her situation. "I think I will stand up there," pointing to the deck, "and get a better view."

Mr. Edsall gallantly assisted her. Captain Chace, who had charge of the boat, was at this moment quite absorbed in the beauties of the declining sun, and had not noticed Kate's change of position. He was just on the point of putting down the helm, and coming about on another tack, when he espied the young lady, leaning against the mast, quite oblivious to the change of tactics, and consequent danger. The heavy boom was on its way. Forgetful of everything save that a life was in peril, the captain fairly yelled:

"Go round the mast, Kate! To the left, quickly, or you will be knocked overboard."

Kate did as she was told, and the next moment was the centre of a group of open-eyed, open-mouthed wonderers. The cat was out of the bag now in earnest, and the beauty of it was, the captain seemed not a bit abashed or embarrassed.

"You will take a seat by my side now," he continued, "and not go on deck again till I give you permission. You came very near a ducking, my dear!"

Mr. Edsall and Mrs. Gordon saw the point at once, and realized the full extent of the deception practiced upon them. Mrs. Gordon never quite forgave Kate for what she considered her deceit; and as for Mr. Orlando Edsall, he suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood.

A STITCH IN TIME.

THE subject of the present work needs no comment. The illustration of the jingling old proverb which supplies the title, will commend itself as very appropriate from a lady's pencil. It will surely please every male, as well as female reader, whose heart is in the right place; but we suppose only the latter will fully appreciate how naturally the mother's interest and the child's docility are expressed.

DIGNITY is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

HUSBAND, WIFE, AND LOVER.

BY ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

Husband.

THERE was a man once—so the story goes—
Who married late, quite near a long life's close;
Who took a wife, and found,
Not that the world was round,
But she was false: what else could he suppose?

What else, since she was young, and he so near
His dark, last hour, and old man's narrow bier;
What else, since she was fair;
Does beauty ever spare,
The faith that clings, the heart that holds it dear?

She died; and he too, being but a fool,
Who chose a coward for his vengeance' tool;
And when he crushed his wife,
Needs must, too, lose his life;
I have learned wisdom in a subtler school.

Ay, that I have; and now my time has come,
And I've not raised a finger; blind and dumb
Have stood, and shall, to see
The wife who so hates me,
Scorned in her turn—rejected, though she's won.

I know it all: how long pursuit has grown
A weary thing—and that she loves alone;
Yes, since he saw, one night,
A certain girl's face, bright
With sweetest youth, he longed to call his own.

They'll have their chance now—since it is too late,
And so shall learn how a wronged man can hate.
Wise vengeance, is it not—
That leaves no speck or spot
On my clean skirts, and nothing is but—fate.

Wife and Lover.

Come back, come in! The August night is chill,
And prying eyes may cause us deadly ill;
Here, in this little room,
Is silence and soft gloom—
Here we may hide securely, if we will.

Alone at last. If but my lord could see
His friend, his wife, glad, sinful thee and me,
Despite his jealous fears,
His watch for days and years,
Alone at last, how think you would it be?

Kiss, clasp me close; kiss cheek and hair and eyes;
Kiss this, my mouth, so troubled now with sighs;
Kiss me and find me sweet,
From down drop't head to feet—
Sweet as that fair, frail Eve who walked in Paradise.

Love, do you hate me? Love, what have I said?
"Temptress like her." Ah, God, that I were dead!
Yea, God, for Thou dost know
I looked for heaven—and, lo!
Hell yawns instead.

Friend, do not leave. Take my hand once more;
Hold me and kiss me as you kissed before—
'Tis the last time, my friend,
Good-by! . . . How all paths wend
The way Thou pointest, God! now, as of yore.

MARRIED IN THE DARK.

THE Mary E. Knox case has been discussed by the *Herald* and other journals as one of the most curious cases on record, and yet the dust-covered legal records of Michigan tell of a case even more singular. Miss Knox was engaged to a young man named Merritt, the day was set for the nuptials, and they drove away together and were married, and now Merritt vows he was not the bridegroom. She vows that he was, but she cannot prove it, and both make out a pretty good case. One may well argue that he ought to know whether he ever married a certain young lady or not, and the said young lady may well argue that she ought to know the man who rode to the clergyman's with her, stood up beside her, made his responses in due form, and drove her back home. These arguments are what mystify the Knox case. Now for one still more singular.

About twenty years ago there lived in Cent.al Michigan a curious old Benedick named Dodsworth. At the age of fifty he married a girl of twenty, and when the burden of sixty years bore him down his wife was only half his age. Dodsworth was noted for his peculiarities, but the climax came when he found himself on his dying bed. He was worth about $30,000, and he hadn't a blood relative living, so far as he knew. He wanted to leave his property to his wife, as the pair had lived very happily, but yet he could not leave it without displaying some of his peculiarities in the provisions of the will. Some old men display a mean spirit when making their wills, and draft in a provision cutting the wife off with a shilling if she marries again. The old man wasn't of that stamp. His young wife was good-looking, vivacious, fond of society, and it was folly to suppose she would mourn for her "late departed" any great length of time. Therefore, Mr. Dodsworth turned heel on the usual custom, and said in his will:

"In case my wife Celia does not take unto herself another husband within thirteen months from the date of my burial, all bequests otherwise made in this will are to go to the State of Michigan, to be used for building and furnishing a home for old women."

Whether Celia was pleased or displeased at this provision deponent saith not, but the old man had not been under the sod more than six months when the widow was said to be looking out for another man. If it was singular for the dying Dodsworth to urge his wife to marry again, it was still more singular that he should desire the ceremony to be performed under the following circumstances, viz.:

"And it is made incumbent on said Celia Dodsworth that in taking a new husband the marriage ceremony shall be performed in the big barn on my farm, on the H—— Road. It shall take place at ten o'clock in the evening, on the main floor, without lights of any description, with all doors shut, and a free invitation shall be extended to all. The clergyman shall stand in the stables and the bride and groom on the main floor, and the principal parties to the ceremony shall be dressed in black throughout."

The widow announced her intention to faithfully obey in spirit and letter, the will was probated, and the twelfth month had scarcely passed before she issued an invitation for the public to attend a wedding at the big barn. Just who the groom was to be no one could positively assert, as the widow had been keeping company with a widower, a bachelor, and two young men, and, so far as any outsider could judge, she loved one as well as the other.

Being good-looking and talented, and having a fortune behind her, it was not strange that she should have a number of suitors. She seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair with great zest, as also did the minister; and to further mystify the people in attendance, the bride entered the barn alone at one door, the groom alone at another, and no one knew that the minister had arrived until his voice was heard in the stables.

There were at least two hundred people present, and each one understood that even the striking of a match would break the will. Many jokes were passed and considerable confusion existed, but at length the minister announced that all was ready. The ceremony was gone through with, and at its conclusion, the affair having been a "profound success," a rush was made for the bride, she was kissed by a hundred men, and then carried home, a distance of a mile and a half, in a big arm-chair.

Now comes the mystery. When the lady was set down at her own door, the widower, the bachelor, and the two young men each claimed to be her true and lawful husband. None of the crowd could say who was the lucky man, the minister was at sea, and the bride herself seemed to have doubts. The widower was the man of her choice, but in the confusion he could have been hustled aside, and he did affirm that an attempt was made to choke him and get him out of the barn. The bachelor vowed that she had promised to marry him, as also did both young men, and each one was sure that he held the widow's plump hand and was legally married to her. The four men had a fight, but that didn't mend matters. The crowd ducked two of them in a creek, but that didn't decide the question.

Just how it would have terminated, had not the widower been a man of nerve, no one can tell, as the other three had already appealed to the law, when the widower stepped in and took his place as husband and settled with the others for $2,000 each.

One of the young men, now over forty years old, and having all the wife he wants (she weighs 230 pounds), is living in Jackson, and he solemnly and earnestly avers that he was legally married to the Widow Dodsworth that night in the big barn. Another of the parties lives in Clinton County, and he has time and again asserted that he is the woman's true and lawful husband, so help his God. The bachelor is dead, but were he alive and kicking he would renew his oft-repeated protestations:

"I married her, by gum! and, by gum, I ought to have her!"

A LEGEND OF OLD NEW YORK.

On the old Boston Road, just out of the City of New York, there was, in ancient times, a tavern called "The Pleasant Retreat," of which tavern one Mynert Van Dunck was the landlord. Here the post-riders stopped to rest and water their horses, also to refresh themselves with the old apple-jack, schnapps, or brandy-wine of mine host, while the smiles of fair Mina Van Dunck, his daughter and heiress, were bestowed upon her many admirers, as she waited on her father's customers.

Mynert Van Dunck was a gallant widower, and would have wooed the buxom Widow Martine, who lived in the Bowery Lane, and furnished all the good wives and maidens far and near with the very latest fashions for bonnets, hats, headgear, and all the multitudinous flowers and furbelows suggested by female vanity.

In short, the Widow Martine was a milliner, and, like all milliners—whose very occupation was a vain, frivolous one—she had other and gayer lovers who pleased her fancy better than honest Mynert Van Dunck. So she gave a short answer to his love-making, while her smiles were chiefly bestowed on Stephen Emory, a tall young clerk from Connecticut, who wore his hair in long side-locks, and was one of the chief singers in the old Dutch church on William Street.

Stephen was several years younger than the Widow Martine; but true love laughs at trifles, and she laughed at the trifling difference of eight or ten years in their ages.

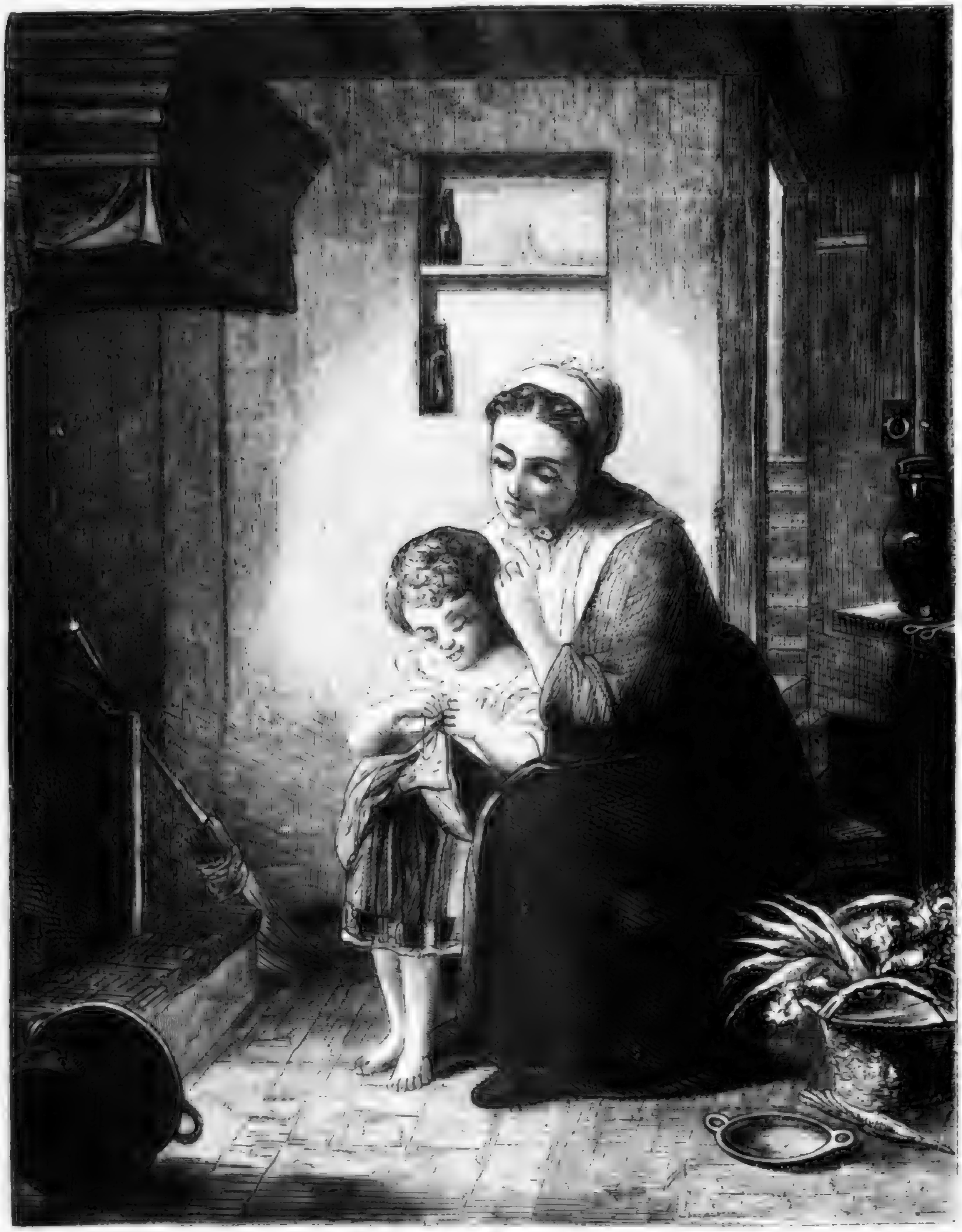
When Mynert Van Dunck found who had supplanted him in the fair widow's affection, he swore a great oath, only heard among landlords—"By the bung of the barrel!"—he would be even with her for slighting his claims, and preferring a "Yankee yard-stick."

Mina, his daughter, was no less angry when she heard that the Widow Martine was likely to become Mrs. Emory; for she, Mina, stood next to Stephen in the choir, and often sung from the same book.

She had given him divers little presents of flowers, roses, and pinks, to say nothing of bunches of caraway brought all the way from home at his request, and now to be cheated out of her beau by an elder woman, and a widow, too, was not to be submitted to with patience. She would show Stephen Emory the difference between some persons and some persons.

So, on the next Sunday, she rode to church with Isaac Spriggs, a Connecticut peddler, who dealt in pewter and other wares suited to the wants of the Dutch and Yankee housewives, which he exchanged with them for yarn stockings and mittens, paper-rags, old pewter and brass, and all the odds and ends of a farmhouse.

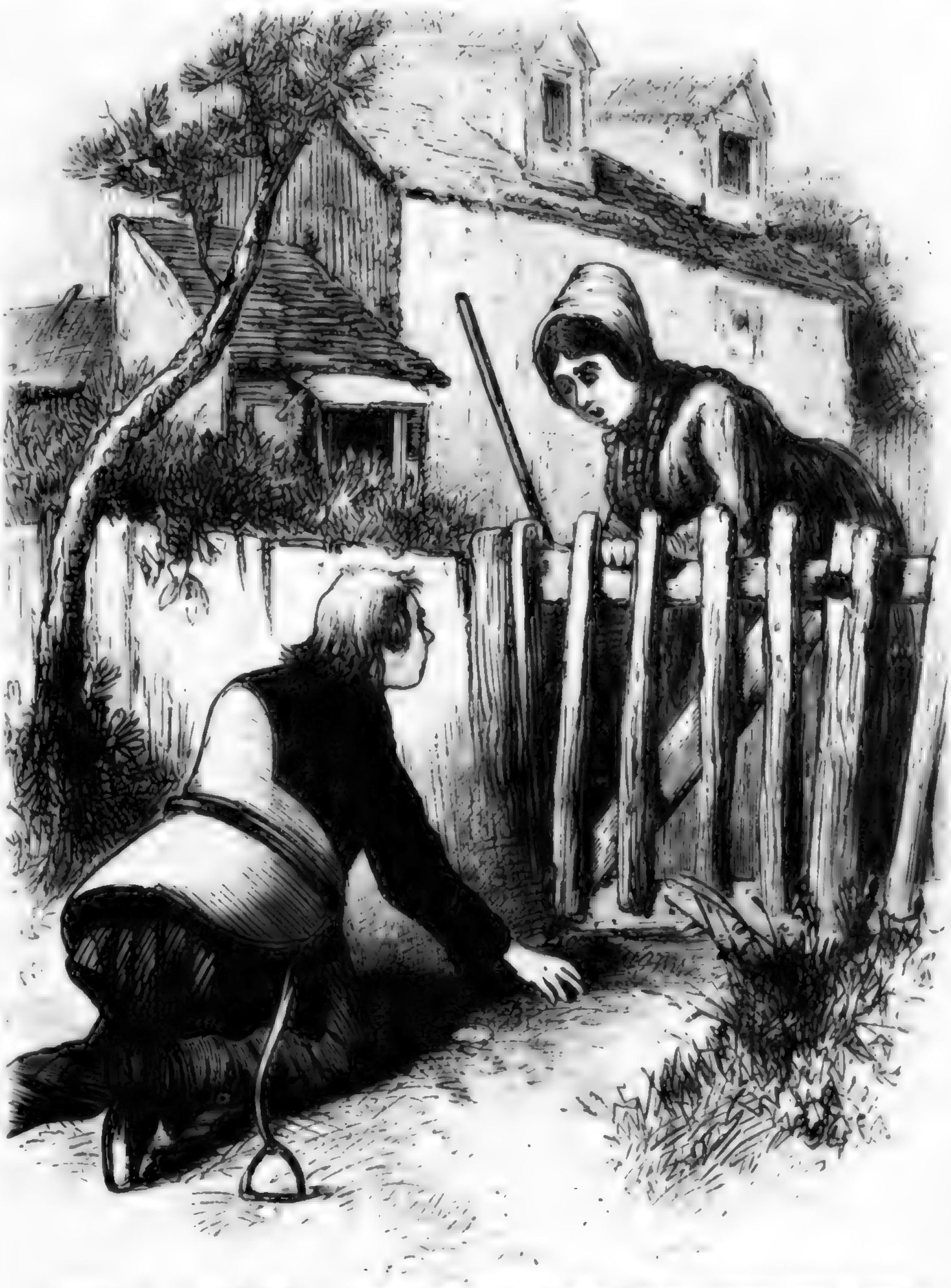
From his frequent journeys Isaac had become well-known along the country from Bridgeport to Harlem, and more than one farmer's daughter put on a Sunday ribbon, or took an extra glance in her looking-glass, about the time Isaac was expected along, to see if she was "all right," whatever that might mean.



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." BY MISS KATE SWIFT.— SEE PAGE 490.

Now, when Mina Van Dunck, instead of taking her seat in the gallery as usual, walked up the middle aisle with her beau, and took a seat in her uncle Anthony Tinker's pew, Stephen Emory felt a sharp twinge of jealousy, and, notwithstanding the Widow Martine, in a new bonnet trimmed with the brightest of green ribbons, and a new pair of plum-colored gloves, sat in full view, and cast great languishing eyes first at him, and then at the dominie, he felt as if that coxcomb peddler, Isaac Spriggs, had no business to be riding to church, or sitting beside so pretty a girl as Mina Van Dunck. It was a direct trespass on his rights and privileges, and the more he thought of it, the more he felt like punching the head of Isaac Spriggs.

When the service was over, the Widow Martine expected he would walk home with her, for she had given him a smile as she rose to go out, and had he not acted on that hint before? But this time he did not see or did not heed the smile. He only saw the plump form of Mina Van Dunck walking down the aisle with Isaac Spriggs by her side. She was smiling on Spriggs, but she had not even a look for him, and the thought was torment.



A LEGEND OF OLD NEW YORK.—"JUST OUTSIDE THE GATE SHE FOUND STEPHEN EMORY WITH A SADDLE ON HIS BACK, HALF DEAD FROM HIS FEARFUL RACE."—SEE PAGE 491.

Throwing down his tune-book with a bang, he marched down-stairs in time to see Mina assisted into her saddle by the hateful Spriggs, and ride up the street in his company.

Stephen Emory had no appetite for his favorite Sunday dish of pork and beans that day.

After dinner, he borrowed a horse from a farmer in the outskirts of the city, and rode out to "The Pleasant Retreat," to enjoy, if possible, a Sunday night's courtship with the fair Mina.

The horse he rode had been called the Colt by his master, although he was now long past his coltish days. Having had his heels snapped by some ill-natured dog when a colt, he had retained a vivid remembrance of that indignity, and whenever dog or puppy appeared, he showed his dislike by kicks, snorts, and similar manifestations.

Stephen Emory, having passed out of the thickly-settled part of the Boston Road, was crossing the hills and hollows beyond, and had come to the cabin of old Lochy Keteltas, who owned a few rocky acres, and lived alone on them, when a rascally cur ran out with a yelp, and, in a moment, the heels of the Colt were high in the air, while Stephen Emory was on the ground.

But that was not all. In his sudden tumble, he fell full into the midst of Lochy's flock of goslings, and the instant death of two of those unlucky fowls was the result, to say nothing of the terrible fright given the remainder.

Lochy Keteltas had a sharp tongue in her head, as all those unfortunates knew who fell under her displeasure. When she saw the untimely death of two members of her flock—one of which was Little Pete, whose shell she had cracked herself, and thereby hastened his advent into active life by an hour or more—when she saw her loss, she poured out the vials of her wrath upon the good-for-nothin "tapestick," and her English failing to fully express her feelings, she gave vent to a round of Dutch oaths that might have been used by old Hendrick Hudson and his godless crew of the Half-Moon.

She demanded two shillings damages to be paid then and there. After much expostulation and argument, she finally consented to accept sixpence, which was to be paid by the reluctant Stephen in two installments, threepence in hand, and threepence on a future day.

Having brushed off the dust, and repaired the damage to his nether garments by the aid of Lochy's needle, he rode on in safety to "The Pleasant Retreat."

But it was one of those unlucky days when everything goes wrong. Old Mynert Van Dunck had drank more apple-jack than was good for the temper of a better-natured man, and when Stephen dismounted at the door, Mynert gave a true Dutch snort of displeasure, and sent Mina to receive him.

Mina had her own designs to carry out, and busied herself chiefly flirting with Isaac Spriggs. So Stephen was left to take care of himself.

After night, when he was invited into the little parlor, where Mina entertained her beaus Sunday nights, he saw that odious Spriggs given the precedence; and, finally, when he did go into the parlor, he found Spriggs eating crullers and sweet cakes, so dear to every Yankee stomach. But no crullers for Stephen – Spriggs devoured them all in the twinkling of an eye.

Mina was far too cold and distant. She permitted little demonstrations of affection from Spriggs, which she utterly denied to him. So, when the old Dutch clock struck nine, Stephen started for home in an ill-humor, remembering with dismay the gauntlet of cur-dogs he must pass on his way home.

The night was dark, and he could with difficulty keep the road. When a dog barked in front, his horse would wheel as if on a pivot, and, after a vigorous kick at an imaginary cur, would run back at full speed until checked by his rider. When a bark was heard in the rear, the same scene would be enacted, only the colt would jump forward as if shot out of a gun. Such were Stephen Emory's troubles till he came down to the pasture of Jacob Kittle, where he was to leave the horse. This pasture was alongside a graveyard on the east side of the Bowery, where the Houston Street of to-day runs.

Graveyards are not pleasant places of resort after night, as everybody knows.

Stephen took off the saddle and bridle, and after turning the horse into the pasture, fastened the saddle on his own back, and walked on past the graveyard. When he was nearly past it, a great white spirit rose up, and he heard a fearful clanking of chains in the burial-ground.

This could only be in truth and verity Old Nick himself. Stephen, giving a faint cry of terror, dashed down the Bowery, with the speed of the wind, receiving a knock or a blow at every step, while the saddle seemed to grow intolerably heavy, and it appeared to him some imp was actually riding on his back. As his speed increased, the blows increased, and presently, overcome with terror and pain, he sank with a groan at the gate of Hans Van Pelt.

Frau Van Pelt had been awakened a little before by the cries of her son Tony, who had eaten too many green apples, and had a colic in consequence.

After administering a wholesome spanking to the child, which had its proper soothing effect, she was ready for sleep again, when a clatter and a groan outside caused her to jump out of bed. Having armed herself with a stout broomstick, and felt over the door to see if the horseshoe was still in its place, she sallied out.

Just outside the gate she found Stephen Emory, with a saddle on his back, half dead from his fearful race, and the hard blows of his rider. Dame Van Pelt brought him in, and gave him a drink of brandy, wine, schnapps, and buttermilk, which mixture makes the drinker brave as a lion, while the very smell of it terrifies all the evil spirits in the neighborhood.

When he was fully recovered, and had told of the awful sights and sounds in the graveyard, Stephen borrowed the broomstick of Dame Van Pelt, and marched on down to his lodging-place, without further sign of ghost or goblin.

Great was the commotion among the old Dutch wives when the story of Stephen Emory's mishaps was told by Dame Van Pelt; and so great was the demand for old horseshoes, that Tony Winckler, the blacksmith, actually paid the little boys twopence for very old, rusty ones, which he sold again for fourpence to the old women, making a clear profit of one per cent., as all the neighbors remarked.

When Mina Van Dunck heard of the mishaps of her lover, she was fearful lest she had overacted her part. So the next Sunday she appeared at church without beau or lover, and took her seat in the gallery beside Stephen.

She gave him a bunch of flowers for his button-hole, and conducted herself with all gentleness and propriety. Stephen, taking fresh courage, borrowed another horse, and escorted her home, where he was graciously received by old Mynert; and, to make a long story short, that very night he proposed to Mina Van Dunck, who, being a sensible girl, and knowing her own mind, accepted him without further ado, and in due time became Mrs. Stephen Emory.

There were numbers of incredulous people who never believed the story of Stephen Emory's ghost in the graveyard, or the goblin-rider in the Bowery. Even Tony Winckler, the blacksmith, when he had been drinking too much, would say that the ghost, with the clanking chains, was only his old white horse, with his hobbles on, which he had turned into the graveyard to get a fresh bite of grass; while the blows of the goblin-rider were only the knocks of the stirrups on the back and legs of the frightened clerk.

But all the serious part of the community knew better. The old graveyard was long ago declared no longer a burying-ground; the tombstones and bodies were removed; but there it remains, vacant to this very day; while not a Sunday night passes that some belated Dutchman, full of his favorite beer, does not see and hear strange sights and sounds when he passes the old graveyard.

BAMBOO BAKSHEESH.

The argument of the stick is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, on record. Solomon enforces the necessity of the rod; Romulus instituted the corps of "Lictors," from whom, doubtless, the expressive term, "a good licking," may be regarded as derived; and few gray-haired men now live but can remember the "Mystery of *Cane*," who have even failed to read Byron.

The scene depicted on page 496 is another illustration of this ancient argument, and one that has its painful aspect to a reflective mind. The white man seated at the table is the representative of the strength which high civilization confers; the black men, in attitudes of abject supplication, are the representatives of the weakness which absence of that civilization entails.

The Englishman who is governor of the convict prison at Dum-Dum, in Bengal, is a unit in the half-million, or thereabout, which includes the whole of the dominant race actually in India; the Hindoos are units in the two hundred millions that that half-million holds in subjection.

The causes that have been in operation to enable a handful of men to conquer, overrun, and hold a continent densely populated, and of which the population is radically antithetical to the conquerors, are too complicated to be even glanced at in a short sketch. East and west, it is the selfsame race that has accomplished the self-same task, throwing its sinewy arms around the everlasting hills, and drawing the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas into one common domination of color, language, and tradition.

The red-skins' footprints are trampled out under the never-ceasing, onward tramp of the white-skins' progress in this marvelous continent of ours; but the tawny-skinned Hindoo is too numerically strong, and too little in direct contact with the white element, to be crowded out by the latter. The problem of futurity is a vast and intricate one in Hindostan; and a short description of the English method of obtaining discipline in its Indian prisons will not at all inaptly illustrate the system by which a power that is skillful enough to keep its strength an unknown quantity in the eyes of a numerically superior power can, by mere prestige, make one man do the work of a hundred.

In the jail at Dum-Dum there are not unfrequently incarcerated from five to seven hundred convicts. The prison is designed exclusively for native offenders. The criminals comprise all that there is of superlatively evil in an Asiatic population—and how fearfully evil that is, an acquaintance with European and American criminal statistics goes but a short way to teach.

Now, to control these five to seven hundred desperadoes, the entire white staff of prison officials comprises one governor, one deputy-governor (both military officers), three chief-warders, three first-class and three second-class turnkeys—eleven in all. Yet, since the first occupation of the establishment as a convict depôt, there has not been a single instance of general insubordination within the walls. Allowing for the effect of a knowledge on the part of the convicts that the military barracks, situated about two miles from the jail, would not improbably afford support to the authorities in the event of need, this is sufficiently remarkable when the Draconic strictness of the disciplinary system of the prison is taken into account, and the very important fact is borne in mind that, for many years after the establishment was opened, the only troops available for call were the native regiments of the East India Company.

A description of the mode of life enforced amongst the prisoners will enable the reader to form an opinion of the tendency it must have to stimulate a lawless community to revolt.

If there be one thing to which a Hindoo clings with unconquerable tenacity, it is his distinctive religious caste, and this caste is lost irretrievably by association with individuals of a lower or tainted caste. Yet, considerations of caste are eliminated altogether from the treatment of criminals in the Dum-Dum prison. A Brahmin and a Pariah, which is the same as saying a rabbi and a leper, live, work, eat, and sleep in company. To touch certain substances is a contamination from which purification is impossible in the estimation of various castes; yet, manipulation of these substances is enforced as a portion of the daily labor, without reference to individuality. Diet is equally a matter into which caste enters strongly, yet the aliments provided at Dum-Dum are uniform for all, and abstinence on the part of the convicts is an offense severely visited, since it was found to be a favorite mode of suicide amongst them.

Now, if it be remembered that loss of caste involves, according to Hindoo belief, the loss of eternal salvation, it is not difficult to compute the desperate hostility which such a system cannot fail to engender; yet, for more than a quarter of a century it has been in operation, without inducing one attempt at rebellion on the part of those subjected to it.

Let the reader imagine himself standing, at six o'clock in the morning (everything is dispatched matutinally in India, to avoid the heat of the day), in the rush-thatched pavilion depicted in the sketch. It is the governor's out-door office, in which he daily attends, from six o'clock to as late an hour as may be necessary, to receive complaints, whether from or against prisoners; to award punishments and apportion rewards, for the system embraces encouragement for good behavior as well as repression of bad. The one other white official, in the pith-helmet, is the chief warder; the native at his left hand an overseer. There are forty of these overseers on the prison staff.

The most usual class of offenses of which the governor has to take cognizance, is default in the quantity of work performed, malingering or feigning illness, and attempts at evasion.

The following will exemplify the ordinary course of procedure: The governor, opening the report-book, finds there inscribed the names of such offenders as have been guilty of a breach of rules in the interval of time elapsing since the previous morning, or, at furthest, where a Sunday intervenes, the previous Saturday, together with the offense charged, and the number of times that particular offense has been committed by the man in question.

Taking the names *seriatim*, he pronounces the first on the list, thus:

"Mistaph Dahaboy! No. 1774, — pounds short."

Immediately a suppressed chorus of wailing arises from a long line of prisoners, clothed in a short cotton *jubla*, or shirt, and *pyjamahs*, or drawers.

"Let the Great Sahib, in his magnanimity, have mercy upon us. Peace and happiness shall be his portion for ever, and he shall be the father of——"

"Chaparao!" (silence) roars the chief warder.

"Seventy sons and an innumer——"

"Chaparao!" in a yet more tremendous tone.

"Able number of daughters" (in a very subdued treble), wound up the chorus.

"Mistaph Dahaboy, salaam to the Governor-Sahib."

A miserably degraded specimen of humanity creeps from the line, with palms pressed each to each, shrinking together in the very debasement of terror, with tears coursing down his cheeks, and his whole body bathed in perspiration.

The Governor: "You were a pound short in your task yesterday at lock-up. Why?"

Mistaph: "Glory of the world, I kiss the dust where thy shadow falleth."

Governor: "Why were you a pound short? This is the third time you have been before me for the same offense."

Mistaph: "Wisdom of the universe, I——"

Governor (with a wave of the pen): "Two dozen blows."

Mistaph: "Aie! Ah! Ya, Sahib! Ya! Ah! Aie!"

Two of the attendant overseers pounce upon poor Mistaph and lead him to one side, and the governor calls the next name.

While the ensuing cases are in process of adjudication, the condemned, after being stripped of his "jubla," is very reluctantly dragged to the triangles, of which a representation appears to the left of the engraving.

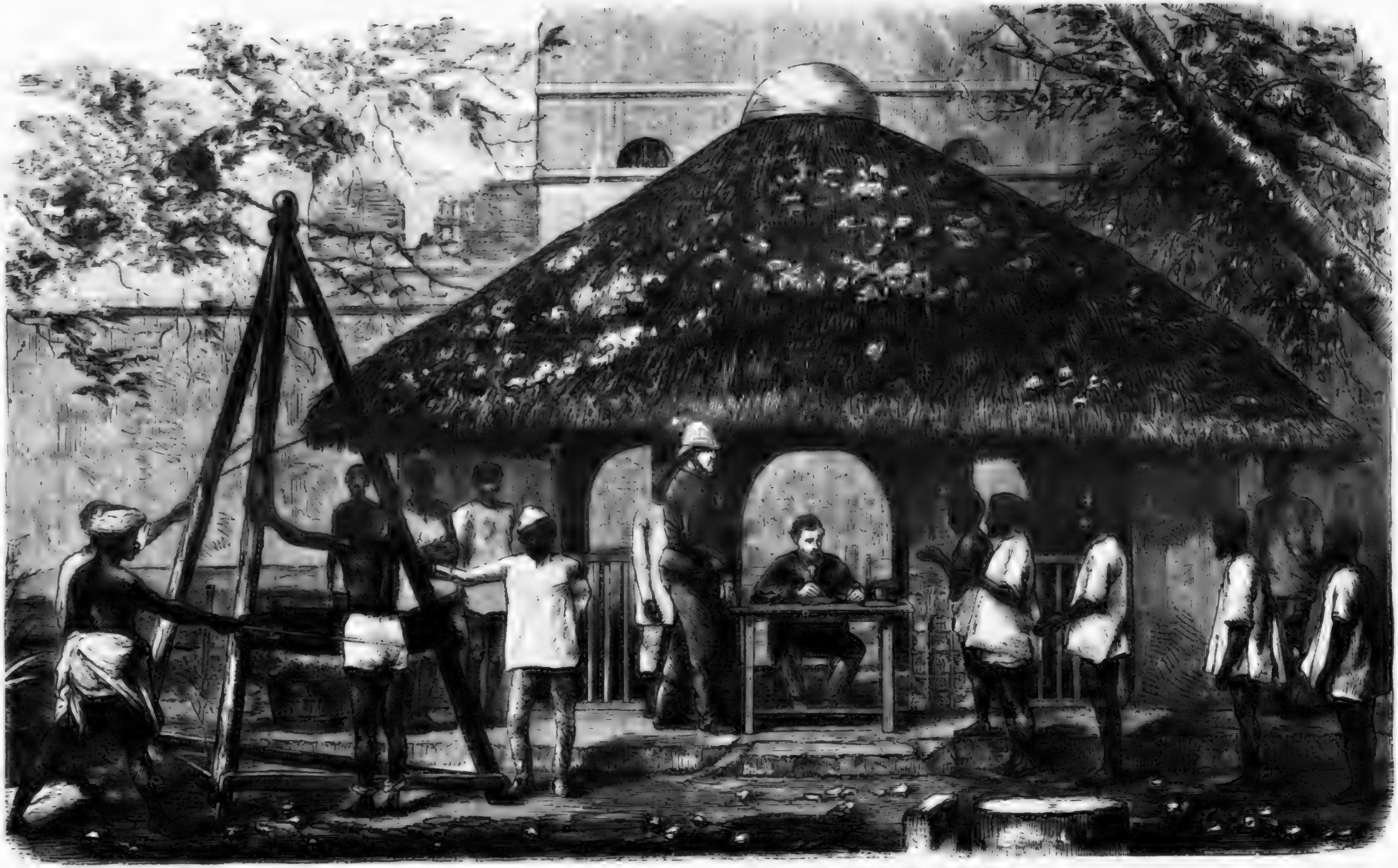
His ankles being securely fixed in two beckets, provided for the purpose, to the transverse beam at the bottom, his hands are manacled in the running loops of two cords, passed respectively through holes in two of the triangles' legs, and drawn sufficiently high to frustrate any attempt on his part to avoid reception of the strokes.

From the moment he felt expostulation hopeless, Mistaph has maintained a sullen silence, rolling his yellow-suffused eyeballs from face to face of the assembled group.

One of the overseers speaks a word or two, and the executioner—a brawny Punjabee peon, scantily clothed in a muslin cummerbund and turban—steps forward, bearing in his hand a slender, well-steamed Indian bamboo, whipped at the extremities with waxed twine to prevent it from splitting. Laying this implement of torture across the part destined to make its acquaintance, the executioner carefully measures his distance, which he marks by drawing a line with his toe at the spot on which he intends placing his right foot; then, lowering the bamboo, stands motionless.

The overseer at the triangles now reports to the chief

XUM



BAMBOO BAKSHEESH—PUNISHMENT OF THE PRISONERS IN EASTERN BENGAL.—SEE PAGE 494.

warder, who nods his head; and, as soon as the case before the governor is disposed of, reports in turn to his superior that all is ready for carrying out the sentence on Mistaph Dahaboy.

The governor then leans back in his chair, eying the triangles.

"Make ready!" he cries to the executioner, who advances the toes of his right foot to the line, stoops down, and rubs the palm of his hand in the dust, to prevent the bamboo from slipping in his grasp, raises the flint-hard little weapon until its point is just behind his own head, and then looks at the governor, awaiting the signal.

Governor: "One!"

Down goes the bamboo with a wicked "swish!" If the reader observes the engraving, he will see *where.*

Mistaph: "Ah, yah!"

Governor: "Two!"

Mistaph: "Ah, yah—yah!"

Governor: "Three!"

Mistaph: "Ah, yah, yah, yah! quicker, quicker; it burns me like fire. It's a stick of Shitan. You are a son of Shitan. You are all sons of Shitan!"

Governor: "Four!"

Mistaph: "Ah, yah, yah, yah, ya—h! Your mothers are mules and camels. May their backs be pounded with sticks for a thousand, thousand millions of centuries!"

Well, the picture is not a pleasant one. "Japhet shall dwell in the tents of Shem," was part of the earliest of post-diluvial prophecies; but Shem did not bargain that he should bring his bamboo walking-stick with him to enlighten him upon Japhetic appreciation of "Bamboo Baksheesh."

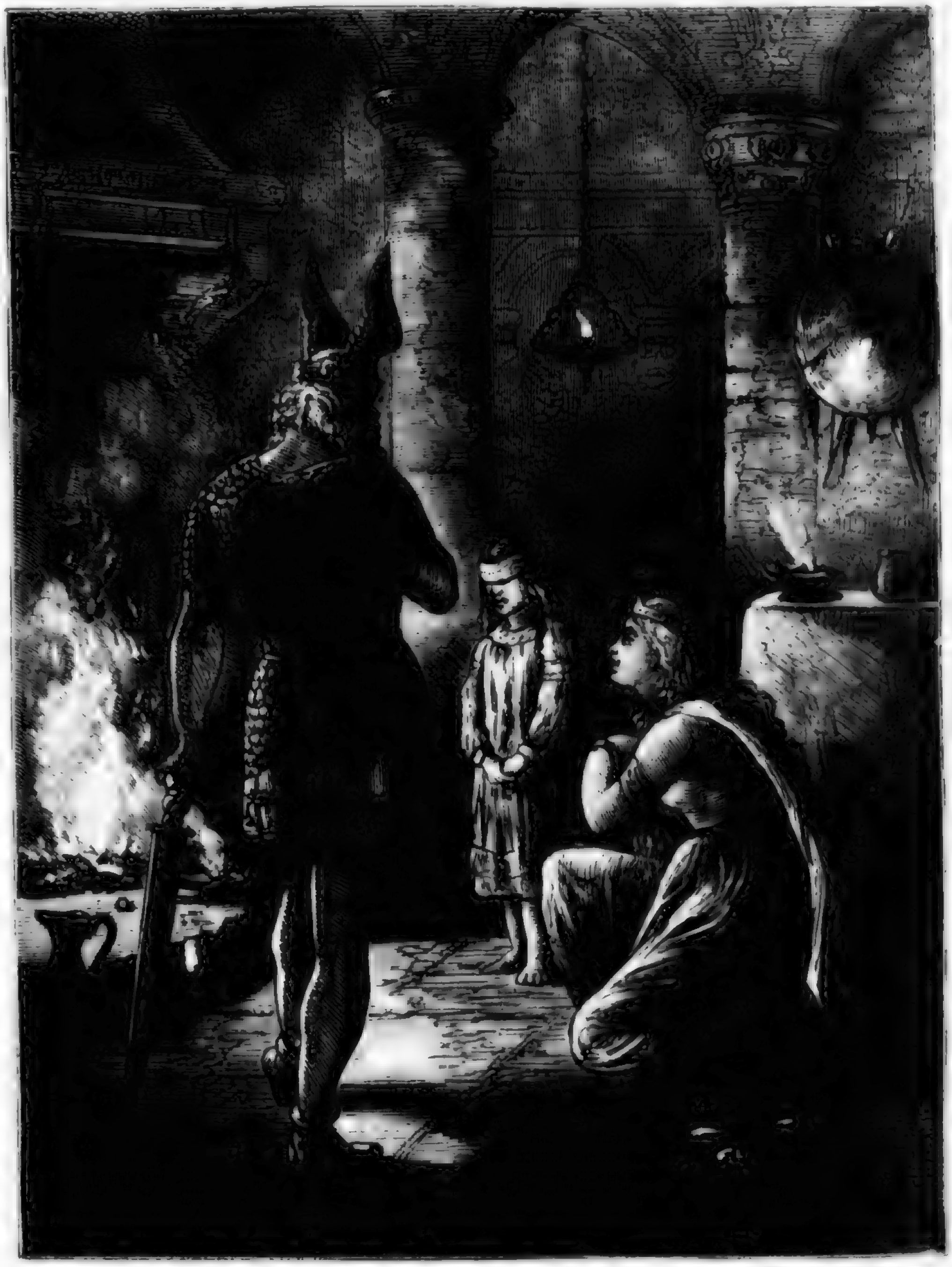
As a cross word begets a word that is cross, so will a kind one beget its own likeness. If people only knew the power they possess in being kind, how much good would they achieve for themselves, how much misery prevent for others!

THE FATAL VOW.

A Tale of the North.

Magnificent was that race of men, those war-sons of the grand old Northland, descendants of the Vikings and Berserkirs, claiming that the blood of the gods flowed fierce in their fiery veins. Yet superficial, popular histories, in their accounts of this age, include them in general terms under the common designation of "The Danes."

They replunged the nations over which they swept into semi-barbarism, reproducing in time the noblest elements of civilization.



THE FATAL VOW.—"THE DEVOTED MOTHER TORE THE DRAPERY FROM HER SNOW-WHITE BREAST, AND KNEELING BEFORE THE SACRIFICER, MOTIONED THAT SHE SHOULD BE THE FIRST VICTIM."

It has been said of them by a distinguished author that they held characteristics in common with the Swede and Norwegian, while only differing in some minor points. There was "the same passion for freedom, individual and civil, the same splendid errors on the point of honor, and the thirst for fame," while they were, at the same time, wonderfully pliant and malleable in their admixture with the people they overran; unlike the stubborn Celt, who refuses to mingle, and disdains to improve.

There happened once, in these grand old heathen times, a great war between the Danes and the Saxons, and the Danish Jarl, Walnoth, son of Biorn, who had earnestly counseled it, now, in the time of imminent conflict, stood armed at the head of his people.

In height he was not greatly above many of his followers, yet there was something so splendid in his royal port, his air, and the nobility of his proportions, the breadth of his breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army, the strong arm, curved to support the tremendous spear, on which the vast muscles rose round and gnarled, while his throat was firm and full as a column of granite. In the prime of life, time had only set a trace on his forehead, in the deep lines that crossed its broad expanse, knit into a frown over his eyebrows, that spoke of hasty ire, and the habit of stern command.

Walnoth's face was square, his look lion-like, out of eyes that had the bright gleam of an eagle's, while the mouth, small and beautiful in outline, had an expression almost sinister in its exceeding firmness, and the jaw, vast and solid, as if bound in iron, showed a ruthless, obstinate, determined will—such a jaw as belongs to a tiger among beasts, a conqueror among men. His presence excited alike both awe and admiration.

The conflict commenced, and soon it waxed hard and hot as the passions of the combatants became fiercely excited in the almost hand-to-hand encounter.

Arrows and javelins flew in black clouds, trenchant blades met valiantly on both sides in the tense, strong hands of these giant warriors, for there were men of sinews of steel and muscles of iron in those hardy times.

But at every attack the Danes were repulsed, and had at length been driven so far back, that only by storming a steep height could they hope to save the army and country from their fierce foes, disperse the enemy, and change the ruinous, destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Walnoth conducted the charge in person, with eyes flashing, and teeth set; but in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron into the thickest of the fight; in vain was his shout in thundering tones, that rang over the field, above the sounds of carnage, those sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" and vainly streamed his own warm blood, mingled with that of the foe, in a crimson tide over his resplendent armor.

The ponderous mass gave way, and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their victory.

But again Walnoth rushed on at the head of a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted forsook him and fell back, while again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time!" shouted the Jarl. "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to all the gods in Valhalla to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth in one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and our deliverance!"

Again they desperately renewed the attack, but again were the Danes repulsed, and the enemy sent forth shouts of victory.

Then the fierce Walnoth shouted again before the whole army, in words whose trumpet-tones rang out ominously:

"Oh, ye gods! Odin, Thor, and all your mighty company, let the Skuldah (fate) grant us victory in this charge, and I swear to devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

The wild warriors shuddered, but hastened to his summons once more; yet fortune was against them still—the boldest fell, the bravest fled, and the enemy held their own.

Then, in fierce despair, Walnoth rallied his scattered band, and as all that remained of the noble, gallant array gathered around him, he spoke to them with desperate menace:

"My castle and myself have I devoted to the gods for victory, and what more can I do?"

The warriors gazed fiercely at him, as they resolutely replied:

"Thou didst counsel this war, and thou hast been our ruin!"—and their clamor echoed in the crowd: "Yes, thou hast counseled war; thou hast been our ruin."

Then Walnoth looked defiantly into the fierce, fixed faces around him, and, wrenching off his breastplate, tore open his bosom, imploring the mighty god of thunder and fire to pierce it with his inexorable bolt, or give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from heaven, and the squadron stood shrinking before the reckless warrior.

In overwhelming despair, Walnoth exclaimed once more:

"There remains only that which is dearest to me. Wife and child do I offer to thee, oh, thou god of armies, to give me the victory! My beautiful, beloved wife—my darling only child—with my own hand will I sacrifice to thee, great ruler in Asgard; but, I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when clouds gathered over the combatants; and, in fearful thunderings that rolled ominously over the battle-field, Odin and Thor seemed to answer, while the Danes shouted wildly, "The gods are with us!" and, rushing forward with invincible courage, the height was carried by storm; and, with sudden shuddering, Walnoth saw the enemy flying from the field. His fatal vow had been heard and accepted.

The conqueror returned home in triumph, and in all parts of his delivered country came wives and children forth, with outstretched arms, gladly greeting their husbands and fathers.

But bitterly the noble Dane remembered what awaited him; and every smile of a devoted wife, every shout of a blooming child, pierced like a poisoned arrow to his anguished heart.

At last the conquering legion arrived before his massive old castle, and there, at the gate, Thyra, his beautiful wife, stood smiling, with her lovely daughter by the hand, while the happy, little creature bounded forward, crying eagerly, "Father, dear father!"

In a land proverbial for fair women, Thyra's beauty was marked as something marvelous, blending, as it did, the soft and the regal, the physical and spiritual, into perfect harmony. Her hair fell, like a cascade of gold, over her shoulders, half-concealing the beauty of her faultless form, which a dress of pale blue, trimmed with the white fur of the Arctic fox, fitly adorned. It was confined around the slender waist by a girdle of gold, clasped with precious stones. Her eyes, bright and soft as sapphires, were shaded by long, dark lashes, deepening their hue, at times, almost to blackness; but Walnoth could not meet their bright, loving gaze.

He looked round on his people, as if to strengthen himself, but only to meet sad faces, quivering lips, and eyelids drooping with bitter tears; for many of his warriors had heard his fearful vow.

There would be no wassail in the castle to-night, he said, sternly, dismissing them to their homes, feeling they were happy men—he most unhappy—in their renewed union with their beloved ones.

This duty done, he rode across the bridge into the castle courtyard, sprung from his horse, threw the reins to an attendant, ordered the others to their various posts, and closing the gates with a thundering clang, secured them carefully, and placed the massive key in the broad belt that held the battle-ax at his waist.

Then the warrior was forgotten in the husband's anguish; and, clasping his beloved wife and child to his throbbing heart, he shed over them a torrent of tears.

Thyra's beautiful eyes looked up with a wild, startled expression in his face as she clung more closely to him, earnestly asking:

"What troubles you, my noble lord and husband, in this happy hour of reunion? Why do you weep?"

And the little one, with frightened gaze and paling cheek, nestled to his side, whispering:

"Oh, father, why do you weep?"

The warrior's head bowed like a royal oak before a mighty storm, his beautiful, stern lips quivered, and even the iron jaws trembled as he replied:

"Oh, Thyra! beloved of my soul, wait yet a little while, for a burden, heavy as the stone on a grave, rests on my weary heart."

There was solemn silence for a time, and then Walnoth raised his haughty head, and spoke with unbending firmness.

"We must first prepare an offering to the gods, and then I will relate everything. Come with me now to the hearth."

"Let me kindle the sacred fire," said Thyra, sweetly, "and I will quickly bring the implements for sacrifice;" while the little girl clapped her hands, and cried:

"Let me come, mother—let me help you!" and bounded away with her mother.

Those words of his guileless child rang like a knell in the father's ears as he heard her repeat, "Let me come—let me help, mother!" and he stood shivering by the flaming pile, his drawn sword in his trembling hand, and his wrung heart wept tears of blood as he lamented aloud over the beautiful, obedient wife, and the child, lovely flower of their wedded love.

But all too soon Thyra returned, bringing the pitcher, perfume-pan, and taper used in sacrifices, which she placed upon the hearth, and turned inquiringly on her husband her bright, soft eyes.

He could not answer their mute appeal, and it passed through his mind that his vow could not find place in man's heart would the Skulda (fate) be inexorable as the gods. And there came answer in fearful peals of thunder overhead. Again Thor had spoken.

"Look where the smoke and the fire contend," Walnoth muttered; "but the gods decree the sacrifice. Their thunder aided me in battle, and now it commands of the believer the performance of his vow."

Again the thunder rolled angrily in echoing peals that shook the massive roof, and Thyra trembled as the terrible truth burst upon her, and she said, shivering:

"Ah, Walnoth, hast thou made a vow? My husband, I see no victim. Must human blood—our blood—be given?"

Walnoth covered his face with his hands, and his giant frame shook with strong sobs, that echoed fearfully through the hall, while the terrified child clung to her mother, and wept bitterly at her father's strange grief.

Thyra knew well the meaning of such vows. In ancient times they were held sacred and inexorable.

She looked entreatingly to her husband, whispering:

"May I remove the child?"

But he shook his head sadly, muttering hoarsely, brokenly:

"Both—both—I *must!*"

Then Thyra, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one:

"Let me bind this kerchief on thine eyes, daughter. Thy father hast brought thee a present, and will then give it to thee."

But the child sighed deeply, whispering:

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present, mother."

And Thyra said hurriedly:

"Thou shalt see, thou shalt see, very soon, my daughter," and with trembling fingers, she fastened the bandage over the child's eyes, while hot tears were welling from her own, but she restrained them, and the little one did not know it.

Then the devoted mother tore the drapery from her snow-white breast, and kneeling before the sacrificer, motioned that she should be the first victim, but spoke not.

Walnoth lifted his sword, and chanted the Danish death dirge, in stifled tones:

"All free from the knot
Glides the thread of the skein;
All rest to the labor,
And peace to the pain."

But though he held the dreadful steel aloft, he struck not, and Thyra whispered softly, urgently, to the lingerer:

"Be quick—only quick, before the child is frightened."

Then for one fateful moment Walnoth whirled the glittering blade around his head. It was poised high in the air—in a second more it would descend, and do the death-work; but then there came a deafening peal of thunder, shaking the massive walls to their very foundations, rending the roof overhead, as the fierce lightning flashed dazzlingly through the building, wrapping it in a sea of liquid fire.

The sword fell harmless from Walnoth's hand; the sacrificer and his victims were struck, stunned and speechless, to the earth.

Had the Valkyes borne their spirits to Valhalla?

Not yet, for, when the soft evening breeze rushed through the broken casement, the little one revived, and raising her head, from which the bandage had fallen, she murmured sweetly:

"Mother, dear, what present has my father brought me!"

Her soft voice and tender touch were like magic, rousing both her parents from that death-seeming trance, whose fearful power had for a time paralyzed them.

Walnoth was forgiven for the fatal vow; his crime the mighty gods had condoned, and the victims were saved from the sacrifice.

All still lived, and nothing was destroyed but the Jarl's terrible sword, which had been melted and shivered by the avenging flash of heaven's fire.

"Once more the gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father, rising from the floor where he had fallen; "but this time they have spoken in mercy, not in wrath."

And with a gush of unutterable gratitude and love, he clasped his rescued treasures to his beating heart, and the three delivered ones wept tears of joy in each other's arms.

The soft twilight radiance poured on the happy group through the shattered casement, bathing them in its exquisite effulgence, while the evening star looked brightly in, like the face of a forgiving angel.

And far away over the southern mountains roared the rushing tempest in its fierce fury, where, many years afterward, St. Dominick converted unbelievers to the true faith.

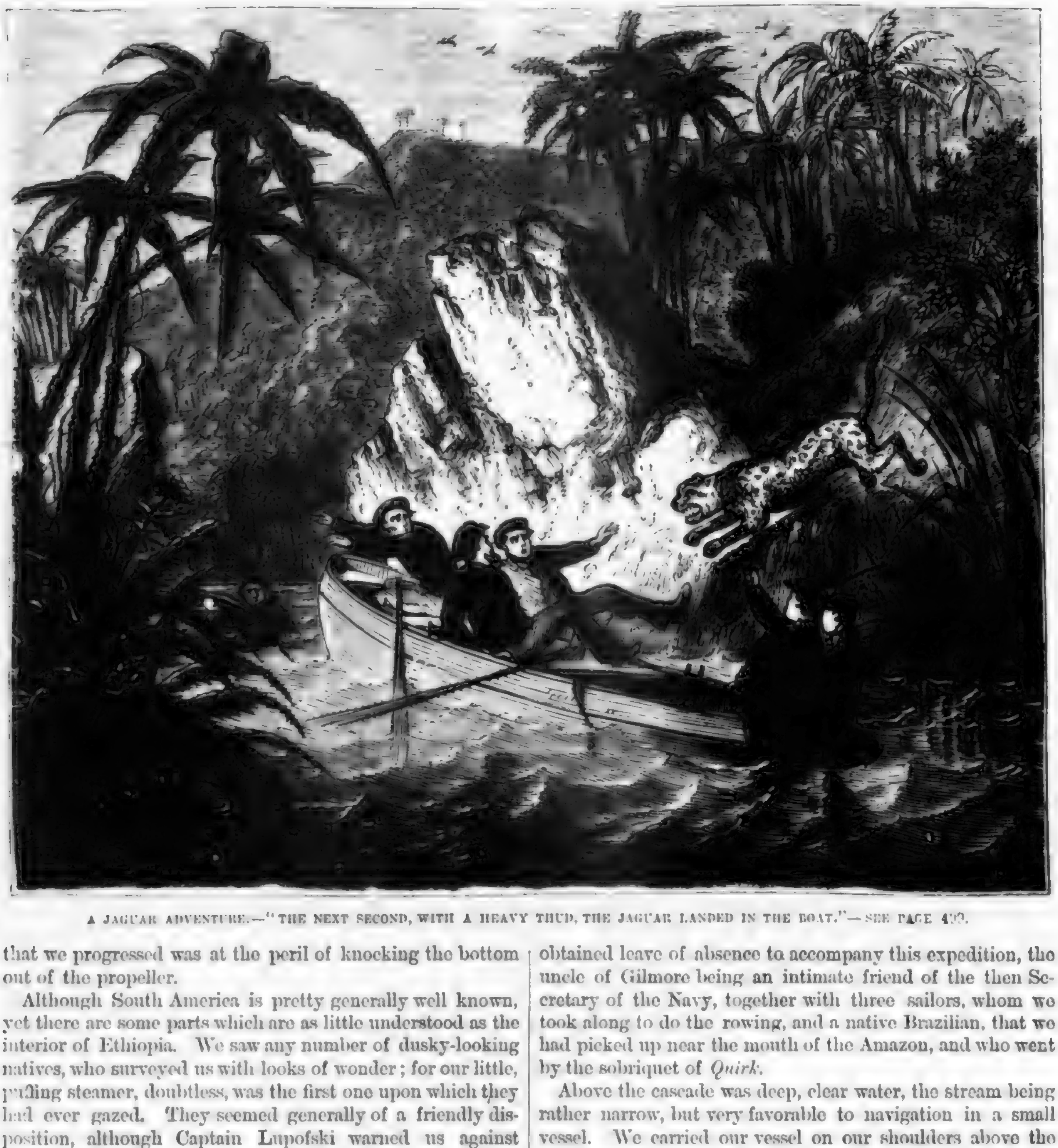
A JAGUAR ADVENTURE.

THE screw steamer *Explorer*, which ascended the Amazon in the Summer of 1853, was almost as broad as she was long. This proved quite an advantage, as, when we reached the upper waters of some of the tributaries, there were many sharp curves encountered, and more than once we should have found ourselves in a bad predicament had our boat been as long as they are generally made.

Our captain was a grizzly old Russian named Lupofski, who had made many a voyage to Spitzbergen and the frozen regions near it, and had been bronzed under the blazing sun of India until the sea-dog seemed so toughened that storm and wind and tempest had no effect upon him. The propeller had been fitted up precisely as he desired, and his wishes governed us in every respect. He allowed none of us to drink the water until it had first been boiled—a wise sanitary precaution, to which, in a great degree, our freedom from sickness was due.

We kept in the Amazon until we had crossed Brazil and were on the borders of Ecuador. Here we turned to the south, and started up the Javary River, which had its source among a chain, or, rather, spur of mountains in the eastern Part of Peru. We pressed steadily up the rapidly narrowing stream, through a wild country, where every mile

XUM



A JAGUAR ADVENTURE.—"THE NEXT SECOND, WITH A HEAVY THUD, THE JAGUAR LANDED IN THE BOAT."—SEE PAGE 499.

that we progressed was at the peril of knocking the bottom out of the propeller.

Although South America is pretty generally well known, yet there are some parts which are as little understood as the interior of Ethiopia. We saw any number of dusky-looking natives, who surveyed us with looks of wonder; for our little, puffing steamer, doubtless, was the first one upon which they had ever gazed. They seemed generally of a friendly disposition, although Captain Lupofski warned us against trusting them too far, and especially against putting ourselves in their power.

Finally we reached the end of our journey. The prow of the *Explorer* was run beneath the foam of a cascade thirty feet high, up which our captain deemed it scarcely worth while to attempt to force the boat. Here we made fast to the bank, and prepared to spend a number of days, until we had gained a knowledge of the surrounding country, and our party had satisfied themselves whether it would pay to organize a trading expedition.

In accordance with Captain Lupofski's invariable rule, a watch was stationed, with strict injunctions to allow no one to approach or board the vessel; but the night passed away without anything alarming occurring, and at the earliest break of day the parties formed for hunting and exploring the surrounding solitudes, or to engage in hunting, as their fancy might dictate.

Our company numbered six—myself and Clarence Gilmore, who were midshipmen in the navy, and who had obtained leave of absence to accompany this expedition, the uncle of Gilmore being an intimate friend of the then Secretary of the Navy, together with three sailors, whom we took along to do the rowing, and a native Brazilian, that we had picked up near the mouth of the Amazon, and who went by the sobriquet of *Quirk*.

Above the cascade was deep, clear water, the stream being rather narrow, but very favorable to navigation in a small vessel. We carried our vessel on our shoulders above the falls, and then launched it in the deep water. Quirk took his seat in the prow; the three seamen grasped the oars, while Gilmore and I seated ourselves in the stern, where we could control the rudder, and have the best prospect of the shores as we journeyed along the river.

I may state that we had no particular object in making this voyage except to gain some adventure that would do to late when we returned; and we gained what we sought in a far shorter time than we anticipated.

As we glided along the stream, Gilmore seemed to think it a good opportunity to air the knowledge he had obtained of the southern portion of the Western hemisphere.

"Captain Lupofski seems to be quite timid," he remarked, "but I can't feel that there is any particular danger in these parts. The inhabitants are harmless, so far as we have seen, and so are the animals."

"There is the jaguar," I replied. "That is frequently dangerous."

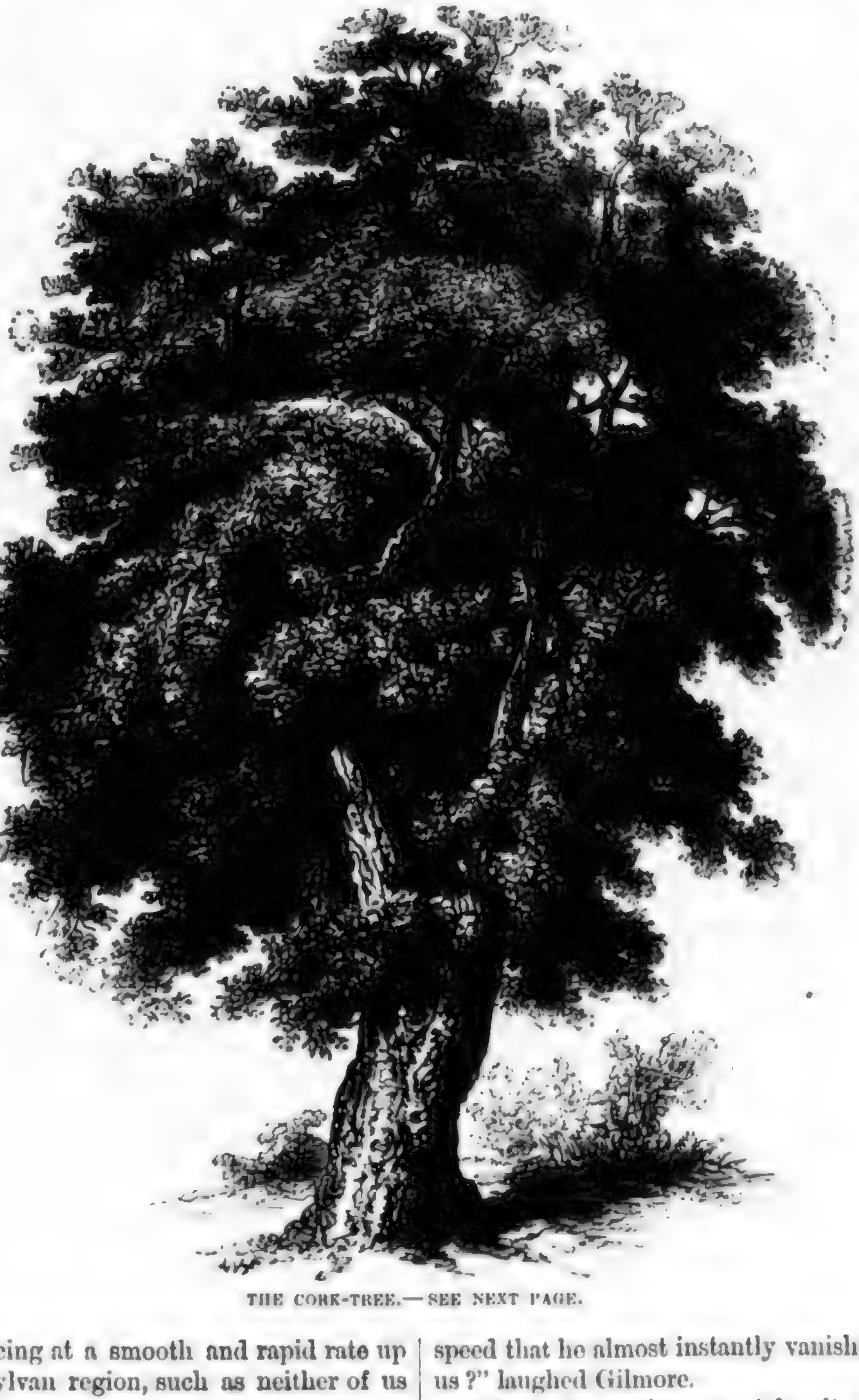
"Not worth a pistol-shot," was the contemptuous reply

"He is of respectable size, but he has no courage. And there is the puma, or American lion, as he is called, when he might better be termed the American jackass."

"Are there no others?" I asked, willing to give him the occasion to display his knowledge.

"There are plenty that are interesting in the way of curiosity, and that I should like to see—the ocelot, tiger-cat, armadillo, ant-eater, sloth, alpaca, llama, and the vicuña, to say nothing of the monkeys, apes, centipedes, and scorpions."

"Don't stop," I laughed. "Go on, and tell us what more there is to be found in this part of the world."



THE CORK-TREE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"I couldn't begin to tell you all," was the dignified reply. "You have read of the vampire, which Waterman met here, and which will suck all the blood out of a man without waking him up. There are myriads of insects, such as the diamond beetle, the chegre; and then there seems to be no end to the variety of birds — eagles, falcons, vultures, condors, macaws, parrots, orioles, shrikes, umbrellas, couroucouis——"

"That will do—that will do," I interrupted. "Let us hear no more. I admit your knowledge of South America, but as we have come out for entertainment, we will drop the matter for the present."

Gilmore smilingly assented to my interruption, and for the next few minutes we enjoyed ourselves.

All the time that Gilmore and I were chatting in this familiar manner, the sailors were pulling steadily at the oars, and we were advancing at a smooth and rapid rate up the stream, through a sylvan region, such as neither of us had ever witnessed before.

The sky remained clear, while our elevated situation gave a pleasant coolness to the atmosphere which it is impossible to describe. Several times we caught sight of some of the natives, who looked wonderingly at us, and one party, consisting of men and women, who were fishing along the shore, scattered and fled in the greatest terror the moment we came in view.

Now and then the warning of Captain Lupofski came to my mind, and a twinge of conscience troubled me as I reflected that each moment I was placing a greater distance between him and us; but there was something so charming in thus penetrating into an unknown region, that I hesitated to give the order to turn back, until I felt certain that several miles had been passed in this manner.

"Isn't that a man yonder?" suddenly asked Gilmore, pointing some distance ahead, to where a dark object could be seen along the shore.

"It's the trunk of a tree that's been shivered by lightning," replied one of the sailors, glancing over his shoulder.

This seaman, who was the only one deserving a passing notice, was a Marblehead whaler named Gale, who was noted for his extraordinary skill in swimming. I have never seen his equal. Many a time had he plunged into the tropical sea, when it was swarming with sharks, and frolicked in the water, baffling these hyenas of the deep, for the mere fun of the thing.

I verily believe that he could swim longer than he could walk upon the solid ground.

Gale paused only a moment in rowing, and then resumed the exercise, with that even, steady, and indifferent stroke, which shows the experienced oarsman.

It was a small matter, this doubt, as to whether the object under inspection was a man or a stump. None of us would have been able to decide, without a nearer approach, had it not been settled for us, by resolving itself into a man, which was seen to spring forward a few steps, fire a bow, and then dash away with such speed that he almost instantly vanished. "Is he shooting at us?" laughed Gilmore.

"No, for I saw the arrow take altogether a different direction," I replied.

"He has fired at some game, and hasn't the courage to take the consequences."

"It may fall into our hands."

In the meantime, we were rapidly approaching the spot, and a few minutes later were opposite the very place where the timid hunter had stood when he sent his arrow upon its doubtful errand.

Here, by common consent, the seamen ceased rowing, and the boat almost came to a rest against the current.

"Shall we go ashore and see what it means?" said Gilmore, turning toward me.

"It isn't worth while, and we do not know the risk we are running! Captain Lupofski ——"

At this juncture Quirk uttered a piercing shriek, and, springing to his feet, leaped overboard.

Turning my head at the same instant, I saw an immense jaguar coming at full speed toward us. Knowing the character of this animal, Gilmore and I sat coolly in the stern. Drawing my revolver, I pointed it at him, and pulled the trigger, but there was no report, and I recollected at the same instant that it was unloaded.

The next second, with a heavy thud, the jaguar landed in the boat, and each of us left it. We all struck out with a frenzied desperation, glancing back to see which of us was selected as his victim. That point was soon decided, for he headed straight toward me. I swam as I never swam before, but it gained rapidly, and in a few moments was directly upon me. The water was deep, and as the only thing that I could do, I dived to escape him. When I came to the surface I found Gale beside me.

"Never fear, cap, I'll attend to that creature," he said, as he placed himself between me and the infuriated brute. The words had scarcely escaped him when he gripped the animal by the loose skin at the back of the neck, and both went under. It was only for an instant, when the head of the sailor appeared, and he exclaimed, with a grim smile:

"I've got him, sure!"

He remained stationary in the water for some ten minutes, as though he was standing on the hard bottom, during which we gathered around him, while Quirk seized and towed the boat toward us. As we clambered in, Gale followed us, and immediately after, the dead body of the jaguar floated to the surface.

We towed it back to the steamer with us, where it was skinned and stuffed, and presented to Captain Lupofski, as a souvenir of our journey up the Amazon.

THE CORK-TREE.

The cork tree (*Quercus suber*) is a species of oak growing abundantly in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. As there are undoubtedly many parts of our country where it could be raised, it is a wonder that a tree whose product is so extensively used has never been acclimated. The barking is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward with no injury to the oak, which, in spite of this periodical flaying, lives to the age of a hundred and fifty years. In July and August, incisions are made around the tree, and down to the root; the pieces, which detach easily, are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation.

The cork-cutters cut the sheets into narrow strips, and round them into shape with a thin, sharp knife.

DISEASES INCIDENT TO DUST-BREATHING.

At a meeting of the British Association, lately held at Sheffield, a paper was read on the diseases incidental to certain occupations, through irritant solids inhaled by artisans during their work.

The terrible life and early death of the Sheffield knife-grinder are pretty well-known, and that painters, and those who work with preparations of lead, etc., are subject to colic and paralysis, is far from a mystery. The extent to which irritation and ultimate serious damage to the lungs is spread among the manufacturing classes of large towns, however, has, probably, scarcely before received such consideration.

Gas-fitters, shell-cleaners, electrotypers, and other handicraftsmen who are engaged in the multiplicity of chemical works, we naturally conclude are more or less deleteriously affected by the fumes of the gases they inhale, and seeing the clouds with which some of them are ever more or less surrounded, we may, too, have thought that miners, cotton-spinners, millers, workers in hair, flax, and shoddy, potters, stone-cutters, and grinders of all kinds, most assuredly do not enjoy an utter immunity from evil effects, consequent on breathing the dust-laden air.

The lungs of those who have died of grinders' asthma have been found of a dark-gray color, sprinkled with small, black spots, varying in size from that of a split shot to that of a kidney-bean, and so solidified as to be cut with some difficulty. Beneath the surface are black bodies congregated into masses, one of which, near the bifurcation of the trachea, in a razor-grinder, found by Dr. Hall, was as large as an egg; whilst the lungs generally are often found infiltrated with indurated matter, tough, solid, and hard to be cut, and in color resembling gutta-percha.

Such conditions as these exist only in the lungs of old grinders, of whom there are very few, since they usually perish before sixty.

Potters are, it seems, great sufferers, not only from chronic and incurable bronchitis, caused by inhaling the mineral dust generated by their trade, but from lead used in glazing; one out of every twelve out-patients at the North Staffordshire Infirmary suffering, in one way or another, from lead-poisoning.

Granite masons are especially subject to phthisis, the report of Dr. Beveridge showing that whilst the general mortality from that disease had decreased at Aberdeen, phthisis had increased among the masons. This, however, he attributes to the employment of young and weakly town-bred lads, through the older hands having emigrated.

The same evils appear to attend the more youthful millstone makers, those who are apprenticed to the trade rarely living beyond thirty or forty. Dr. Peacock states that he has found the lungs of these people charged with silicious matter, and believes that if the stones were dressed when wet, inhalation of the gritty particles would be prevented.

Above all, however, by far the most deadly occupation treated of at this meeting, would appear to be that of the white-lead makers. These poor wretches are first attacked by colic, then by paralysis, and if death release them not young, they linger on, blighted and miserable.

Here, then, we have a long catalogue of ills which human flesh is heir to, through breathing air holding in suspension particles more or less injurious to life, and it will be worth while considering whether we are, or not, by our new wooden pavings, conducing to add to the list. It has been stated that eighty miles of wood paving have already been taken up and abolished in New York, although the precise cause of its rejection has not yet transpired. Now every one who has passed through wooden-paved London thoroughfares has assuredly noticed the creosote, the asphalte, the gravel, and the dust, and has, moreover, more or less pondered on the all but spongiform receptacle presented by the wooden battens and blocks for all the moisture and filth inherent to the site and traffic of that great city, and when after a while the comminuted dust from the wood-paving, partaking of the vicious characters of the deleterious components we have mentioned, becomes a compound cortical essence, so to say, of general abomination, we shall perhaps find that some new form of phthisis, or other disease, has been added to the long list engendered by foul breathing.

PINE-FOREST INDUSTRY.

TURPENTINE, TAR, PITCH, AND RESIN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

Along the Atlantic Coast of the Southern States, beginning near the northeastern boundary of North Carolina, and extending down to Florida and across that State to the Gulf, is a belt of the long-leaved pine (*Pinus australis*), from which is obtained our chief supply of turpentine, tar, pitch, and resin.

The country where the pine flourishes is cut up by deep, sluggish rivers, and rendered difficultly accessible by immense swamps, and were it not for the industries which have been established here, would be utterly cut off from the habitation of man.

The gathering of turpentine and the manufacture of pitch and resin appear to have been started in Newbern, in North Carolina, many years ago, and that State has long been prominent in this branch of business. Near Wilmington are extensive distilleries (fig. 2), where operations are conducted in the most thorough manner, and fewer refuse products are tolerated than in other parts of the country. It may interest our readers to enter the forest and study an industry which is so profitable to the South and so important to the world.

The first step is to obtain the crude turpentine, which is the natural sap of the pine, consisting of an essential oil, holding in solution resin and other constituents. Trees of the proper size are selected, and crescent-shaped cavities, termed "boxes," are cut in them as close to the earth as possible, the season for this work being from the 1st of December to March, according to the weather. A man can cut from 100 to 150 boxes per day, of a capacity of one quart to a gallon, and as payment is made by the box, the industry of the naturally indolent workman is consequently stimulated. After cutting, the boxes are "cornered" by taking out a triangular piece at each end of the cavity. This having been accomplished, the boxes are tasked off, a "task" being usually 10,000 boxes, though very active hands can superintend a larger number. Once cornering is sufficient, but the trees require to be hacked six or eight times during the season. The dipping is also done by task work, the rate being regulated by the number of barrels or boxes per day. It is accomplished with a spoon-shaped instrument, and a peculiar twist of the wrist, only to be acquired by long practice. Two dippers generally attend one hacker. The hacker uses a long-handled gouge, loaded with lead or iron at the lower end, to give greater impetus to the blow. The hacking consists in cutting groove-shaped rills parallel to each other, and emptying into the half-moon cavity, and by means of this the crude turpentine is made to run into the boxes. The barrels for filling are placed at intervals through the woods; the dipper gathers the sap, called "gum," in a rude basket, and empties it when full into the barrels. The filled barrels are then hauled in a primitive fashion to the factory, to have their contents purified and distilled. The pine tree does not, like the sugar-maple, yield a uniform product from year to year, but the first year's product yields "virgin dip," the second "yellow dip," the third, "dip and scrape," the further product of the tree being called "scrape." The vigin dip, when carefully gathered, is a honey-like juice, from 280 pounds of which about six gallons of spirits of turpentine, and nearly three-quarters of a barrel of resin can be prepared. The "scrape," as the name indicates, is derived from the grooves on the face of the tree or box; it has a white color and a cheese consistence, and yields nearly as much spirits and resin as the virgin gum.

The operation of distilling the gum is carried on in turnip-shaped copper stills, of a capacity from ten to sixty barrels (fig. 3), the ordinary size being twenty and thirty barrels. They are bricked up at the sides, so that the fire can only strike the bottom. The top has a large hole for the "cap" (fig. 4), which connects with the worm for condensing the spirits, and a small hole through which the inspector can examine the condition of the charge, and also admit water when necessary.

The process, when conducted in the forest, is necessarily very crude, and there is often great loss from fire in consequence of the careless manner in which the furnaces are constructed. If steam heat could be employed the danger would be much less, and the product be more uniform. The portion of the liquid which distills off and is condensed in the worm is called the "spirit"; it is run into large tubs (fig. 5), from whence it is dipped into barrels for exportation. The residuum, being the resin, is let off into vats (fig. 6), through strainers from which it is dipped into barrels to cool. It is important that the resin should be free from spirit and water, as otherwise it becomes opaque and brittle. Before sending the turpentine to market it is weighed and inspected (fig. 7), and its quality marked upon the barrels.

There was a time before the war when resin did not pay for transportation, and it was allowed to run to waste at the works, where it accumulated in large beds. It is said that during General Sherman's march, a body of troops encamped one night on one of these beds, as it had the appearance of a huge, dry rock. The resin melting from the camp fires soon took fire, and the soldiers had barely time to save themselves, losing much camp equipage and the bridge they had built across the stream in their front.

There are now so many uses for resin that it is only in remote settlements that it is allowed to go to waste. One of these uses is in the preparation of a valuable sizing or glue, a process which is shown in fig. 8.

After the pine trees are worked out, they are cut down, split into cord-wood and sent to large towns to serve as kindling. When the trees have been killed by fire, the pores become filled with pitchy matter, the wood increases in weight, and thus becomes very inflammable. The poor use such wood not only for kindling but also for lighting their dwellings; a pitch-pine knot being a good substitute for a candle. But the pitch-pine has a much more valuable use as a source of tar. The wood is subjected to downward distillation in a manner similar to that employed in the manufacture of paraffine from bog-head coal. In the forest they use no still, but construct a helm or cap over the wood, much as is done in burning charcoal or distilling sulphur. To form a tar kiln, the operation is commenced by scooping out of the ground a saucer-shaped cavity, making a hole in its middle and then running a wooden spout outside the rim of the foundation. Sticks of wood, three or four feet long and three inches in diameter, are placed radiating to this centre hole like spokes to a hub, and piled one above the other, the upper and outer sticks lapping over, so that when finished the pile resembles a truncated cone with the smaller end down; logs of wood and green twigs are piled around, and the kiln thus made is covered on the sides and top with dirt. The fire is then lighted at the top, and the tar trickles down to the centre hole, whence it flows out through the wooden spout. Great care must be taken to prevent the bursting out of flames, as that would lead to the total destruction by fire of the whole pile.

The kiln is carefully watched by men who have rude kennels constructed near the heap (fig. 9), from whence they can see all that is going on.

The camp of the tar-burners is sometimes visited at night, on account of the sombre spectacle which presents

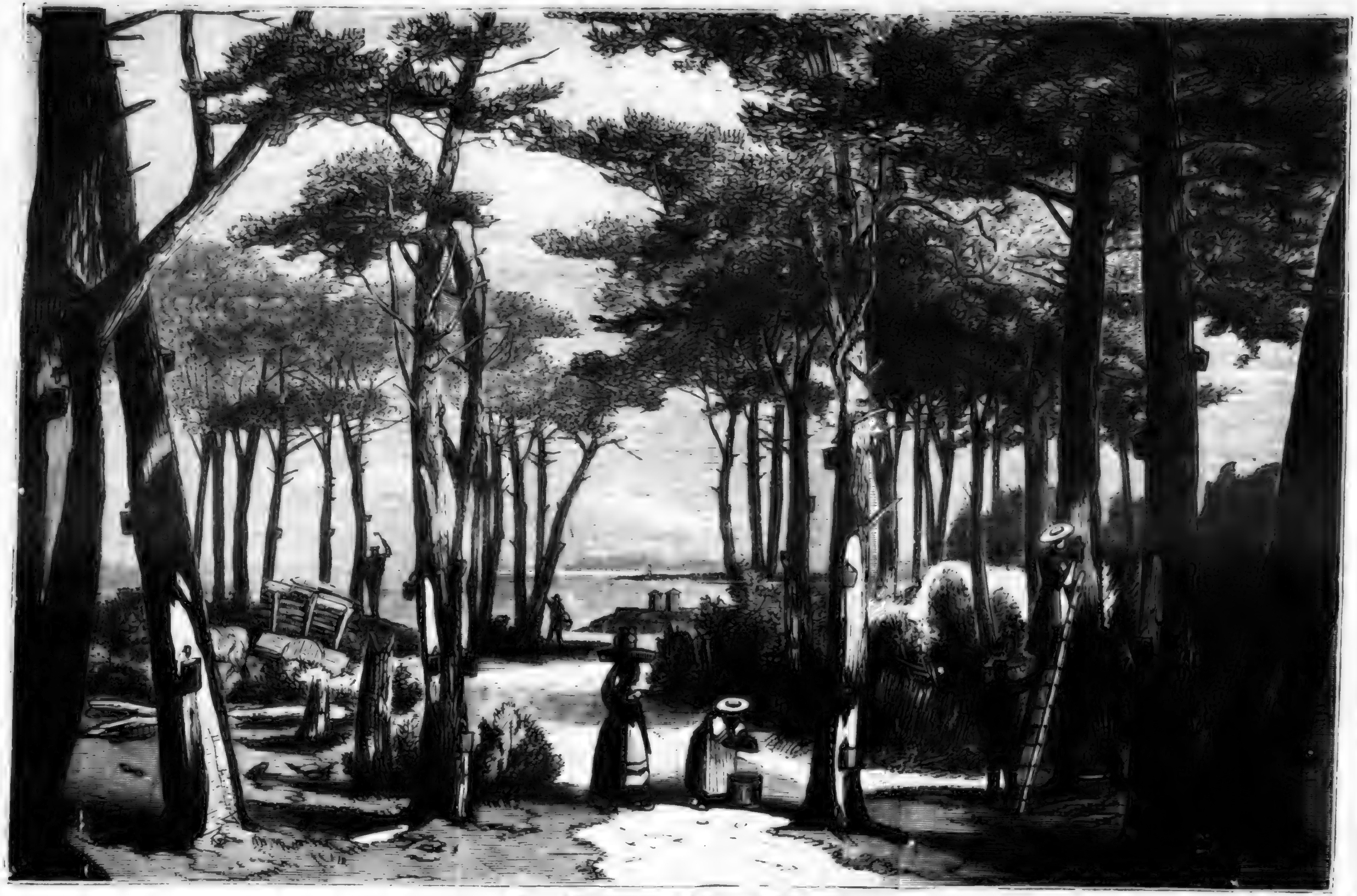


FIG. 1.—RESIN-GATHERING IN THE LANDES, FRANCE.

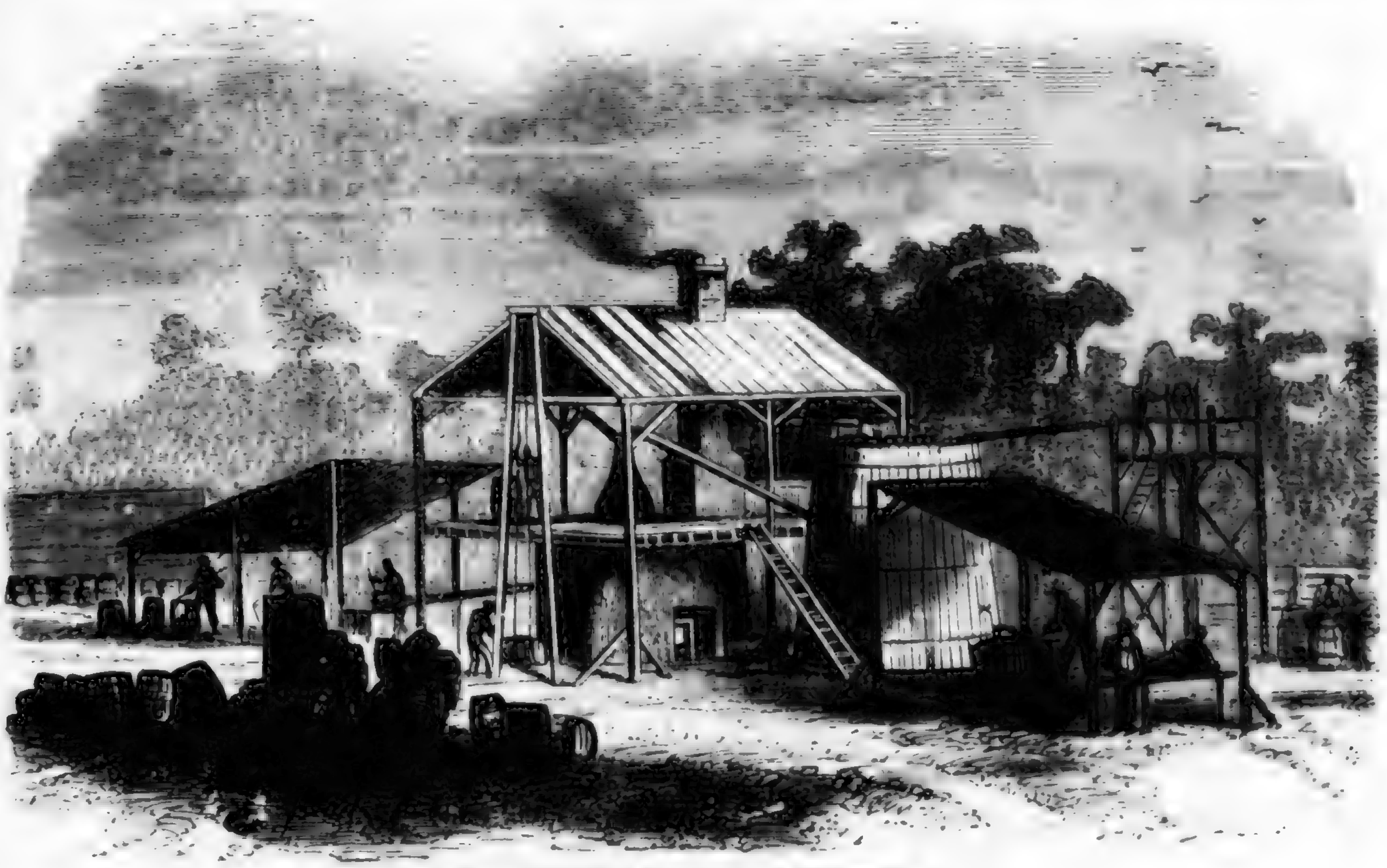


FIG. 2.—A TURPENTINE DISTILLERY AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

itself when the immense columns of smoke are occasionally illuminated by the leaping forth of tongues of flame; the effect being heightened by the wild cries of the hands as they hasten to extinguish the fire by throwing on heaps of dirt.

Kiln-burning is chiefly carried on by poor whites (fig. 10), assisted by their children (fig. 11), and such strolling negroes as venture into the swamps. It is a rude and wasteful method of obtaining tar, and the people who pursue it are sometimes little better than the savages in their mode of life. When the tar is freed from all volatile products by being boiled down, it yields what is called pitch; both tar and pitch can therefore be made at the same establishment.

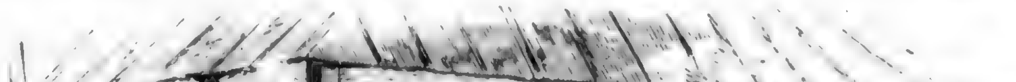


FIG. 3.—THE STEAMER.

In the account we have given of the manufacture of turpentine and resin, we have confined ourselves to the methods practiced in the Southern States, particularly in North Carolina; but turpentine is made in other parts of the world, and its production is not confined to the species of pine mentioned at the outset of our article. The greater part of the European turpentine is obtained from the Scotch fir of Northern Europe, and from the maritime pine of the South, which latter is sold under the name of Bordeaux turpentine, from the port whence it is chiefly shipped. Venice turpentine is made from the larch, Canada balsam and turpentine from the silver fir or balm of Gilead; dammara turpentine from the pine of the East Indies, and there are other varieties made from different species of trees.

The name turpentine is a very ancient one, having been applied by the Greeks to the product of the *terebinthus* tree, from which it was prepared at Chios. Its use appears to date back to a very remote antiquity.

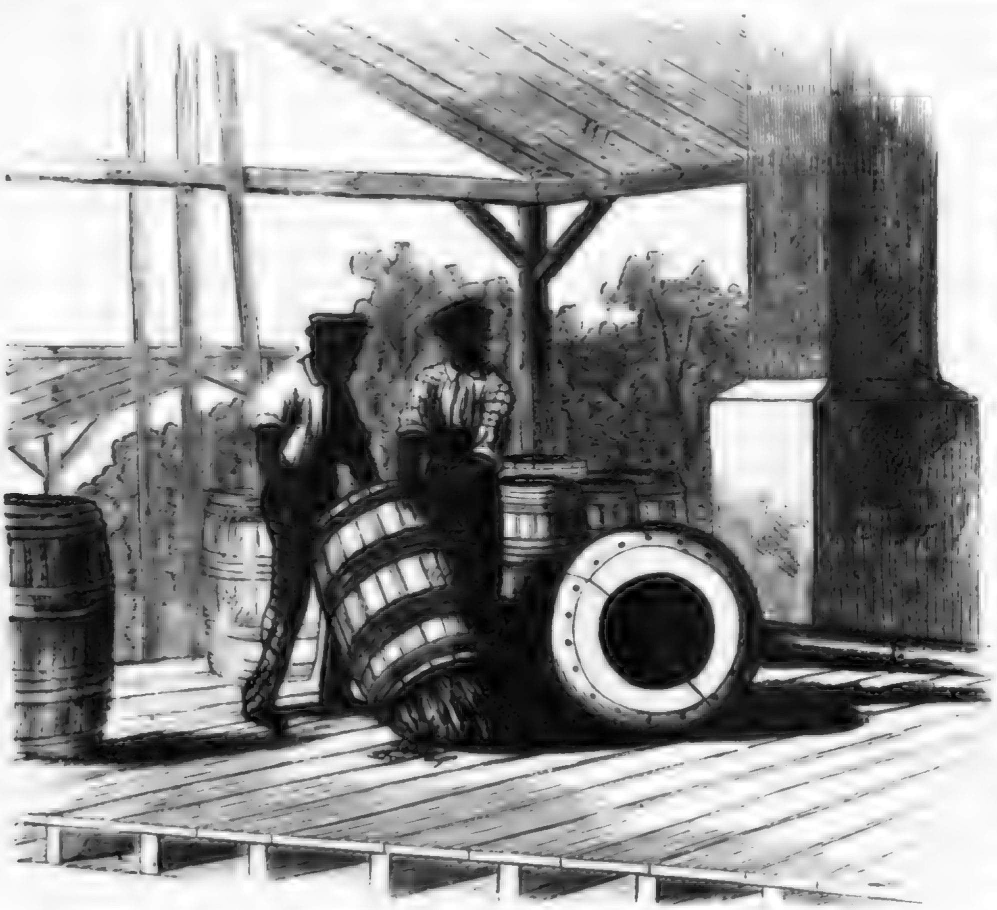


FIG. 4.—CHARGING THE STILL WITH THE CRUDE TURPENTINE.

Properties of Turpentine.

Commercial oil of turpentine frequently consists of a mixture of several analogous compounds, so much alike that they can only be distinguished by their behavior toward light. It is a volatile, limpid, very inflammable liquid, of a very penetrating, well-known balsamic odor. It can be distilled unchanged, provided the heat be not raised too high, and mixes in all proportions with absolute alcohol, with carbon disulphide, with benzole, and ether, but not with water. Its solvent properties are such as to make it of particular value in the arts. It dissolves the fixed and essential oils, and is largely used in the preparation of many kinds of varnish, since it readily dissolves the resins, and, on volatilizing, leaves them behind in the form of a transparent coating upon the surface of the objects to which it had been applied. Oil of turpentine dissolves sulphur and phosphorus with facility, and it is also one of the best solvents for india-rubber. Turpentine slowly hardens when exposed to the air, partly from evaporation, and partly from oxidation. It ought properly to be neutral to test paper, and to have the specific gravity of 0.86 and a boiling point of about 320 deg. Fah. The vapor is destructive to plants, and to many insects, such as wasps, lice, and fleas. It appears to act more powerfully on the lower animals than on man, as the skin of the horse is blistered by it much more rapidly than that of man. In moderate doses, it acts as a stimulant to the stomach, intestinal canal, liver, and kidneys, and is a cathartic medicine. Crude turpentine contains formic acid, acetic acid, resin, and other impurities, and is rectified by distillation from alkalies.

Turpentine has the remarkable property of absorbing oxygen, and converting it into ozone. It has been proposed to make use of this property for bleaching purposes, by whipping the oil while a current of air is blown through it into the bleaching vat. The theory was, that by the exposure of much surface to air, ozone would be evolved, which would accomplish the bleaching. How far this method may be practicable, we have not been able to ascertain. Something like it is, however, used in the bleaching of ivory.

Turpentine is a mixture of camphines, having the general formula of $C_{10}H_{16}$, and in England it is sold under the commercial name of camphene. Numerous artificial camphors and oils can be manufactured from it by various processes. By allowing the essence of turpentine to remain for some weeks in contact with an excess of a concentrated solution of hydrochloric acid, a camphor is produced which possesses an aromatic odor resembling that of oil of thyme. Hydrates of oil of turpentine have been prepared, but as they are scarcely understood by scientific men, they possess at present no practical value. The products of the oxidation

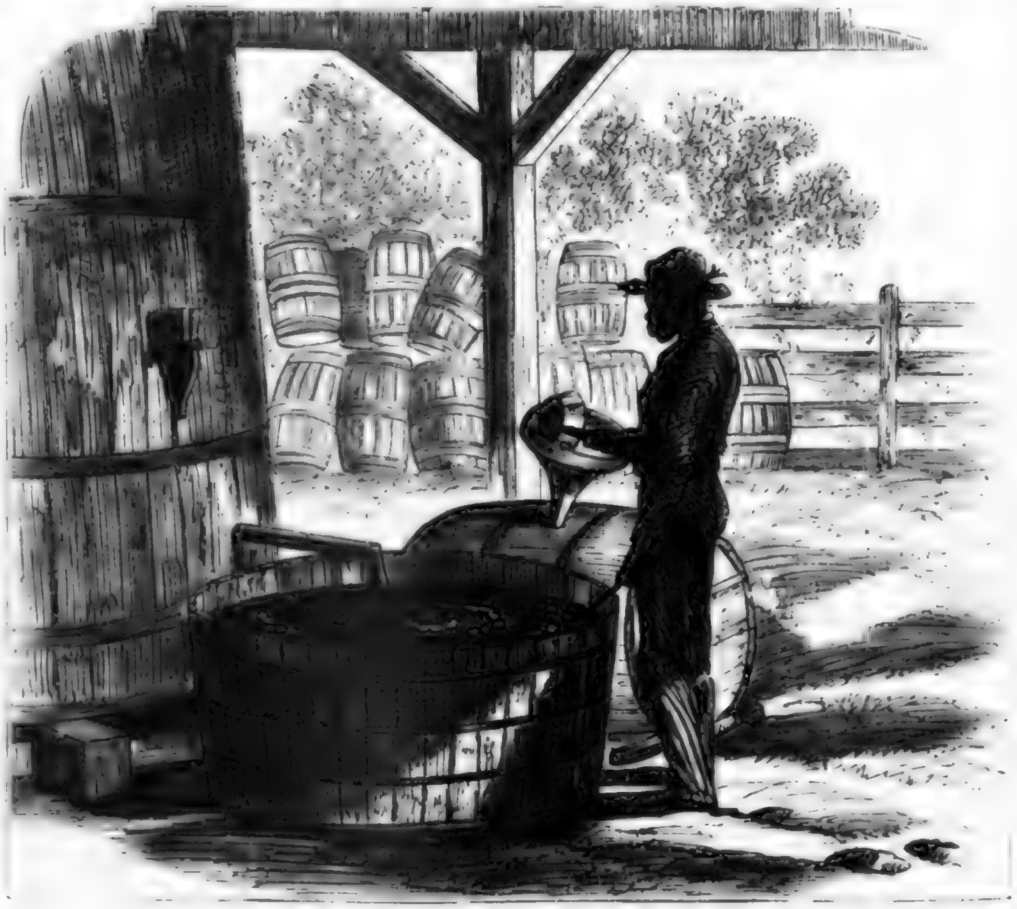


FIG. 5.—SPIRIT TUB—FILLING THE BARRELS.

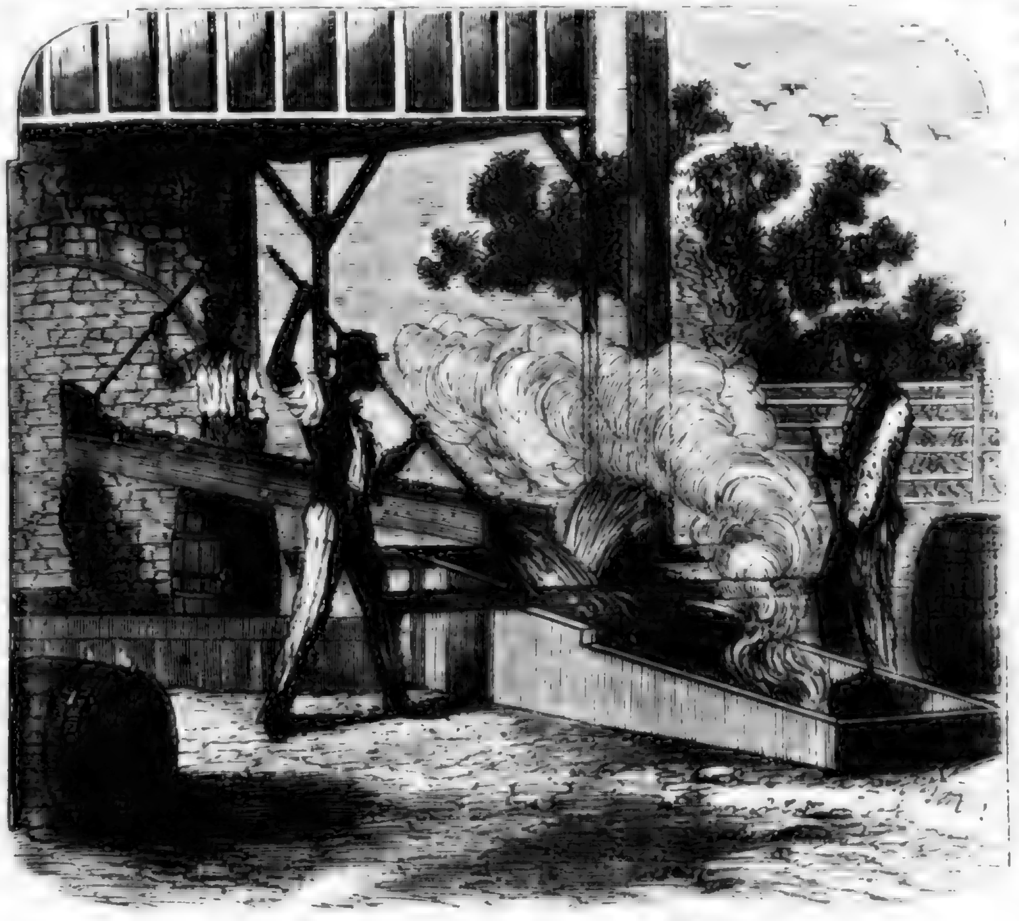


FIG. 6.—RUNNING OFF AND BARRELLING THE RESIN.

of oil of turpentine are interesting, and promise, in time, to become valuable.

The oil by itself gradually absorbs oxygen from the air, as previously stated, with the formation of a certain proportion of ozone. The oxidation can be hastened by different reagents, in some instances so rapidly as to set the oil on fire. For example, nitric acid acts so violently upon it, as to cause it to inflame. Chromic acid converts a large part of it into formic acid. There are other volatile substances, called terpenes, which yield oils having the same chemical constitution as turpentine, and yet possessing different properties. The following are some of the most common of this class of bodies: Oil of bergamot, oil of lemons, oil of neroli, camomile, juniper, caraway, cloves, ginger, caoutchouc, wintergreen, cubebs, hops, valerian, and thyme. Many of these will be recognized as being in common use.

The essential oils, when mixed with alcohol, yield essences, some of which have a pleasant odor, and are much employed in perfumery. Within a recent period a substance has been prepared from the sap of coniferous trees, which bids fair to occupy an important place in commerce. From the cambium of coniferous wood, a glucoside, called coniferine, has been separated, and from this artificial vanilline has been made. The latter is identical in composition, melting point, flavor, and all other properties, with vanillic acid from the vanilla bean. The artificial vanilline thus prepared can be used as a substitute in flavoring for the native bean, and it is now made for that and other purposes in considerable quantities. It was shown at the International Exhibition of 1876, where it attracted much notice from scientific men, as being one of the newest triumphs of chemical science.

Caoutchouc, or india-rubber, the thickened, milky juice of several species of *ficus*, *euphorbia*, and other trees growing in tropical countries, is essentially a mixture of several hydro-carbons analogous to turpentine oil. When pure, it is nearly white; the dark color of the commercial article being due to the effects of smoke and other impurities. Oil of turpentine being itself of similar constitution, dissolves it, forming a viscid, adhesive mass, which dries very imperfectly. India-rubber melts at a temperature a little above the boiling point of water, but never afterward returns to its former elastic state. It can be distilled the same as turpentine, and yields a large quantity of a thin, volatile, oily liquid, of naphtha-like odor, which dissolves caoutchouc with facility. Gutta-percha is similar to india-rubber, and is derived from the hardened, milky juice of a large tree growing in Malacca, and many of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

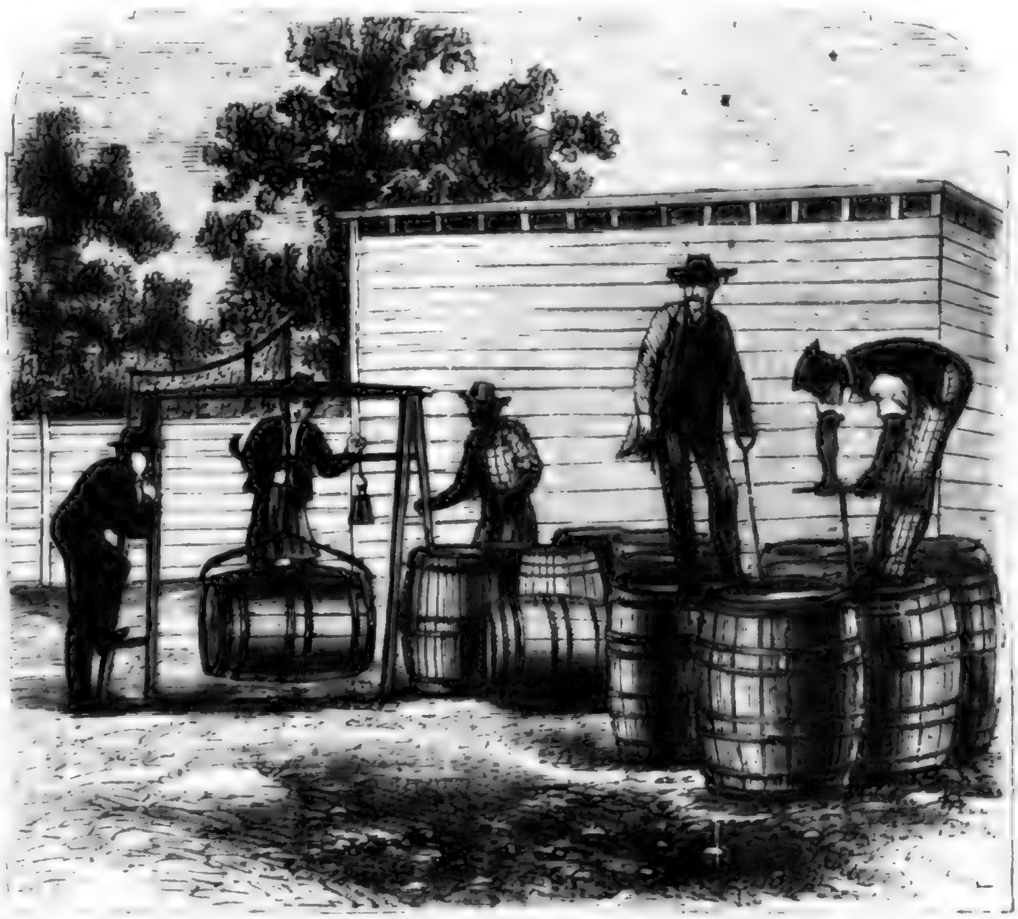


FIG. 7.—INSPECTING AND WEIGHING.

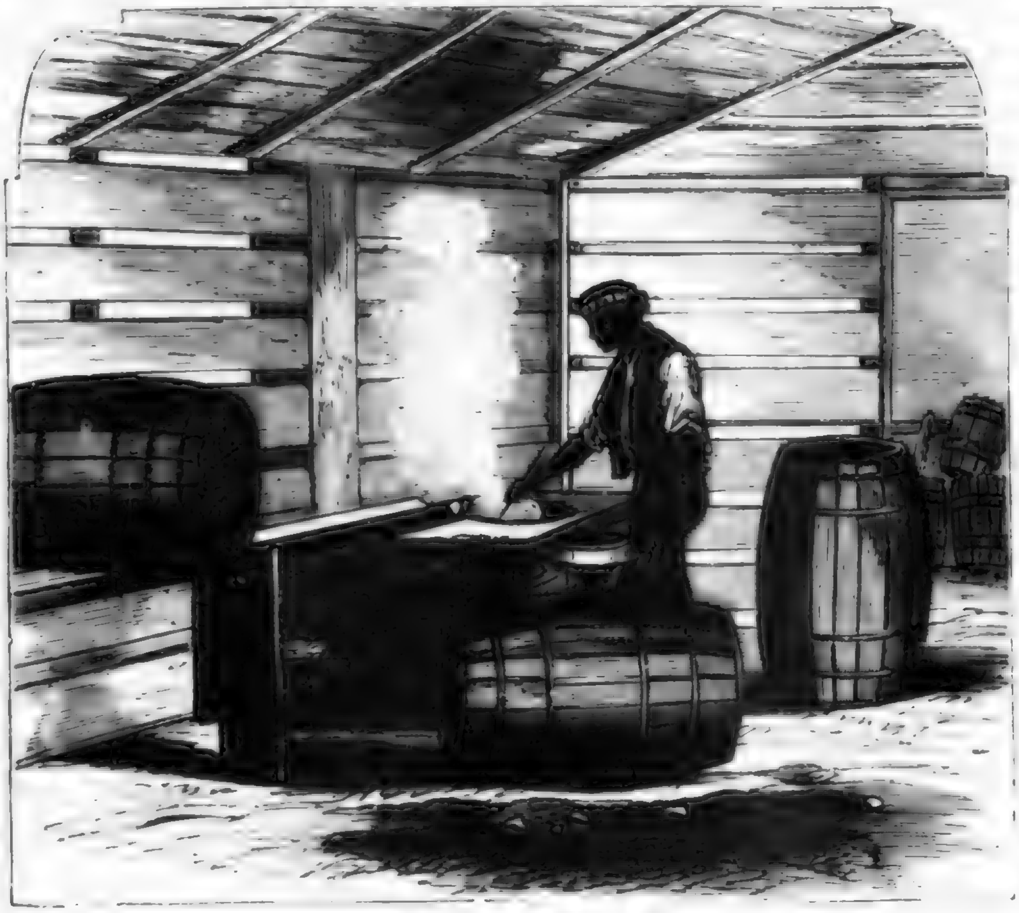


FIG. 8.—THE GLUE-ROOM.

If we were to describe all of the terpenes, we should be carried beyond the compass of a magazine article, and be compelled to write a book. They are compounds of great interest, and, as our knowledge of them increases, we find them useful in supplying many wants. The chemist calls them hydrocarbons, and puts them into an aromatic group for convenience of classification and study.

USES OF TURPENTINE.

The uses to which turpentine is applied are manifold, as its cheapness and solvent properties make it valuable in a number of important industries. Its principal application is in the preparation of paints and varnish. During the war, manufacturers of these articles were obliged to resort to various expedients to find a substitute for turpentine. Benzine, a product of petroleum, was largely used, but paints made from this have a tendency to turn yellow and to peel off, while with spirits of turpentine they grow whiter, and remain elastic and tenacious. Its value in this industry is attributed to the property it possesses of absorbing oxygen so readily from the air, and thus retaining a bleaching agent, ozone, inclosed within itself. Varnishes are resins dissolved in turpentine or some other convenient solvent. The resins most extensively employed in the preparation of the different kinds of varnish, are those of copal, mastic, sandarach, and lac. The solvents used are oil of turpentine, wood naphtha, and spirit of wine; the resin, before being added to the solvent, must be pulverized, and afterward mixed with sand or broken glass, in order to prevent the powder from agglutinating into lumps. When the varnish is spread over the surface of any object which it is intended to protect, the solvent evaporates and leaves a thin, transparent coating of resin. The spirituous varnishes, such as are used in photography, dry the most rapidly, but they are apt to crack and scale off. The defect is partially removed in the turpentine varnishes, which dry more slowly; and it is still more effectually obviated in what are termed oil varnishes, used in carriage manufacture, in which a small quantity of some drying oil, such as that of linseed or of poppy, is added to the solution in rectified turpentine. These varnishes require a considerable time for complete hardening, but they are very durable.

The common varnish used for oil paintings and maps consists of 24 parts of mastic, 3 of Venice turpentine, and 1 of camphor; these are mixed with 10 parts of pounded glass and dissolved in 72 of rectified oil of turpentine.

Turpentine was at one time largely employed as a burning fluid, either alone or mixed with alcohol, under the name of camphene or sylvic oil. It is now superseded for this

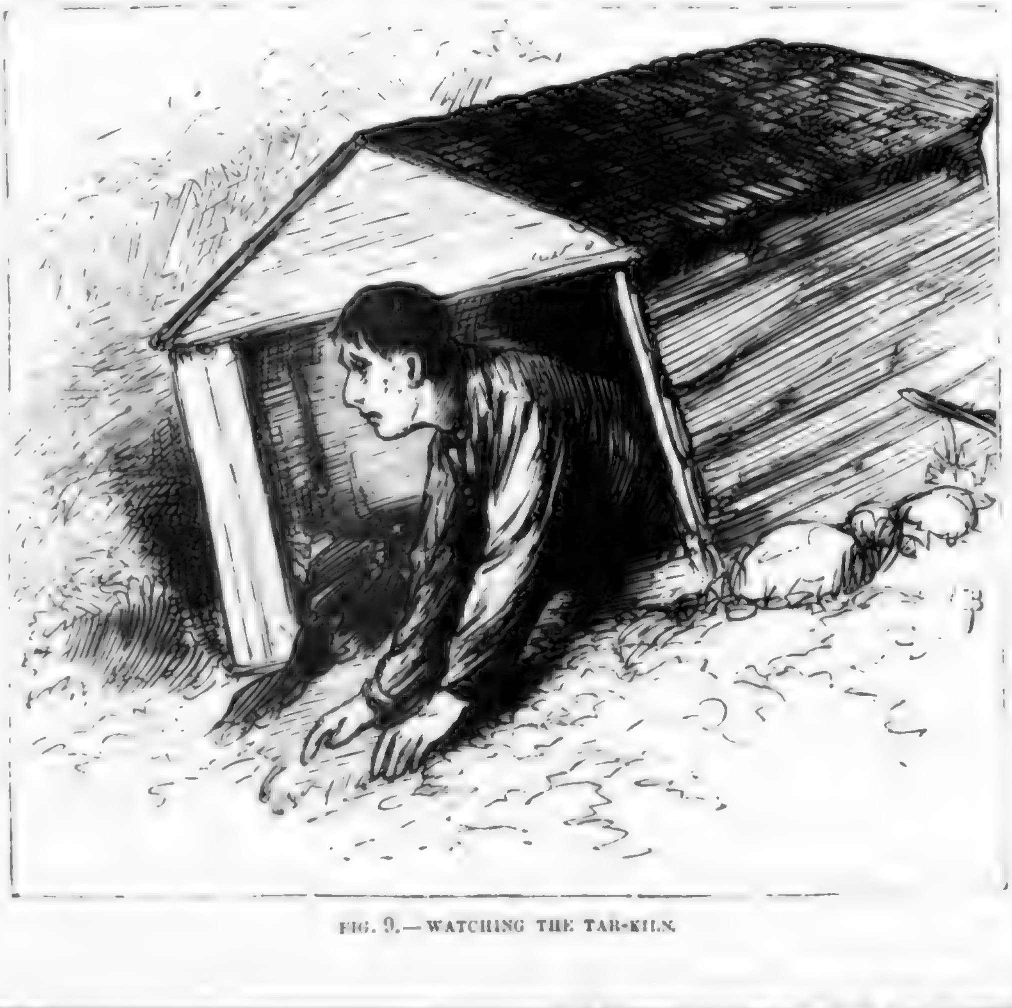


FIG. 9.—WATCHING THE TAR-KILN.

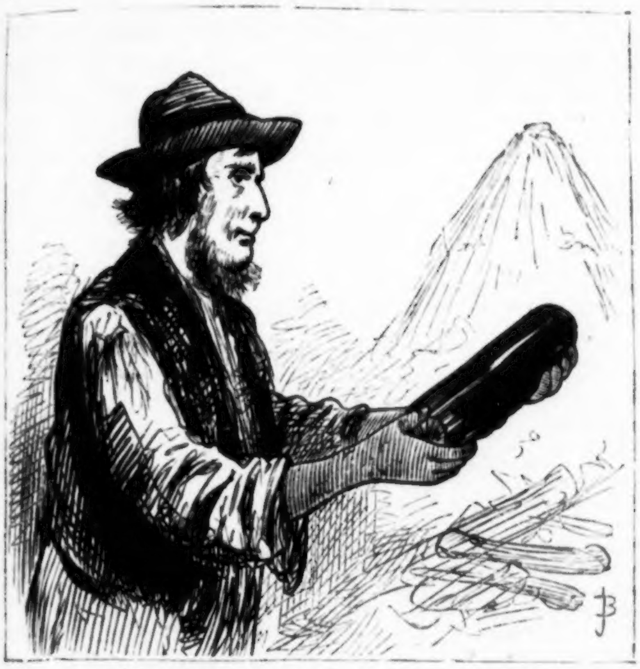


FIG. 10.—TAR-KILN BURNER OF NORTH CAROLINA.

purpose by petroleum. In the india-rubber industry it plays the same part that it does in the manufacture of varnish—namely, that of a solvent. In medicine, turpentine has long been prized as a most valuable remedy—in chronic affections of the liver, in rheumatism, sciatica, sometimes in typhus; and in the South the colored people especially successfully employ it in cases of yellow fever. It has been prescribed in cholera, scarlet fever, obstinate constipation, and with good effect against intestinal worms, which it appears to kill outright. In the form of liniment, its external application has been found effective in rheumatism, burns, paralytic affections. It readily acts upon the skin, and must, therefore, be used with caution. It is much recommended in hemorrhage and in child-bed fever. These are a few of the applications which have served to render turpentine an article of so much importance.

Tar and Pitch.

We have previously stated that in North Carolina old trees which have ceased to produce turpentine, and dead wood rich in resinous matter, are subjected to downward distillation in earth-covered kilns for the production of tar and pitch. What is called tar is an exceedingly complicated mixture of solids and liquids, some of which can be profitably separated before converting it into pitch. When we consider how many useful products can be obtained by the distillation of wood, it seems a pity that the operation should ever be conducted in the forest, where nearly everything is lost. In some of the large towns of Würtemberg and Switzerland illuminating gas is made from wood, and as the incidental products are saved the profits are very large, while the gas is delivered to customers at very low rates. When wood is subjected to dry distillation in retorts under circumstances that admit of the saving of all the products, we have the following long list of compounds which come over at different stages of the operation: As soon as the turpentine has reached 300 deg. Fah., the wood begins to decompose, and gas is evolved. The gas is a mixture of olefiant gas, marsh gas, carbonic oxide, carbonic acid, hydrogen, and certain impurities, and after purification is an excellent illuminating material. At the tar-kiln all of them go to waste, and as they take fire they account for the long tongue of flame which often bursts out above the kiln. The liquid products, which are also lost at the kiln, are chiefly methylic alcohol or wood spirit, pyroligneous and acetic acids. The oily products are numerous, and are named eupion, picamar, kapnomar, creosote, benzole, tuluol, cumol, cymol, carbolic acid, all of them to be found in the tar. The tar also holds in suspension or dissolved in it solid substances, among them paraffine, cedriset, pittacal, pyrene, naphthaline, anthracine, and such bases as aniline, picoline, etc.

After all of these compounds have been expelled from the retort there remains the charcoal, which in some countries sells for as much as the wood originally cost. The presence of so many valuable substances in the tar will explain why it pays to transport it long distances to be again subjected to distillation. In some parts of the South a considerable trade is maintained in the pyroligneous acid and wood vinegar. For this purpose a wood is selected which contains but little resin. The tar is of a different kind, and contains a variety of products, which have been already enumerated. The pyroligneous acid is very impure, and contains, besides, acetic and numerous acetates. In order to save the acetic acid it is combined with lime or soda, and then sent to market for further treatment and purification.

The uses of the acetic acid thus obtained are pretty generally understood. It is not only valuable for technical purposes, but in a diluted form serves to extend table vinegar as an article of food. The salts of acetic acid find abundant application in dying and calico printing colors, and in the manufacture of paints and colors. The most important of the salts are acetate of lead (sugar of lead), acetate of potash, acetate of lime, acetate of copper (verdigris), acetate of manganese, acetate of soda, acetate of alumina, acetate of tin, acetate of zinc. These could scarcely be manufactured in the forest, but are usually made near large cities, convenient to market and to the sources of supply. The manufacture of crude vinegar in the wilderness is an operation very much like the burning of tar, but is not confined to coniferous trees or to any particular latitude. It is more commonly conducted in the South, however, where wood is abundant and labor cheap.

Wood tar is thick and hard in cold weather, but softens when warm, so as to flow like thick molasses. When boiled down it yields pitch. It is very useful to coat the bottom of ships to render them water-tight, to cover the rigging, and protect wood from decay. Water-tight paper and roofing material is made from it, and it is a good lubricant for the journals of wheels. In medicine it is used internally in chronic catarrhs and in some cutaneous diseases. Its vapor is inhaled in cases of bronchial troubles, and it has been found beneficial as an external application to ulcers

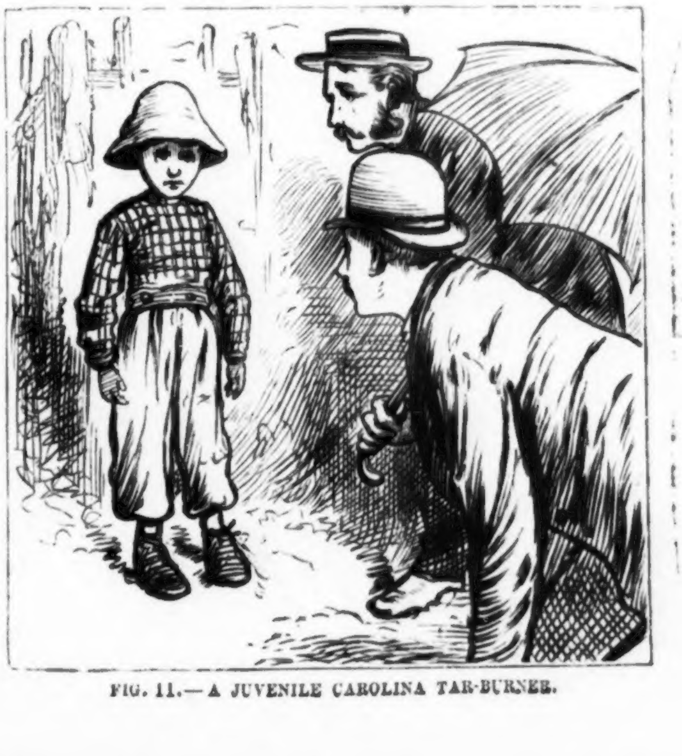


FIG. 11.—A JUVENILE CAROLINA TAR-BURNER.

and various diseases of the skin. It yields a portion of its properties to water with which it is stirred, and this preparation, known as tar-water, is administered as a stimulant and diuretic, and is applied as a wash in chronic cutaneous affections.

Mr. Magnes Lahens suggests a method of preparing tar-water which is more expeditious and convenient than the plan commonly followed. He mixes the tar with sand, previously washed and dried, throws the mixture into a percolator, and shakes the instrument gently to secure proper adjustment of the mixture. Water is then poured on, the first part of the filtrate is rejected, and the latter portion is kept for use. He uses one-half ounce of tar, twenty-six ounces of sand, to obtain two pints of the medicated water, which corresponds in strength with that of the codex. As this medicine is often repulsive to the patient, a saccharate of tar is prepared, from which all of the necessary mixtures, gargles, and injections can be readily made in a less repulsive form.

As for the pitch, it is said that whosoever touches it is defiled. It is the black, resinous substance which is left behind when the impure turpentine and tar are distilled, and has uses very analogous to those to which tar is applied. We wish that the limits of our article would permit us to speak of paraffine, creosote, and carbolic acid, also found in tar; but as they can scarcely be said to belong to forest industries, we must reserve them for some future occasion.

Resin.

We have seen that the resin, while still liquid, is drawn off into receivers (fig. 5), and from there it is transferred to casks for shipment. When the distillation is stopped at the proper point the product is the yellow resin or transparent resin, according to the presence or absence of water. Resin melts at 276 deg. Fah., and becomes completely liquid at 306 deg. Its proximate ingredients were found by Unverdorben to be two isomeric resinous acids, which he designated sylvic and pinic acids; and from the latter, when heated to partial decomposition, he obtained a third, which he called colophonic acid. Resin is employed for a great variety of useful purposes. It is an ingredient in varnishes, and is united with tallow in the preparation of cheap candles. It has long been used as a substitute for oil and fat in the manufacture of soap, and as soap made in this way is not precipitated by brine, it is preferred at sea and for washing in salt water. Resin is also used in perfumery and in various pharmaceutical preparations, as plasters and ointments. In the caulking of ships, in the manufacture of oakum, in fireworks, as a source for burning oil, and for gas, resin finds a valuable application. Resin oil is used as a lubricator for machinery, and in the preparation of railway and wagon grease. Plumbers find it useful in their operations. Common resin, or colophony, is an amber-colored solid, and is the kind usually made in this country. White resin, or galipot, is obtained from Bordeaux turpentine. Both kinds are dissolved completely by alkaline lye, and hence their application in the manufacture of yellow soaps. The resins are insulators of electricity, and become negatively electric by friction. If heated in closed vessels, resin undergoes decomposition, and yields various forms of hydrocarbon. These have been thoroughly studied by chemists, but are of little practical value. Resin is very inflammable, and burns with a smoky flame, which, when condensed in proper chambers, yields a fine variety of lampblack. Resin is soluble in alcohol, but insoluble in water, in which respect it differs from substances called gums.

Such are the leading properties and uses of turpentine, tar, pitch, and resin, all of which are derived from the pine forest industries of our country.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The Changing Banks of Rivers.—There appears to be a law that rivers running North and South have a tendency to deviate to the right. The river Irstish, in Northern Asia, is a notable confirmation of the rule—its bed being cut in loose deposits, these deposits are constantly undermined by water on the right bank. Each Spring, a strip of the bank, from 30 to 50 feet broad, is destroyed by the waters. Sometimes it happens that a strip from 70 to 140 feet broad and about 150 yards long, falls suddenly into the river. The course is then barred for a short time, and a great wave, propagated up and down the stream, destroys the fishing-boats which happen to be at work within a distance of about ten miles from the spot. Large quantities of fishes are also found, after such a catastrophe, on the shores, suffocated in the muddy waters. The destruction of the right bank, going on constantly, year after year, the villages are also constantly advancing to the east; one of them, Domiansk, has thus traveled about a mile in the course of 240 years. The left shore shows usually a low tract of land, covered with ponds and marshes, and yearly overflowed. The Mississippi River exhibits similar phenomena, especially above St. Louis, where houses on the right bank have been moved several times inland during the last few years, and the left bank is low and marshy.

Coal-tar Products.—A few years ago, anthracine, one of the products derived from the distillation of coal, had no commercial value, and was thrown away. Some chemist discovered that artificial alizarine could be made from it, and competition unreasonably ran up the price of tar, and the principal benefit was pocketed by the gas companies and by them alone. The production of anthracine far exceeds its demand, and many distillers have suffered a severe loss in consequence. Dr. Versmann estimates the production in England alone for the next year (1877), at 1,100 tons of pure anthracine, while the requirements of all the alizarine works do not exceed 600 tons a year. The Paris gas company utilize their own residues, and produce at least 250 tons. Other large cities are not behindhand in the business, and altogether there will be, during 1877, an excess of many hundred tons of pure anthracine, and, consequently, very low prices. This must inevitably bring down the price of tar until it reaches a paying basis for the distillers. The accurate methods now known to chemists for testing the purity of anthracine, make it incumbent upon manufacturers to avoid putting an inferior article upon the market.

German Patents.—The German Government proposes to introduce the American patent system, with important modifications. They have introduced a new bill, which provides that patents may be granted for a term of fifteen years, with gradual payments, according to the length of time in use. Any person who has used an invention before it is patented, can continue to do so without being required to make any payment to the patentee. The patentee is bound to permit the use of his invention to any one who will pay for it. If this should be refused, the patent privileges are forfeited. The patent-office is to have the right of publishing all descriptions and drawings in print, and any person may search the specifications, drawings, and other documents in the office. The provision that permits persons to continue to use inventions which they have employed before a patent was granted, without fee, is a wise one; and the compulsory clause, that makes it obligatory upon the patentee to sell rights when applied to, prevents the dog-in-the-manger policy which has been too frequently followed in England and this country.

Action of Glycerine on Starch.—If one part of starch, with twenty parts of concentrated glycerine, be exposed to a gradually rising temperature, under continual stirring, the granules swell, and, at 130 deg., a pasty mass is formed, which decreases in consistency at 160 deg. to 170 deg., until it is entirely dissolved into a yellow, transparent solution. At 190 deg. the starch is almost entirely changed into the so-called soluble modification, and can be separated out from the cold solution by dilution with water and addition of alcohol. This soluble modification remains soluble in water as long as it is retained in a moist condition. Lime water and baryta-water cause precipitation from the aqueous solution of the modified starch. This behavior of glycerine toward starch, suggests a possible method of applying it to the detection of small quantities of starch in amylaceous seeds, tubers, fruit, and bark, and may adapt it to chemical analysis.

Artificial Ice.—For the artificial manufacture of ice, various agents, such as water, ammonia, and ether, have been used. The water machine of Carré requires too much sulphuric acid for the absorption of the vapor. Ammonia engines are apt to leak, and the same difficulty obtains with ether. Sulphurous acid is found to be the most practicable, as it does not attack the piston or valves, and is the most readily condensed to a liquid. At 14 deg. Fah., liquefied sulphurous acid only exerts a pressure of one atmosphere, and even at 95 deg. Fah., it is no more than four atmospheres. Only two cylinders are necessary, one for the condensation, the other for absorption. To convey away the cold produced by the evaporation of the acid, a strong solution of salt, or a mixture of glycerine and water, is taken.

Green Color-Blindness.—Professor O. N. Rood publishes the observation that nervous derangement and prolonged excitement are causes which may produce temporary green color-blindness. He finds that our apparatus for the reception of waves of light of medium rays—*e. g.*, green rays—is more liable to be overstrained by nervous shocks than that designed for the reception of waves of greater or lesser length. The optical illusion of color-blindness is probably due to nervous disease and sudden shock.

A Prize in Photography.—The French Society for the Encouragement of Science has offered a reward of 2,000 francs for the invention of a process by which a photographic negative can be converted into a cliché in such a way as to admit of taking impressions with ink in the ordinary way, equal to those now obtained from the best wood cuts and engravings. The great merit of photography is in its accuracy, and in the fineness of details with which it furnishes copies of natural or artificial objects. It is, therefore, very desirable to find some method for transforming a negative into a plate suitable for taking impressions, and thus to obviate the mistakes of engravers, and to secure greater promptness of execution. The prize will be given in 1880.

Disengagement of Ammonia from Freshly-fractured Steel.—M. Barré has observed that the disengagement of ammonia takes place from the surfaces of freshly-fractured steel rails. In breaking rails of different degrees of hardness, the odor of ammonia was sufficiently strong to be perceived at a considerable distance—and the red turmeric paper and the yellow curcuma paper applied to the moistened surfaces immediately changed color, the first blue, the second brown—and the gas continued to be given off for a quarter of an hour. With soft steel the disengagement of gas was much less sensible, but gave the usual reaction with test papers. The experiments were made upon Bessemer and Siemens steel.

A New Solvent for Gold.—In reducing the pyritous gold ores of Colorado, Mr. J. O. Stewart has discovered some reactions which are not noted in works on metallurgy. Mr. Stewart supposed that after roasting the ore with sulphate of soda, and subsequent treatment with common salt, the gold would appear in a metallic state, contaminated only with the sulphates of copper and iron; and was surprised to find that only a part of it would amalgamate. Upon investigation, he discovered that 60 to 90 per cent. of the gold was held in solution in the liquor, as a chloride. The test shows that gold is soluble in a solution of salt, iron, and copper, heated to 180 deg. Fah., and accounts for the loss in precious metal in the treatment of auriferous pyrites.

New Uses of Glycerine.—Every one who has had occasion to use vulcanized india-rubber tubing in connection with Bunsen and other gas burners, has been troubled by the adhesion of the tube to the metal; this inconvenience can be avoided by smearing the parts with a drop or two of glycerine before bringing them in contact. If the cement with which the metal-burner is fixed to the glass reservoir of paraffine and other oil lamps be previously soaked with glycerine, the creeping-out of the oil through the joints is avoided.

Extraction of Sulphur from Pyrites.—If sulphide of calcium, which is a waste product of alkali works, is heated to dull redness in a current of sulphurous acid gas, obtained by roasting pyrites, the gas is, at first, completely absorbed. Sulphur then distils over, and the sulphide is converted into sulphate, which may be anew reduced to sulphide by calcination in a current of coal gas. The process is only applicable in countries where soda ash is manufactured on a large scale, and there is consequently an abundance of sulphide of calcium.

To Detect the Escape of Illuminating Gas.—To follow the nose will bring us into close proximity to the leak, after that it is unsafe to light a match, as there is danger of an explosion. The best way is to make up some soapsuds suitable for blowing bubbles, and to smear the suspected joint with it; if there is any escape of gas it will be readily shown by the bubbles which will form, and thus all danger can be avoided.

To Protect Iron from Rusting.—It has been found that if iron be exposed to the action of super-heated steam, it becomes covered with a thin coating of oxide, which protects it from any further action of the atmosphere. If the iron is already rusty, it can be cleaned by a current of hydrogen gas, before being exposed to the action of super-heated steam.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Dentist's Sign.—Drawing, music, and dancing.

"**Little Wheat**" is one of Sitting Bull's chiefs. It is time he was planted.

"**Shovel** off your roof," said a policeman to a citizen. "I shan't do it; I will keep my roof on and shovel off the snow."

A **Western** paper warns its readers that the next request for the publication of that poetry about snow, will be followed by immediate slaying.

A **New York** lady was surprised on the occasion of her wedding to receive as a present an article of silver she had presented to a bride six months ago. This shows how hard the times are.

It is true that flowers and vegetables are divided into sexes, and it is also true, strange as it may appear, that they have a language of their own. You surely have heard of Jack and the Bean's talk.

Household Members.—The foot of the bed, the leg of the chair, the arm of the sofa, the elbow of the stove-pipe, the hands of the clock, the head of the table, the eye of a needle, and the nose of the kettle.

A **Maryland** jury has declared that a man had come to his death "by an unknown wagon." About on a par with this is the Wisconsin verdict respecting a man who had been crushed to death in a mill, when the jury remarked, "No blame can be attached to the machinery."

A **young** and good-looking bachelor minister, who has taken charge of a church in a rural district, rather astonished his flock the first Sunday, by announcing that he proposed getting up a girls' Bible class right off, and he wanted to embrace every young woman within the sound of his voice.

Joking no Joke.—A Scotch editor, pointing to his assistant, said to a visiting friend: "That is a wonderful young man—a very wonderful young man. The facility with which he jokes amazes me!" And then he naively added: "I, myself, am in the habit of joking, but I joke with difficulty."

A Poor Boy.—"Poor boy!" said a lady, as she took out her purse to give the little beggar some change. "Yes, I am a poor boy," said the young rascal, squeezing a tear out of his eye, "and have three sick mothers to support." The lady put back her purse, shook her head, and walked sadly away.

A Fortune from Steam.—"Steam is a great thing," remarked a traveler in a French railroad carriage to his *vis-a-vis*. "So it is," was the reply; "I owe my fortune to it." "Monsieur is manager of a company?" "No." "An engineer, perhaps?" "No; I have lost a number of rich relatives by railroad accidents."

A **cigar** is a nice thing to look at, but a still nicer thing to smoke; and when some one tells us that creosote, and about fifteen different kinds of acids with names a mile long, enter into its composition, it can no longer be a source of enjoyment, but resolves itself into a more puzzling compound than the theory of protoplasm.

The Ruling Passion.—A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A **boarder** after vainly endeavoring to masticate a piece of fowl, laid down his knife and fork, saying: "All the trainings, traditions, and teachings of my youth, my sense of propriety, and the commands of Holy Writ, compel me to respect old age; but I'll be blowed if I can bring myself to stomach it when roasted or boiled."

A **student** being desirous of learning whether there was any truth in the statement that Seneca was addicted to drunkenness, opened an illustrated encyclopædia, and, having found the name of the celebrated philosopher, the first object that met his gaze was a woodcut, beneath which were the words, "Seneca, after an ancient bust." The ardent investigator, finding his worst fears confirmed, looked no further.

Mr. Marrowfat and his wife adopted a joint rule for their mutual guidance. It worked very well until the day after election. Mr. Marrowfat declared that Tilden was elected, and that millions of strong arms would inaugurate him. Mrs. Marrowfat guessed she wouldn't listen to "no such disloyal talk in her house." Mr. Marrowfat appealed to the joint rule, and thereupon Mrs. Marrowfat abrogated it with a saucepan.

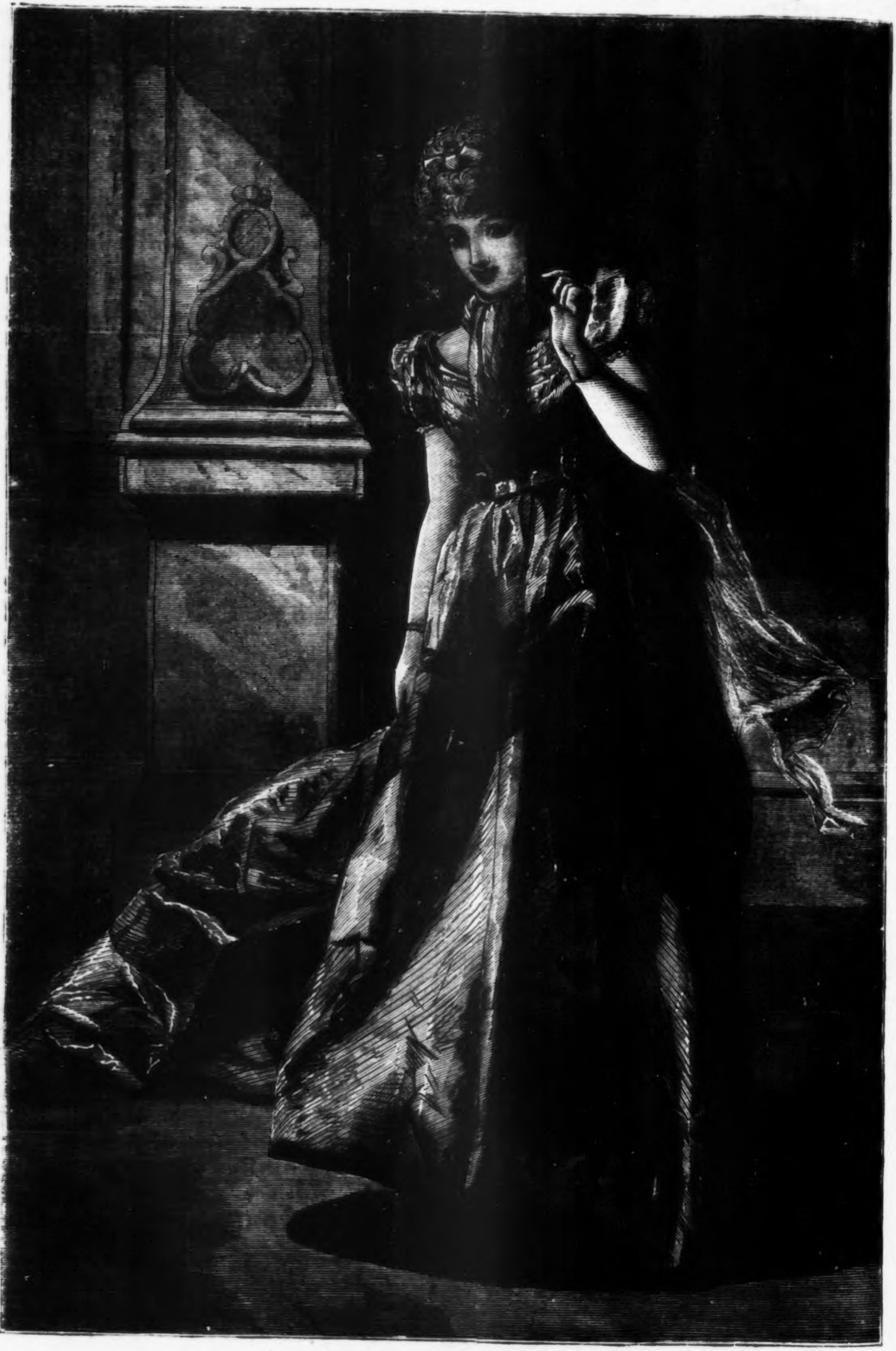
"Thou art my morning star," he said,
  My lily of the dale;
The planet of my soul's delight,
  When evening shades prevail."

She brushed aside her golden curls,
  And raised her head thereat;
Then slyly winked one almond eye,
  And all she said was, "Scat!"

What He Shoed it With.—It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback in the evening, which was very dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that direction, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

Telegraphic News.—The following good story is from the French papers: Scene, a telegraph office at Vienna. An operator takes out his watch, and, yawning, says: "Too bad! I cannot go to the concert to-night." "Why not?" asks a companion. "I am awaiting the dispatches from Belgrade, and they don't generally turn up until about midnight." The other operator thinks a moment, and then, with a gleam of light in his eye, says, "Have you received the Constantinople dispatches?" "Yes," rejoins operator No. 1. "Well, just write out precisely to the contrary, and go to your concert."

A **stupid-looking** German recruit halted before a blacksmith's shop, the proprietor of which was forging a shoe, and eyed the performance with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the man's curiosity, held the red-hot iron suddenly under the recruit's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you give me a six-kreutzer, I will lick it," said the soldier. "I'll stop the braggart's jaw!" thought the smith, as he took from his pocket a six-kreutzer and held it out. The cunning son of Mars quickly grabbed the coin, licked it, and walked away, whistling the "Watch on the Rhine."



"UNMASKING."—FROM A PAINTING BY EMILE GARNIER.